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Original MS. by Mary St. Leger Harrison
daughter of Charles Kingsley
under the pseudonym of "Lucas Malet"

(1885)

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ice. Dawney entered with generous warmth of feeling into the situation. She excited poor, not very admirable Bertie Inner into a hero. She gloried in her devotion to the order of an exacting passion. She carried upon her own both her time and her imagination. She realized her self-consciousness more keenly even - possibly - than he realized this same self.

Of Mr. Inner's private life we were profoundly shocked by her kindness. He professed, in a higher degree, that purely sense of and interest in the society of women which is undeniably more completely developed in the Latin than in the Teutonic race. To members of the former as women always - fortunately or unfortunately - has a peculiar and exciting interest. She is never taken quite for granted, and reckoned - as Jacks Pudsley, for instance, reckoned his wife - as a capital, good fellow and ordinary companion in arms. We Teutons are very decent and a trifle suspicious too. Bertie Inner was only half a Teuton, and he put a very high value on the enjoyment of his cousin's presence and ministration.

Then the time came for Mrs. Percy Dawney, to leave the Baths of Lucca, she found herself singularly unwilling to leave Mr. Inner as well. Quite a morning little scene took place during which a number of excellent things were said about friendship, and the delightful relation of brother and sister. The end of it all was that Bertie Inner, Antonio, and the monkey, travelled back with Mrs. Percy Dawney, Jessie, Miss Read, and that estimable woman Parker, to Florence.

The persons addressed themselves to be a good deal scandalized at this last eccentricity of Mrs. Percy-

Dawney's.

I

"Is no evil news?"

The house at Barrett Down lies low. From around it the well timbered park rises on three sides, in gentle undulations towards the & ridge of high table-land that forms the south-eastern corner of the county. On the fourth, broad lawn slope down to the border of the park — a quiet unevent ful stream that wanders indolently through wide & rich meadow lands, past ancient beds and alders, and long lines of pollarded willows; under the wider arches of old stone foundations bridges; in villages of quaint half-timbered houses, and numerous farms of the more open: quiet and nightingales sing in the early summer; and in autumn the leaves — pheasants & rich shades of nature lose over a wide still expanse of the park until bare and leafless and almost of maroon. in one more direct manner than by the of spring of sweet scent and colour — flowers evergreen with meadow-sweet, and yellow flag, and pink willow-herb, and tall spikes of purple loose-strife and reddening docks and reddening arches. — In these the river wanders to mingle in current at last — some with quieter miles more of the higher little modern water-ing-places of Sullinq worth — with that air of

of the Gothic house, and so kind it was said to the Severn, and the far distant mountains. The hall is ancient but dramatic. It indulges in no sparkling vaster rounded over rounded boulders, no thatching with deep eaves work, no roar and rush, no pebbles or bubbling laughter. The shade murmurers reigns of the Midlands lies upon it. Sides the men and women who live in the grassy pastoral country beside it, it is moderate, neutral-tinted, dumb, self-absorbed and silent. It first sight it appears to be one: shade wanting in individual character. But yet this quiet mid-lands stream is capable of yielding very pretty effects of light and shade, of form and colour to those who take the trouble to look for them. And undoubtedly its neighbourhood lends a magic: charm to the grounds at Barrett Darcy. Just below the gardens front of the stately mansion it makes a sharp curve away to the right round a thickly wooded spit of land, and beyond is an artificial widening of the river bed, presents a point to the eye quite an imposing expanse of smooth shimmering water.

The house itself shares, in great measure, the romantic and unconventional aspect of the river. It is a large, square building of the yellow brown sandstone of the country; with rectangular windows and door-ways, and a low, pitched slated roof, but just visible over the line of the parapet. Its style of architecture is singular: a mixture of various periods

pendent

surprise it is full of solidity and sobriety; and altogether distinguished to wander to a frivolous taste the view presents superficially picturesque. The wide windows in the long serious facade at the beginning attention is at once divided light of stone help to lead up to the solid door. There help are two decidedly ornament to entire plate. There is a gentleness about the descending curve of the massive balustrade and an air of easy hospitality about the broad stair-way that quite decidedly encouraging to the guest arriving at Barrett Barry.

Here the modern house lacks for many a curature — a strong picturesque race, with but little tenderness to dwindle down to any satisfactory point in the person of one female representative. There is a certain nobility, as reality we say, of line about most of them, while former [illegible] to the fat family over — even in their stiff, eager, somewhat over civilized state — a long continuance in the help pleasure of their male. A mellow canvas in a carved and gilded frame hanging in the dining room at Barrett, sets forth in its most agreeable and unflattering colors the entire modern type. It represents a large red, complexioned gentleman, in a curled wig, with a round solid head, short nose — wide nostrils and slightly in-clining to aquiline — a long full upper lip, smiling mouth, large lower jaw with plenty

of

of what - [illegible] want of a better word - one must needs call [illegible] "romantic" [illegible] grey eyes under [illegible] light & arched eye-brows. His neck is thick and is encircled by a voluminous neck-cloth of the finest Indian muslin, [illegible] The [illegible] of a steel cuirass shows under his scarlet coat - [illegible] beautifully adorned with gold lace. The picture, [illegible] which is by Sir Joshua Reynolds: and duly tells "Philip Lindsay Esq. Major-General of His Majesty's Forces, Colonel of the — Regiment of Foot and Governor of York — in North Britain" — as an inscription runs under a print from the original picture - [illegible] very well at the hands of that most courteous and genial of portrait

portrait painter. — Dues combined with the various traits of the powerful brain have been gently obliterated. That the gallant general's eyes were not quite so clear, and that his complexion was a few shades deeper in tone. Due in reality to that [illegible] he, print have been as many [illegible] of strong animal passion; straightforwardness in character, [illegible], but also not as little obstinate, arrogant, and tyrannical. A person rather irresistibly sensible of his own importance in the general universal order of things; kindhearted, yet [illegible] dispensed with bully and bluster, and eminently qualified to appreciate the best of joke it made at his own expense.

But of the children none have adhered quite closely to the [illegible] the above type; and, perhaps consequently, have not created for themselves a very definite place in history. The eldest son of the three was usually given to the army: in, with the exception of General Philip, whose portrait [illegible] hangs in the dining-room, the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] entirely [illegible] the present generation, have not contributed any conspicuously distinguished soldiers to the services of their country. Peninsular Barrett Darcy is remembered to have [illegible] in his youth, [illegible] and was [illegible] (helped) to check the full development of the family genius. Advanced thinkers tell us that the impression of [illegible] perfectly secure social position and the respect of a comfortable inheritance

are

are ~~to address~~ apt to the havalepe ambition,
and ~~an inquiry~~ strangles "their finer emotions
such ~~as~~ miss as man to high. his was unwound
in the world. He does: it is "no means happi:
: ness to be seated in the mean": but it is a species
~~of~~ of happiness liable, they say, to be deviated some.
: what to the extinction of distinct progress and
high endeavour.

It may be broadly stated, then, that most
of the Indians have lived mournful lives
strange; — have mixed badly in their best social
society, ~~riddled with the hatred of married~~

~~[illegible]~~

married young ~~[illegible]~~ ridden hard to hounds, quarrelled hotly over
county politics, consumed a very fair portion
of port. rate ~~the~~ wine; have been considered
eccentric considerably important — an opinion
they were disposed to share in sincerely
themselves — within a radius of some twenty
or thirty miles; and then, after a long
and usually respectable, if not brilliant,
career, death was called in Vain, they have
prepared — perhaps as fitted unwillingly — to
hear his summons, and to ascend to some
not to spiritually minded or ecstatic quarter
of the New Jerusalem.

Occasionally, however, even in the most physically
and mentally ~~unexceptionable~~ conservative of races there occurs
a sudden deflection from the accustomed type.
It is probably only a case of reversion to an older ~~and~~ form of blood.
Be this as it may, the individual exhibiting

these

The unusual quality & tenderness appeared to
have as dark & mysterious genius. It is tempted
to emerge, to take a new departure, and
consequently run the risk of becoming confused
it was dare-right objectionable
drink in the eyes of her near relations. It is
a case of the kind which tries the basis of
their unwritten chronicle. Scientifically con-
sidered this is the notion of a deviation — of a
doubtfully acceptable exception to a safe, though
very existing, general rule.
The evening towards the close of October 1876.
— a peculiar stillness seemed to reign at Barnet
Manor. It was a stillness of expectation rather
than of silence; and Mr. Gustavus Symes, sitting
in the wide window-seat of the big blue bed-
room over the hall, was curiously sensible
of the silent waves which penetrated the
atmosphere of the large house, and appeared
even to spread itself over the face of the
various landscape outside. The rolling pasture
lands of the park showed as dull green,
with a sandy bloom where it bare, and
there from the walks of the wilderness spare
grasp. In the distance long beds of pale
mist lay across it, out of which rose the
trees and scattered clumps of cauliflower bushes.
It was too dark clearly to see the colour
of the latter: but one might perceive a
warm sunset tinge over their dark foliage.
Along the top of the hills, just outside the
park walls, and about half a mile distant,
the trees and cottages in Priors Barnet village
rose in a dense mass against the sky, — the

turn tied

turreted chimneys and gable-ends showing sharp and black against the light behind them. Here and there, a touch of a rank of coloured cavite mist below, was covered, to the ~~the~~ westward beyond the village, where the bare uplands met the sky-line with an fine net-work of delicate crimson and flame coloured cloud.

Mr. Martin's manner was ~~extraordinary~~ quiet to observation with many deprecatory glances at his ~~intelligent~~ guest. He was fond of perceiving analogies and correspondences between natural and spiritual phenomena. He had also cultivated a power of double ~~consciousness~~ consciousness; and though ~~perhaps~~ acutely aware of every sound that came from the great blue untamed beyond, there lay old Mr. Matthew Sudeley — his strong, vigorous life slowly ebbing, quickening, failing, like the failing day — ~~Mr.~~ the ~~other~~ person was also quite sufficiently unabsorbed to note both the ~~dist~~ quiet of the hour and effect of the ~~the~~ waning sunset outside. He watched, ~~carefully~~ if possible, to draw back to Tullingworth that night: but he had half promised Mr. Jack Sudeley to stay to the end. He did not think the end was very far off now; and meanwhile he felt quite at liberty to entertain himself with a calm, if ~~not~~ sympathetic, observation of his surroundings.

Mr. Jack Sudeley, on the other hand, sitting at the further side of the bed and watching in the gloaming dimness, was very strung but calm. He bowed himself in the entertainment position

of

It was who had the disagreeable message to deliver, and who dreads almost equally the opportunity and the absence of an opportunity for delivering it.

Jack Sudeley was really an excellent fellow, and ~~possessed~~ with a distinguishing as short reddish yellow beard and a white tie, realized very completely the Rev Jack Sudeley type. He had plenty of pluck, of which tangible or material war he was not at all afraid: but, when even the influence of his sacred profession had supplied ~~him~~ ~~encouragement~~ congenials backs of moral courage. He went in mortal fear of what it best described as a scene or a situation. There was nothing gloomy, sacerdotal, prophetic, or denunciatory about him; and unless he happened to be generally offended - like most persons of his complexion he was a little hot. tempered - his things were left unguided to run their admonishing backs: ~~Rides~~, pointing steadily to the path of duty, and ~~threatening~~ ~~the~~ pleasures gently following on after all wilful hardening of the heart. I am afraid ~~it~~ ~~must be admitted~~ ~~that~~ Rev. Jack Sudeley had not any special vocation for the priesthood, and that the exercise, during a period of some twenty years, of his spiritual calling had not made him different, in any sensible degree, to the ordinary run of English provincial gentlemen.

He had then was a movement on the part of old Matthew Sudeley. He shifted his position slightly, & began speaking in a thick un: modulated voice. There was an evident struggle and difficulty about his

articulation

articulation, and at first the words spoken were barely intelligible.

Jack Sudeley turned uneasily in his chair, and cleared his throat nervously. He glanced up at Curtis Sumner as he did so: but the doctor sat quite still, — his bright conical head, bowed, lamp shaven upper lip and straight chin, white in the straggling and grizzled whiskers, silhouetted against the light background of the window. Jack Sudeley, bothered up at this suddenly, was forcibly struck by the eminent medical man's resemblance to a goat; and then felt a little ashamed of himself for having ventured to think of anything at all amusing under the existing circumstances.

"The scent's cold," murmured old Matthew Sudeley huskily, — "cold, cold. It's no use trying any more. Better give up and get down home. Don't you see, it's getting dark".

Jack Sudeley rebelled aside the blue stuff curtain of the great old-fashioned bay window and looked out forward.

"Can you hear me, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, I can hear you well enough, Jack" answered the old man, in the same thick, muffled voice. "Pity you made so much noise coming up, wasn't it? Jack: 'tis, yes" he added after a moment or two. "Some of 'em can perceive that. You're as regular Sudeley, Jack, eyes and jaw and all. — But the scent's cold, he muttered," and it's getting

getting dark and late".

Mr. Jack Ludeby was one of those easy-going, kindly, natured, unimaginative men who are never troubled, quite happily, by the deeper and subtler experiences of life. They never get over a sensation of surprise at their neighbours' tendency to sickness and death. There is a superabundant vitality in such men that seems to them almost unassailable. Jack did not certainly love his father with any very exuberant affection: but he put it himself he "felt awfully cut up at losing the old gentleman", and "felt rather" at a loss for knowing what to do was ~~more~~ more difficult to deliver messages which he was quite well convinced would prove highly unacceptable.

"Never mind about me, sir", he said with a certain effort and awkwardness as distinctly as he could. "I don't want you to think about me, just now, but about my brother".

He paused hoping that words might awaken a train of sleeping memories, and thereby make what had still to be said, easier in the saying of it. But Matthew Ludeby's intelligence - never a very active one - was clouded with the mist of weakness and approaching death. His thoughts, as so often happens just at the close, wandered back to the days of youth and early manhood.

"Brother", he asked slowly "which brother? There was poor Darcy Dancy he was drowned at sea. And there was Sidney - fighting his Ludeby

Percy

Just need to call him — never was a better man with his glass in my life. He fought a bargee down in Barnsley one Saturday night and carried him up so that he could n't move in a minute. Bless me, he was a fine fellow: but your brother never liked him somehow. He was n't here here this long while. Is he dead, too, Jack," he added suddenly in a sharper tone.

"I did n't want to speak to you about poor Uncle Godfrey, sir," Jack suddenly answered: — "but about your brother but" —

"Eh". he 's gone! Remember, interrupted the old man speaking faster and more clearly. "They 're all gone, — my brothers and my old friends. God help 'em if you don't see such men now-a-days. — And Matt 's gone and your brother 's gone too, Jack. "Eh! dear me!"

Her tears came in Jack's eyes, and ran down over his hot coloured cheeks. His pity was humbly painful to him. He would have liked to say something gentle and comforting to Matthew Suddenly, at that moment: but a feeling of diffidence, [illegible] of years drove him back. His relations with his father had always been of a rather rough and ready sort.

"Such a good help! Augusta was here", he thought." Women are ever so much better at saying appropriate things than we are". Matthew Suddenly stretched his right arm out stiffly, and fell down over the [illegible] bed: clutching at the head of an old wire-haired terrier that was lying sleeping, rather uneasily,

unearthly on the bed beside him.

"They're all gone", he repeated slowly and sadly. Then he touched the old dog's head with feeble, uncertain fingers.

Mr. Matthew Sumner got up from his place at the window. He was a short, thick made man and limped a good deal in walking. He came across to the bedside, and then he as normally hideously warmly at Matthew Ludelby, who lay with his eyes half shut.

"I do not wish to distress you unnecessarily, my dear Mr. Ludelby", he said in a low voice glancing across at Jack. "But I fear the time granted for speaking — pardon my allusion: this is private matters — is likely to be limited. I cannot consent to delay".

And with that he retired to his seat at the window again.

Jack Ludelby bent over the bed; — as then says he took his carriage in both hands.

"Father", he said, "you remember my brother, you remember Philip".

Matthew Ludelby opened his eyes, and turned his head slightly on the pillow.

"And what about Philip"?, he asked curtly almost angrily.

"He's here, sir. He's downstairs. He came ~~yesterday~~ early this morning: but, you've been sleeping a good deal, and he couldn't tell you sooner. He wants to see you. Won't you see him, sir, just for five minutes, — just once before:—"

Jack Ludelby stopped abruptly. His words had produced an effect he had not looked for.

Ch.

Old Matthew Sudeley, filled with sudden thoughts, sat bolt upright in bed, — his face livid, high-coloured, paroxysmal as it had ever been in the fullness of his manly vigour.

"I sent your brother Philip out of this house three ~~years~~ and ~~months~~, twenty years ago, and dared him ever to come back, ~~with~~ he cried in a loud vibrating voice." He broke your mother's heart. "By her death-bed I swore I would never forgive him. And I never will forgive him, never".

Jacko was startled, pained altogether amazed. He sat up.

"Upon my word, sir," he began: —

But a rapid change came over Matthew Sudeley. He stretched out both arms with a sudden, convulsive gesture as though he were pushing away from him an actual and visible presence.

"Oh!" he cried hoarsely, "~~good God~~ good God, what — what's this?"

Then he fell back heavily against the pillows. The old terrier awoke with a start; and whining as low plaintively to itself, its hair bristling and its tail between its legs, crouched shivering up against the high foot-board of the bedstead.

Mr. Mortimer Sykes came ~~back~~ from the window again. He bent down over ~~the old man~~ his patient, & laid his hand on his wrist for a few seconds in silence.

"The ends I was come even sooner than I had anticipated, my dear Mr. Sudeley", he said,

at

at bark, looking up at Jack, who stood waiting.

The doctor turned his head and glanced at the dog ~~[illegible]~~ cowering down at the foot of the bed. "Singular", he said, half aloud & with a slight lifting of the eye-brow, — "very singular indeed".

Meanwhile, Phillip Lindsay, the subject of the foregoing conversation, waited, with what patience he could muster, downstairs, hoping for a summons to his father's ~~[illegible]~~ bedside.

It was melancholy work enough pacing up and down the gloomy, panelled ~~[illegible]~~ saloon, with its tall, rectangular windows and dark old fashioned furniture, in the dim twilight. The room had that indescribable odour and chill about it which is wont to haunt rarely used chambers. The outlook from the windows was certainly ill-calculated to dispel the depressing influences that reigned within. The ~~[illegible]~~ white fog hung low and dense over the river, and crept up ~~[illegible]~~ the ~~[illegible]~~ glooming towers to wards the house. A black mass of trees-oaks and beeches-rose out of it just by the bend of the stream on the left; and by and by the long flat stretch of the park faded away into misty uncertainty under the growing darkness.

The manor wears an absence. It was hardly a cheerful home-coming for Colonel Lindsay. The place seemed full of ghosts, and ghosts are rarely good company. The Colonel had come back ~~[illegible]~~ longing for peace, hoping for a final reconciliation which might ~~[illegible]~~ open

bitter

bitter memories of that part: but, as one half hour after another slipped by without sound or move-
-ment in the baige house, and as the evening deepened towards the night, his hopes died slowly and sadly away, and ~~a~~ hopeless deep disappointment and regret ~~[illegible]~~ him.
For Philip Ruderby, though he had knocked about the world more than most men, and was by no means a weak or over-sentimental person, ~~[illegible]~~ had a great single-ness of purpose, and the ~~[illegible]~~ kindness of feeling which almost invariably goes with single-ness of purpose. His experiences of life had been of a somewhat stern and practical nature, making demands upon the ~~[illegible]~~ more ~~[illegible]~~ manly, masculine virtues, and ~~[illegible]~~ but small opportunity for delicate self-analysis or self-culture. Yet there was a very genuine vein of poetry in him, too, — a longing in thought to the same old home, a deep desire to remain with his father and his family, a great capacity for enjoyment of the gentler, quieter, more domestic sides of life. Perhaps the Cornish ~~[illegible]~~ for natural, simple, homely joys had only been deepened by a certain denial and thwarting of desires that had befallen him. His emotions were rather too vivid, because, ~~[illegible]~~ so far, they had been voiceless and unanticipated, kept ~~[illegible]~~ wicked under by the hands of unsympathising circum-
-stance.

Philip Ruderby had, among other tendencies which go to win praise or blame according to their own taste in such matter, an almost

quixotic

quixotic indifference to his own material advantage. Meanwhile Sir Old W. Lucdesby's return likely, he carries to Barnet Darcy, who impelled by any desire to secure as possibly he could his heritance; he, with the single gesture of entreating his pardon and his renewal of affection, before death should have made all such renewal impossible. Good-natured Jack Lucdesby with his handsome wife and herds of noisy children might move over from the rectory: shackles reform house at Old Lucdesby and reign at Barnet in peace and plenty, and Phillips would bear them no grudge in the future. Also he begged for war and assurance that he was no longer an outcast, unforgiven, perhaps even forgotten - without place or part in his father's memory. But as time drew on, while the Colonel paced to and fro in the silent, in the old [illegible] salon library [illegible] drawing room, he knew that all hope of reconciliation grew fainter and fainter. He felt sick at heart.

At last there was a sound of foot steps crossing the hall, and of the men talking just outside. Colonel Lucdesby drew himself up rather stiffly, and stood waiting in the middle of the room.

Mr. Mortimer Sykes entered first — coughed a few preliminary — limping slightly and making as little stumping noise with his gold-headed walking-stick as he could.

"I might order my carriage immediately, my dear Mr. Lucdesby, I should be extremely glad to obliged"

he

he said, turning to Jack ~~Bradley~~, who followed him into the room. "If you will kindly permit me I will ring at once" he added, moving across to the other, to the fire place.

The two ~~men~~ other men were left standing & spirits to each other. Colonel Bradley looked hard at his younger brother: but it was too dark for him to ~~get~~ make out the expression of his face.

"Well"?. he asked, rather hoarsely.

~~Poor Jack~~

"My dear fellow, it's all over" answered Jack ~~Bradley~~, in a hoarse voice.

~~Poor man~~ The Colonel bowed his head. There was a silence for some minutes. Then Jack Bradley did an extremely unromantic thing. The long watching and the trial were up. It had upset him considerable, ~~however~~ and his table, ~~was~~ at no time, was ever refined. ~~He was~~ He was conscious, too, that his humbler in the way of delivering ~~a~~ disagreeable message was by no means yet over. He poured hurriedly out a couple of glasses of sherry, from a decanter that stood on one of the bare tables, and gulped them down hastily one after the other. His hands shook a good deal, he felt all his pieces, so to speak.

Dr. Symes glanced at him, and then at the Colonel, who ~~stood~~ waited erect and silent. Not with ~~standing~~ some certain superficial affectations and vanities Dr. Martin Symes was an eminently kind-hearted man. He was also, as has already been stated, a pretty shrewd observer, and something of a diplomatist. He

never could see the object of telling people truths of an unpalatable description unless it was absolutely necessary to do so. Just now he fear: :ceived that Jacks Cudderly was screwing up his courage to the ~~to the~~ with a view to blurting out with matter which he was calculated to give acute pain to the living and reflect no credit upon the dead. He decided to intervene.

The end was extremely sudden. "Colonel Cudderly", he said, following his answer, and speaking with that fullness of utterance which argues satisfaction on the part of the speaker at the sound of his own voice. "A long period ~~of coma, followed by a brief interval of consciousness – the mind was then considerably clouded. An inclination to dwell on the past, reminiscences of former friendships and interests, and an awakening of early impressions, but no active appreciation of immediate surroundings. ~~Just one~~ A momentary flash of the old remarkable vigour, and then", added Dr. Symes, ~~slowly~~ extending his hands with a slow downward movement, "a fatal quenching of the light. — Your brother naturally was greatly affected. Even as man likes myself, whose professional duties often bring them in contact with death, could hardly remain entirely unmoved. I need not embarrass you, Colonel Cudderly, who must so frequently have had referred to him the most distressing forms,

the horror of it aggravated by the dirt hideous and repulsive surroundings. "Familiarity fails to rob death of its terrors".—But I owe Dawes greatly indeed", he continued, with a relapse in an earnest conversational manner; — sincerely relieved. With your father's remarkable strong constitution, Heads feared as struggles for it painful struggle, at the last. Dawes thankful to say we were spared any thing of that kind".

The Colonel bowed as sort of general assent to the worthy doctor's statement. It would be vindicate, to ask for private explanation behind as native reticence, and private dignity which belonged to him just all further enquiries out of the question.

Jack Sudeley, meanwhile, was not slow to perceive the way of escape which Dr. Symes's discourse had opened to him. He stifled any conscientious scruples that troubled assailed him.

"I did what Dawes, Philip", he said, in a slightly apologetic tone. "But it was just as Dr. Symes says. My father was n't quite himself, you know. He was wandering a good deal, and one could n't make him understand anything out of the common run".

"No, no, of course not", replied Colonel Sudeley. He spoke as one mechanically accepting the position, and even setting the matter aside: but there was a sharp sense within himself at his heart. He was repulsed. His last

chance

chance was gone. Philip Enderby was not without a measure of pride. He turned away, walked across to the window, and stood looking out into the misty twilight, while Mortimer Lemon muttered to himself a few words: quiet and unemphatic words of reflection, as to which Jack appeared to make no coherent reply. His father was dead, and no dying "last wishes" to urge. He himself was unpardoned. The injustice of the thing as well as the sorrow of it cried out in Philip Enderby. He could not bring himself to remain in the house where his [illegible] arrival coming had been so unwelcome. He [illegible] He turned away from the window, went up and spoke to Jack Enderby in a letter.

"I must get back to Aldershot to-night," he said, quickly. "Perhaps Dean Gaisford might mail at Shorby. I'll come down for the funeral, of course, if you'll let me know the day and hour."

"Oh! but you know, my dear fellow," began Jack Enderby.

The Colonel interrupted him: —

"No, no," he said; "I know you're very kind, Jack: but I [illegible] Under the circumstances I had better go, all the same, I think."

Chapter II.

"Vive le roi!"

The next morning after his father's funeral Philip Sudeley was up and out early. He had passed a night in his bed-room for the first time for seven years, and sleep had been difficult of attainment. There were many things to think about; much was painful, difficult to forget, to submit patiently to. Hours of night were a not agreeable bed-fellow. The Colonel was already awake when the light of a stormy dawn began to glimmer in through the window curtains; he would get up, and go out, and the hue of the grounds and trees met his eyes.

He went down-stairs and out on to the road of the terrace in front of the house door. The old oak-tree had given up three of its branches in the night, and the leaves were all over the path, and the trees were all bare. The dog came to meet him; he put his paws up against his master's knees and tried to snuggle up into Colonel Sudeley's hand with a certain air of uneasiness. The old man's face was grim; was there any news? The Colonel looked down and patted the dog's head to reassure it;

Then

She drew herself up and took a deep breath of the keen morning air. Sometimes her breath was a little puff of steam.

"I am afraid I am late at work", she said, half ashamed of her own cowardice. "Perhaps I did right to have one more dream in the place like it came to a question of giving it up altogether. It cuts one a little at first".

The gaudy beauty of the wild autumn morning was more than Barrett Darcy. usual. She thought it was clear after a night of rain and wind — a thin watery blue above, and below always white, with a flame of yellow light along the eastern horizon. A procession of light grey clouds — called by country people "mackerel" — stretched up from the west ward; and it was a fleet, ragged and dirty, as ever a bank of darker cloud stretched behind the upland of Priors Barnett. The trees, roughly stripped of their clothes by the night's storm, were black with wet and glistened in the sunshine. The coarse grass of the park was a raw green. The woods, still with rain, blew the rosy cloud down. Silver and silver and silver, as the left the wood over hanging the head of the clay pigeon river down behind the house. Somewhere among the shadows, under shelter of the high red brick wall of the garden on the left, a robin was singing — as tender comfort for the dead summer and for the pain and cold of

the

the long bleak evening wintes. There were sounds
to, from the lane & the back of stable buildings
on the right. The ~~unaccustomed~~ murmur of voices,
the impatient stamp of a horse, the rattling of
pails and tinkle of falling waters, and, now and
again, a few bars of some tune, which Reds
thrilled came to Colonel Suideby's ears, as he stood
there listening silently at the strange yet
familiar scene. — Memories of his youthful
& his childhood; of queenie games and
misgivings, when the woods by the river was
shrouded in delightful mystery, and the river itself
seemed full of ~~mikuboo~~ danger and of promise, — when
the future ahead was as sweet enchantment
again, and when every natural object perfect
as spirit and personality of its own to be approached
with wonder and ~~pasion~~ reverence; — when adventure
and groom, too, seemed wise with all manner
of occult wisdom, were to hold as tight grip on
fundamentals facts and were not to be deluded
by mere appearances, — when the keeper, in his
gaiters and more velveteen coat, with pockets
big enough to hold a couple of retrievers perfect,
appeared as wild and daring character,
fascinating yet somewhat alarming also, standing
to his careless disregard of animal life and hos-
: hounds & persons in the matter of "vermin": —
Memories such as these, with pleasure and association
which had slumbered for years arose now in
Colonel Suideby. — For, it is also
true ~~that~~ also that had ever been
befallen us, ~~[illegible]~~ with
some queer

kind

Inside of an apothecary with whom she had become acquainted, and reading merely the faded words which came [struck] to her as invisible characters [signals of legibility] and makes us live our part over once more in pleasures or in pain.

He went down the stone steps, round the end of the great square house and by a wide avenue terraces with shrubberies on one hand and the distant houses on the other. — He had wandered there years ago on dreary summer evenings with [subject-faced] visitors, talking over in dry, half-awkward fashion the story of their first love and of their ceaseless journeys in many spheres — while Mr. Matthew Sudeley sat over his wine in the large dining-room window, and the last glow of the sunset [faded] behind the distant woods.

In

It was here yonder, under the alder stumps, he caught as two hounds perch in the Easter holidays. That year he went to Harrow; and the [brook] was black, just where the bank shelved into the water, among the rushes and broad dock-leaves now seared and withered with the chills of autumn. That he had seen a couple of water-rats, one Sunday after afternoon service, and that shy, the old water-spaniel, had missed the bank once in a couple of inches. And there — but the tales would be endless. Each path and bush, and flower-bed had its history, simple yet vivid, sad or merry of remembrances.

And since then a-off, yet not for golden hours, the little, ugly, red-legged, blue eyed boy had grown into a man, had wandered far and wide, had seen [strange] sights and gained strange experiences; his gentle mother had lain [these] many years sleeping in the churchyard on the hill above; his fair Cecilia, had married the not too reputable son of an [Irish] peer, [and] divided away [from] almost quite the roads across the [course] of their life; the old squire, obstinate and tyrannical to the last, was dead, [illegible]. Philip Sweden: himself, was eight and forty, [illegible], he supposed that he had outlived most of his hopes and illusions. And, yet, the old home was just the same as ever. The rooks still clamoured as they left their nests, and the fish rose in the hazy steam, whilst young plantively among the shrubs, men shuffled

over

over their vests in their stable yards, and their rich damp clean rich smell of hay and fresh water under the morning sunshine. The individual characters, drays and carts and their quiet brave horses, the stable yards always find a bright bride to sing their old song, and the world blows on its wild way through the long years, and the hard working glad sweat fragrant at the high of the pale dawn, and plain daily labour goes on steadily unheeded mighty from generation to generation. Birds will sing in stable. Hackett chatters and groans while — no one fancies at times — just as usual on the morning of the last day itself. and Lord

Colonel Sudeley, with the old white lion tie rising solemnly at his neck, paced slowly up and down the long gravel walk, thinking of these things. One of the under-gardeners, dislodging sweeping fallen leaves and [illegible] twigs of the smooth gravel, stopped his work, as he passed by, and took as good long stare at the Colonel. "He do seemed", as he told his wife that evening over his supper, "already as Mr. Jacks Sudeley was gone with it all: but he felt he'd like to know what sort of an looking gentleman the other one was, considering the old Squire was so terrible spiteful against him".

Perhaps we, readers, may as well take as good long stare at Philip Sudeley too, as he moves about under the garden front of the stately house in the world and the morning sunshine and see what manner of man he is — outwardly, at all events. I am afraid it must be owned frankly, at starting, that he is not at all an obviously romantic figure. The Colonel

is

is unusually slight and tall, and is not unpleasing — the facts calculated to give an estimation of one's person, to ensure admiration of romance especially on that head!. ~~[illegible]~~ Further, it must be owned that, that at the period of his life was he been reckoned a handsome man. His face seems to be certain air of distinction about him. He is rather ~~[illegible]~~ over the usual under middle height; well made and well set up — head small rich clear and small round the brow; and upstanding, even in the midst of a rough shooting coat and wearing both, that effect of stylish perfumed and dandified that is one of the most noticeable characteristics of a well bred English man. His features are somewhat large and strongly marked, the nose aquiline, the mouth hidden under a heavy tight brown mustache, — the ends of which the Colonel has a habit of pulling downwards in meditative fashion, whenever he has any thing a little on his mind. His jaw is square and solid; his complexion originally fair, but now tanned and dulled by travel and exposure. His crisp short hair, as dark as brown by some two shades than his mustache, is as thick as ever, and still unbroken with grey — as fact, thanks he is far from being vain of it does certainly yield him considerable satisfaction.

Philip Sidney's eyes are the only point in his personal appearance meriting unqualified praise. They are deep set under straight eye-brows, — dark lashes and eyes of bright blue; the nose small & manly, the lips large and peculiarly rich and clear in colour.

Such

such as are habitually kind and friendly enough; but then come very hard and trying days, when the blood is hot and an ugly piece of work has to be done. And our friends here have seen an ugly piece of work done since we last saw them. They have seen more than most men of battles, and horror, and death. He looked at it steadily, nor withdrew till quick movements of pity urged and dictated: — but chiefly with a stern sense of duty, which was to put through the work in hand swiftly and even cheerfully, without any careful hesitation or speculation concerning the ultimate effect of the operation. This has sometimes resulted in misplaced severity and cruelty, I fear: but it may be questioned whether any man with the key of much action in the world who has not a residuum of brutality left in him. You can care it is certain, (in some natures) with a depth of kindness and cruelty; it one must render another such entirely true — a tenderness of heart towards the weak and unfortunate, delicate consideration for friends or kinsmen, and a devotion towards them individually so profound and constant that it is almost peculiar in its intensity.

The man of this temper who loves — still more, who loves God with all his whole complete self. Strength has its dangers as well as weakness: self. There are wicked virtues dignity and splendour it is true; but they are the stern virtues as well, with a species of desperation. These simple, whole-hearted natures, under the dominion of fixed ideas are terribly difficult

to cope with. [illegible]. Nothing turns aside, they will go through fire and water, utterly regardless of the well-intentioned remonstrances of the bystanders to reach the goal — whatever it may be.

During this I do not mean to assert that Rhadagan Sudeley the quiet, dignified and clear-headed middle-aged soldier, Colonel Sudeley was at all disposed, just now, to run mad upon love or any such matter. The potential proclivities of a character may never be developed in a given direction, but [illegible] circumstances may remain latent to the end. Far from indulging in exaggerations of feeling or intensity, he was calmly making up his mind to accept the inevitable; to part with what he loved best, though with sadness, remembered, and keen very dear to him, to retire gracefully from an difficult position; and not only conceal, but, if possible, even forget his own disappointment and injury.

For the Colonel paced up and down that gaudy morning, in front of the house at Barnet Darcy, not as master but as guest. For old W. Sudeley had bequeathed also his property — houses, lands, ghats and stores [illegible] to the younger of his two surviving sons. Philip only inherited what should have come to him had his elder brother, Matthew, lived, — two thirds of his mother's fortune, and as much of money left, in remainder, to him by name in his grandfather's will. He would no longer be as poor man, it is true: but, to some persons even the assurance that [illegible] in future they are to receive of as comfortable balances at their bankers: with

nor

us: whether one was to the subjective discomfiture of knowing "it" was the object of one's pity grudge. Their public and practical repudiation on the part of his fellows was hard to bear, misfortune made rebellion against it as well as one's heart, & it was not without a struggle that the Colonel schooled himself into acquiescence.

She stood still in the middle of the road watching across over the river to the woods and the [illegible] bend of the gray path, and something very like tears came into her eyes. [illegible] There was a depth of very wholesome humanity in [illegible] It would have been very pleasant to him to settle down here, [illegible] with his wife and children — as Jack was about to do, his fortune, — to see another generation growing up about him full of hope and good generous ambition; to move surrounded by kindly faithful faces and honest love, and to ward off inevitable but undeserved ills. He could not help feeling, rather sadly, that he had missed a good deal in life. It was dreary, to lack all [illegible] this = established security and order, home the point of view of an old bachelor. Colonel Sinclair shook himself with a queer smile and turned back to the house again.

"Well, it's no good quarrelling with facts", he said, half aloud. "We all get what we're best fitted for in the long run, I suppose; and, as Dora says, it pays to cry over spilt milk." — Comes along

Vic,

Vice" – to the terrier she sat on the gravel with
a little contemptuous pout as if to say –
"I'm going indoors like a sensible fellow to get
on the sofa."

Mr. Jacob Sudeley, meanwhile, was in the dressing-room
that at the moment fortune appeared to have
with her broader smiles, was in a subdued
frame of mind. His face he was trying to
preserve unperturbed
reserve, or perplexed by the disparities of
universal nature to the fate of the individual
of any such high or situated matter. Jacob
Sudeley was accordingly left to the
conventional and common place and his
pachydermatous ways of a purely concrete description.
But he was entirely unaccustomed to reduce
them on the thing at its time, and just now he was
a prey to many complicating sensations. He found
it dread fully confusing. Jacob's consciences did
not accuse him. He knew that he had brought
no malice aforethought to bear on his
father's disposition of the property;
yet, still he was painfully aware of an
abandonment and dismay in his elder brother's
presence. He was perplexing any motive or action
in connection with the
of suffering, it seemed to him as if he had that
he should be so miserable when he was quite innocent
of wrong doing.

He had come to the conclusion, this day. Before that it
was incumbent upon him to make Colonel Sudeley as
handsome and appropriate speech on the subject of the
property. But the hour

were [illegible] full of people. There had been a good deal of movement and stir, and after the funerals ~~was~~ a tendency in the direction of wine, and what talked wealth, and ~~conversation~~ general conversation was a rising scale of cheerfulness. Mr. Gamage, the lawyer from Shenley, and Dr. Fontaine Symes had stayed to dinner. So had Dr. Mortimer Symes, - not that the latter gentleman had any intention of being bracketed socially with so country solicitor, + he stayed for reasons of his own. He ~~had had an adventure~~ happened to have heard ~~some~~ dramatic stories of the terrible year of the Indian Mutiny, and he was anxious to make nearer acquaintance with Miss Gamage, who had been a ~~child~~ girl in Delhi. Dr. Symes had ~~not~~ disguised a actor in Miss. Dr. Symes had ~~recorded~~ talking to the Colonel his latest ~~recital~~ Miss had really been so favourable. ^ seeming for Jack Enderby's speech; and as he was not by any means glib - indeed he lost his temper - and did his musical fear of fire talking and heroics, he had not tried very hard to find an opening since none presented itself, throughout this morning, the prospect of that same speech ~~seeming~~ ^ seeming ever his likes as dark and dreadful shadow. While at the same time, he was conscious of an ~~unreasonable~~ elation so lively, that it made him ~~warm~~ ^ warm, put on his boots, and even tie his white tie - Mr. Enderby had an instinct that it would be graceful to emphasize the entire ward's visible sign of his clerical profession at this juncture, - in time to ~~have~~ ^ be as dashing triumphant as ~~could~~ ^ kept on stumping into

our

out in his brain.

"Matt came go to Glen", he thought, "and the girls can dance with Jacks whenever they want them. Baker says there's no end of good fish water in the estuary; and Augusta will look uncommonly well in the diamonds of my poor dear mother": —

Then he checked himself. Grew suddenly serious, and thought of Jacks and the fight. night, — and of the nasty consequences in some ways of Jacks's helping; and then, of the virtues of the law of entail and of the sacred institution of primogeniture — for Jacks suddenly was as devout conservative!

"Every stick and stone on the estate should be strictly entailed on Matt, at once", he said, rather illogically.

Then he pictured the nice string of hunters he would have in the great barracks. Like stables before the war was out; and then made another return upon his bottles, and wondered what on earth he should say to him?.

Then the Pickthorn bells rang at last, but W. Enderby felt anything but gay. The unpleasant moment died away into silence, and he would have sacrificed a good deal of pure pleasure in the matter of wine and dinner to have avoided the next half hour.

At Jacks Enderby, came into rather a fearful countenance came down into the square flagged hall. Colonel entered the front door, letting a great rush of fresh air with him into the house with him. He

came

came forwards, holding out his hands to his brother and looking him very frankly and kindly in the face. There was a fine serenity ~~about~~ in ~~the Irishman's profession~~ his expression as he did so.

"God morning, Jack", he said. — "I've been round the dear old place. I'm glad to find that with all the knocking about the world that I've had, I have not forgotten a single thing here. It seems as if I had only been away a day".

He paused a moment, and then added, quickly: — ~~"Good~~ "God bless you, Jack, you and your wife, and ~~your brothers~~ the children. God luck to you and your boys after you. — They're ~~fine~~ lusty, ~~good~~ plucky, little lads and will keep up the honour of the old name gallantly".

Rodney suddenly turned away, & went across the hall to ~~his~~ down his hat.

"You'll excuse me as I ~~said~~ now and then", he said: — "won't you, if I want to get away from ~~soldiering~~ some time, & have a breath of my native air?".

Jack suddenly was touched, distressed, alarmed all at the same ~~time~~ moment. The number and diversity of his emotions did not tend towards lucidity of thought or expression.

"Upon my word", he began; "I don't know what on earth to say to you, my dear fellow. I am in a most awfully awkward position, you know. I've been wanting to speak to you seriously ever since all this came out about the property. It is n't right, you know. It 's pitiful: really hard on you, though I don't want

to

It was anything of the sort. But you know, he was very close-mouthed with me, there was no getting near certain subjects. He was an odd one and eccentric as could be about money matters. I guess you may wonder I said it as natural like that day he died of that way he meant to leave things, and even then he only gave me a hint. — I don't understand it — I tell you I don't know how to look you in the face. I feel like — Well, upon my word I don't know what I do feel like", he added suddenly — "It's most uncommonly awkward for me, and your taking it all in this wonderfully generous way of yours makes it all the worse, that it does".

Jack Underby's voice grew a little shaky. He was genuinely moved — though his form of utterance was not to be altogether sentimentary. The colonel came up from the table on which he had laid down his hat. His mother's incoherent address had pleased him, and made strongly for his habitually favourable acceptance of his situation generally.

"It's all perfectly right as it is", he answered. "You're out and in the country again, Jack — it will suit you as a good deal better than Queenstown, eh? — And Augusta is just the thing for this sort of thing too. Why all about do I want me to a great barrack of a house and an army of servants?.. — There, — we quite understand each other and needn't say any more about it. — By the way", he said presently, "it seems to me there is no end of keep

on South Park, just across the river and the
warehouses. Should just eighteen or twenty
years in jail, or more place. Serve
you right to find the estate wasted & ~~the~~ by of
business after all this — Things have been as
good dead neglected I suppose since my
father's not been able to get about and see with
them ~~myself~~ himself".

Then the two men went with the driving-rain,
chatting of stocks and bonds and drainings and
kindred subjects. And by the time breakfast was
over, the triumphal march was triumphing away
as ~~merrily~~ merrily as ever again in Jack Sudely's
head.

That afternoon evening as he ~~was~~ stood, smoking
meditatively ~~in the library~~ with his back
to the library fire, Colonel Sudely said: — "I think
I shall get Lucy Deane and go abroad for a time
then the thing will be finally settled.
I dare say Edmund Drake would go with us — you know,
after all I have seen they is nothing of Europe".
He turned round and ~~gazed~~ stooped as big log that
threatened to fall out on the hearth with
his foot.

"I feel as pleased as a school-boy", he went on, "at
having some money in my pocket to play
ducks and drakes with".

Retrospective.

A William American writer wanted to write, in order to acquire a really comprehensive and scientific understanding of the personality of a given man or woman, it would be necessary to go back to the Sanders of Eden and beginning with the first parents, to trace the gradual evolution of the individual: also specimens during the ages from the cradle of the human race to the present day. This doubtless is strictly true. It is likewise also the case as matters for present thought: however, what could be done is confined almost entirely to the writer's responsibility; for were it not so, there is no saying to what gigantic proportions the biography of the most obscure and uninteresting individuals might not reach!. Let me therefore assure the reader that it is not for me to enter into the backward abysses of things in their chronological and figurative manner, in the hope of there discerning the ultimate causes of present effects. The narrative only desires, with all attainable brevity and concentration to make as few digressions which may serve to throw some light upon the history and conduct of certain actors

ni this little drama

There was an about two, and twenty, two an event to the peace which very acutely affected Philip Sudely's subsequent career. He discovered one fine day that he was very deeply in love — in love, too, with a young lady whose fortune would be pretty well endured by the limits in which the pocket of her modest trousseau. The young man's banker were not this time extensive. He had in fact been Randolph's executor, and in his fatherly guardian day with inconvenient demands for advances. Now he intimated that an increase of allowance would enable him to marry, and that he wanted to marry very much indeed. But unfortunately for poor Philip he was not, and never had been, a favourite with his father, whose stock of parental affection was exhausted by partiality to his elder son Matthew — a handsome, head-strong, blustering fellow. Emma Matt had left the University, where he had distinguished himself very much in debt, & had just engaged to desert his father, so that poor Philip's love affair and request for help came at a singularly inconvenient moment. In vulgar times, Mr. Sudely died with a will in his hand.

What did that silly fellow Philip want with a wife and a home, for a squalling brat at his age?" he asked. "The boy had with health enough to do his duty in the world, & a man from his

and this

another — a little good hard work was what he wanted, — that would lower his salary. Love out of the question enough. And then, what's this about Miss Cecilia Murray?" he added not very civilly. "I never heard of her. Let Philip take up with some girl in the army — in the country who one knows something about, and then it's no use pretty of time to talk about misconduct afterwards and so on. If they're so much in love let 'em wait, — that's only thing I can recommend in 'em".

Lieutenant Frederick and Cecilia Murray proceeded to wait. Pardonable, there was nothing else very forgivable in them to do under the circumstances since they were really attached to each other. They waited dutifully during the space of a year. Then the young lady began to lose her good looks a little, for she was one of those thin wiry vitalized blondes who do not wear very well. It became daily more evident that waiting did not agree with her physically, though her constancy of her heart might be an great an ever. It was a pity, for Philip was helped with a large share of patient devotion. He could have waited faithfully a dozen years for Miss Cecilia and never at the end of it that she was even bit an pretty as the first day he met her.

Cecilia Murray's brother, however, was a lady of experience and of resources dead of an eminently practical turn of mind. Her own marriage had not been exactly an unpleasure unto herself, since her husband had added to various other incapacities the incapacity for living long, and had left her his wife, as a still young and handsome woman with a family of particularly daughters

daughters in her hands. Mrs Murray permitted herself no illusions in certain matters. She had relegated Miss Dix: : agreeable district nelf. ~~it is~~ What in the case of a young girl having little besides personal attractions to recommend her, Miss Cecilia's style of dress fashionable in every thing", she said, with praiseworthy candour.

Acting upon this conviction the good lady did not: ~~very~~ scarcely encourage her daughter's lover, whose material prospects ~~disadvantages~~ should her as backing in any brilliant pursuit. She treated the young man with scant courtesy; and had ~~was~~ just: prepared a scene of the most disagreeable nature, when an unlooked-for oc: : currence caused her ~~trouble~~ suddenly to alter her mind: : on as to the eligibility of his suit.

It was in the winter time that young Matthew Ludely, troubled about money-matters and thirsty for some fresh amusement, decided to come to the quaint cathedral town ~~where~~ in the north, where his brother's regiment was then quartered and spend a week with him. Matt was in very low water again; his debts were heavy, and he could not make up his mind to tell his father frankly about them. ~~He had~~ ~~Mrs Lockaby that Squire had spoken very severely to~~ ~~and had told him that he must pull himself together~~ ~~and that he was afraid that his position was~~ ~~and that he must marry money.~~ Between horses and dogs, ~~pleasure~~ billiards and racing, and little runs up to London, the young gentleman's affairs had contrived to get him into a sufficiently desperate condition. The Squire's temper was short at times even with his eldest and best loved son; and Matt naturally relished the idea of embarking in ~~something~~ a slightly discreditable ~~speculation~~ speculation

~~and so on~~

or of refusing her written of his favourite with her father. He was in that state of mind in which a man is willing to dwell at great length and with unspeakable pleasure of salvation. Philip was devoted to his sister. Philip was a generous fellow and might be able to help him. At worst, Philip could be counted with breathing the whole thing to his mother - whose darling he was - and through her Watts might get the appointment he wanted without the unpleasant: help of a personal statement. It was with these vague hopes and round about intentions that he started on his pilgrimage to the new town: two ones there that desire to cut as figure, with admiration, and set busily talked about, returned upon him to the exclusion of more prudent considerations. The week of his stay extended itself with these, and during these three weeks Watkins Sanders might certainly congratulate himself on having made as much - of a kind.

One night, on rather early one morning the two sisters, and as young fellow officer of Philip, Beaumont Percé-Dawson by name were returning from a somewhat up-country bachelor's dinner-party at a neighbouring county town. Watts had taken rather more wine than was good for him, he had played cards and lost heavily. He was excited and angry, and tried to carry off his uncomfortable sensations by an extra amount of swagger and bluster. When the night was wheeled dog-cart in which the three young men were going to dine back came to the door, Beau Percé-Dawson said, with a significant glance to Philip: —

"You

"Now do better dear, dear man. You've not studied it out, and that horse is a nasty vicious brute and stumbles with the bargain."

But Matthew during the regards this as an unwarrantable act of interference. He was in the humour to pick a quarrel with any one, and that dear man's wife: the best good temper had been as source of irritation to all the evening. With some instinct he said he was tired that trap himself; he knew very well what he was about, he had driven out, and he was going to drive back again; — it W. Price. Dauncey was afflicted with nervousness he could walk, as far as he felt, was concerned and welcome.

Price. Dauncey, however, was for him quarrelsome; he got up behind the dog-cart with a good-natured laugh.

"Sir, I don't care as rap" he said." I care about on here tight enough. If the horse comes down you and Philip he get [redacted] the horse & rider, you know, not me."

The speech did not tend to sooth Matthew Luckly's [illegible] The horse justified the evil opinion of it, and the young man, half from exhaustion half from temper drove terribly and fretted the ill-conditioned animal with a perfect fever. He beat at the top of his voice Matt let all patience, and threw the reins petulantly to his master.

"Here catch hold" he cried. "I shall get mad and cut the whole to pieces in a minute. - I want to light my pipe. - Hold this up, you fool,

What are you at, letting Susie gander about the road in that fashion."

Philip had caught the reins as soon as he could; but the start of them on the horse's back & an Matt then threw him had thoroughly scared it, and it bolted. Philip He was always helpful: he was sitting low and driving from the wrong side too, he could not get any purchase on the horse's mouth. Matt perceiving the danger, made a dart at the reins again with all his might, and succeeded in giving a violent wrench to the right hand one. The horse swerved, tripped its fore legs, and came down like a lump of lead on the hard high road.

The next thing Philip remembered was a confusion in the road-way, [illegible] with Beau Peirce. Dauncey by name. He was not much hurt himself, but an indescribable dread was upon him. He got over to the further side of the overturned carriage. There was a great heap of [illegible] stones on the grass by the road way, and worse it, just where the light of the carriage lamps fell, lay poor young Matt. Poor Audley, — he would never [illegible] swagger, or play cards, or get into debt again in this world.

Some quiet in unapproachable, it rested on him almost as an [illegible], and numbed it all, with black silence and gloom. So it was with W. Audley. He did not say much about his own death, but he brooded over it in a [illegible] speechless

[illegible] unkindness. He could not account for his mind to it, he had a sense of unpardonable injury and wrong. Miss Lucas at Barrets Darcy became a sad blow. Jane was up at College. Her next letter was a little more cheerful. Her face of her being relieved by nature with many characteristics of his true Gentleman. Elizabeth [illegible] his sentiments to her sister. Towards Philip his squire felt with deep unreasoning bitterness. Her thoughts went over for those he had never cared greatly. She did resemble her sister of his family either in looks or in temperament, would take his darling elder brother's place was wholesome to him. Here: Miss Philip had been simply ministering to her sister, he was ministering no longer, he was [illegible] observing. If one of the two boys must go, they had not [illegible]. The squire could have spared him well enough, if it came to that.

Meanwhile, Philip himself was [illegible] with [illegible]. Beside his kindly fancies, were the remembrance of Paris and Soldier, and he saw generally as fair and gracious picture of Miss Lucas. Her virtues seem all [illegible] them, and their vices [illegible] no [illegible] vitals in his good part of them, but merely as unsightly moles easily washed away and obliterated. [illegible] Miss Lucas days there Mate's [illegible] gloomy victorian [illegible] on the floor of the Barrets Darcy nursery, [illegible] over Philip's unreasonable

squadrons

squadrons lying prone and scattered on the ground — he had always admired his handsome head. strong older sister, and yielded him the first place ~~in her affections~~ willingly and even gladly. It was humble that Mate, who was so intelligent and learning, who promised to support his family some in such a ~~[illegible]~~ generous manner, should have enjoyed life so rarely, should have been snatched away at so moments notice. But people were kind to Philip in his distress. Mr. Murray, notably, was far kinder than she was ever seen before. Her affection seemed ~~suddenly~~ to rise with extraordinary rapidity from zero to boiling point. She welcomed him to her home, and ~~quite openly~~ advertised the fact of her daughter's engagement, ~~[illegible]~~ Perhaps our friend ~~was~~ Philip, was rather unfortunately inexperienced in such days. He accepted Mr. Murray's attentions with the warmer gratitude, ~~and~~ while it never occurred to him to enquire as to the root from which they might spring.

Mr. Murray affection, however, was tempered with artistic pride. In time passed on, she began again to covet ~~[illegible]~~ a double fee on Philip's the young man's portraiture. He ~~[illegible]~~ readily became of- was in all probability ~~[illegible]~~ a good painter and large pictures now: but, alas his failure - as fair as Mr. Murray could make out — was the fact of many who might ~~[illegible]~~ live on it ever. Meanwhile Cecilia had also admired. She gradually weighed the bride in the hand against the bride in the bush; and, unless the former should develop suddenly and unexpected

plumpness ~~[illegible]~~

plumply felt it would be advisable to enquire how Wickham and Lydia were still at liberty. She announced one day, to the young man's surprise, that she had really given him three months; it had cost her a great deal to be waiting on with so long uncertain engagement like this; Mr. Gardiner must really no longer;- Cecilia, poor dear child, was growing intolerably anxious and peaky.- Mr. Gardiner must marry her at once, on a good income — "such an income as will be in keeping with your position and prospects" you know" — or not at all.

Her young friend Philip was as good as his word & carried both by his announcement and the time in which it was executed. There was one drawback, however, that offended both his taste and good feeling. Still he was very much in love. He wrote home to his mother to say he was coming, and then went down to Barnets Darcy resolved to renew his request to his father.

It was on the third day Philip remembered the events of that evening with painful distinctness. The dinner was not a cheerful one. The squire's mood was moody and wandly & utes & celve & give and order to the servants. Mr. Gardiner with gentle tact and self-sacrificing sweetness tried to ignore her husband's surly preoccupation and to talk as usual. But she was nervous, and the conversation soon came again to anxious silence. At last Philip found his father's manner unbearable & he resumed; & the reason of his visit was in his mother. Then Mr. Gardiner had left the room during room Philip told his little story — told it as moderately, quietly

manly

rudely fashion. There was an trace of pathos in the young man's bearing as he pleaded his cause, which some hearers would have found affecting: but Matthew Pudsey was not easily affected. He turned his clean side-ways, leaned his elbow on the table, and surveyed Philip over his shoulder without taking the trouble to look at him.

"I told you my opinion of the foolish business of your two years ago," he said. "It hasn't changed".

"You told me so then, sir, and we have waited," answered Philip.

Mr. Pudsey put his hand on the decanter nearest to him, and refilled his glass.

"Had the girl a good stock of waiting, I suppose — time you can ask for whatever you like most and get it. And you think the same, no doubt. Your dear mother is pretty sure, I dare say, to help in your favour".

"You've no right to say that, sir," flashed out Philip hotly. — "I've given you no cause for such an imputation. Such an insinuation never entered my head — or hers either. She was good enough to care for me ever so long ago, when certainly nobody could accuse her of being mercenary".

"I'm glad to hear it," returned the elder man drily. "It's as well you should know just where you stand. If your mother's death would in any way improve your position, you were mistaken, that's all. It won't make a penny's difference to your whole life". — Matthew Pudsey swallowed down his glass of wine, and then broke out suddenly and violently: —

"But

"But for you Watts might have been here alive now. You were drunk".

Philip set his teeth hard; he went on white as the table-cloth before him.

"I don't drink, sir", he said, "and you know it. I was as sober as I am at this moment. Price. Dawson was with us — he told you at the time".

"Price. Dawson ~~knows~~ was your friends not Watts'. What proof have I that he did not bribe you to make this out of a bad job, and say what he could to shield you?"

"He's my friend, as you say: but he is a gentleman also, sir. He is not in the habit of telling lies".

How far sullen brooding might gradually have warped Matthew Enderby's reason and made him harbour ugly suspicions against his son, now for the moment absorbed by ~~the~~ an all-engrossing desire to pain and humiliate this young man we should be difficult to determine. Probably the two ~~passions~~ powers were so subtly mixed as to be incapable of separation. He sank his head on his hands and spoke with great deliberation.

"So much the worse for you, then, if you were alone, young man. Watts does not put your conduct in a better light, as far as I can see. — You can drive ~~anybody~~ with enough alone to pay you to drive well".

Philip sprang up from his place and came round without a word. His ~~(wayward)~~ (unfortunate) appreciation of amusement and humor ~~misled~~.

"What on earth do you mean, sir"? he cried. "What are you dreaming of? Do you know what so shockingly thing your words seem to imply?"

W.

Mr. Sudeley looked up at the open door with his head raising his head. His dull eyes were bloodshot and his face flushed with harlots as he answered: —

"By God, I tell you some people would say you knew very well what you were about when you picked Matt out into that crowd to help of stones. That is as fine property and you were my second cousin Tod-play was heard of his as lightly stolen that all the as helps now".

Some time minutes later Philip walked out into the hall, letting the dining-room door shut heavily behind him. As he did so Mr. Sudeley moved forward to meet him. She had been to anxious to hear by heavily during this critical interview between her son and husband. She came back into the hall again, + stood near the wide open fire-place, listening with deepening fear and horror to fierce voices in the dining-room.

Philip's + hurriedly of anger died down as he caught of his mother. He put his arm round the frail delicate woman in a sudden agony of tender: help.

"Come away, Mother into your room, Mother," he said hurriedly. "I want go to say good-bye to you".

For Mr. Sudeley clung to him trembling.

"Oh. you haven't quarrelled", she cried. — "My dearest, if you love me, go back and make it up with him. — Remember your father is very quickly hurt. He often says things he regrets later, when he has recovered himself. And he is very sore about dear Matt. You know how he loved him. He cannot submit to this trial,

trial; it makes their hearts ache to see. All their hopes were centred in Mark. — Look there, Mrs, he has been crying about himself. He has been like Philip, cruelly tired and hungry. Remember all this, dear. So and make it up with him, for my sake. If he has been a little hard with you, try to bear it — don't be stubborn, dear Philip. Try to meet him half way".

The young man did not answer. He then went into Mr. Sudeley's little sitting-room. She took his hands, and looking with sweet pitiless earnest help in his face.

"No, Mrs", he said, "the apology must come from him not from me. It can't be made up until he withdraws certain accusations he has made against me".

"Then it will never be made up" — said Mr. Sudeley, in a low voice.

"He had accused me of a dishonourable action", Philip went on: "of committing a perjury, vile, unnatural. I cannot tell you about it — I had rather never have been born than have dreamed of it even for an instant".

Philip flung himself down on his knees before her, and held her about the waist, pressing his face against her gown: — "Mrs, forgive me, dear, dear you, at least, will never doubt me. That you'll never believe of any suggestion he throws out about me — that you will help me in your heart of hearts — that you'll never let anything divide you from me — forgive me, Mrs, I believe in me always before God".

In this poor boy's weakness Mrs. Underhill found an unexpected calm and strength.

"Stand up, Philip" she said gently.

She laid her hands on his shoulders and looked deep into his blue eyes: — "I believe in you completely and wholly, Philip. Nothing can shake my faith in you. This is a terrible delusion that has taken possession of your father's mind. The fruit of sorrow — one must not hold him accountable for it. Thoughts get hold of us sometimes which it is as impossible to drive away as it is to overcome an insidious disease. But often then, after a time, we shake off the remembrance of them as we shake off the remembrance of a wretched dream, with infinite thankfulness and relief — Please God it may be so in this case, and that before very long you may come back to me again. — Oh you are very dear to me, Philip. You have been the stay and comfort of my life — you have been son and daughter to me both in one". —

Mrs. Underhill could not manage to say more. The two stood looking at each other a few moments in silence. Then Philip bent down and kissed his mother, and went away.

The proverb says troubles rarely come singly. To poor Philip Underhill, they seemed to come in legions just at this time. Mr. Murray was pitiless; for as the income was not forthcoming on the one part, the bride was not forthcoming on the other. He developed an admirable sense of duty, — based that the young man must have behaved shamefully to his father to cause this rupture and denial. A bad son is calculated to make but a poor husband. Cecilia's happiness must not be

he. was undaunted. Mr. Murray felt it would be best minerals and mistakes it just as premium on Friday during business, — on this subject grounds the Statutes entirely refused to think of Mr. Rudesby as possible son in law.

In this was an end to poor Philip's boyhood romance. He was to be found literally between elders of parents, home, and misery, and from what the world as a mere rebellion of virtues. With his faithful and affectionate nature Philip was bound to suffer very deeply under this accumulation of misfortune. I do not wish to draw as fancy portrait of this young man and wish him up as a model of virtues and virtues. On this contrary, I must admit that in a time of this kind weakness of his engagement is received as little disgraceful whether Philip was not determined to act on his unfortunate journey, commonly known as "going to the bad". He was so miserable, poor fellow, that how he was easily tempted to drown misery in debauch. But, perhaps his mother's prayers, perhaps a certain minute purity, and sweet help which modern as better made him disgusting to him, called Philip back before he had gone very deep into the slough. He recovered his footing on this solid ground of good living, exercise and — not without as hard, years of shame and self-reproach in fact his part of observation — took once and for all to virtue ever.

Great publish ~~to, cause of this error suddenly~~ to him said.

See over

Great public events, too, came at this critical moment in his life. The year 1854 - with the beginning of a war which was one more answer to Lady Dimsdale's prayers, if not actually in question. The Great Day, the Last Judgment - what more likely figure to gallop briskly in on a bad comet as a good one; and what true moral effect on individuals may be salutary when they suffer, struggle and endure, in any mystic quarrel on high or low. Philip Sudeley began to show what spirit he was truly of. He emerged, he did: the Crimean Summer. Sudeley during the Indian Mutiny had become a certain available notoriety. The plain slender young fellow, whose quiet ways had made him a favourite of as little fit for the life of his regiment, developed both mentally and physically. Indian pioneer years after the rebellion, of good Victorian & unfamiliar to old-timers who had the wit to take advantage of them; and Philip Sudeley's patience, courage and courage had already marked him out as a person to be cultured and with a delicate or wary-drawn wrist. In the year he was called up many times, he decided to marry his cousin and entrained on time, to cause one fit himself as suspiciously distinct place in his world with the most unmistakable white mark.

Certain simplicity and directness of purpose were left him. This on the open order, Philip Sudeley was certainly not a person with whom it was advisable to take as liberty. It cannot be understood that some matters must not be spoken of lightly before him, — as Lowson's relation: this must not be mixed up, or as Mary's moral delinquencies to be carried condoned. Young as he was, he was disposed to think his life's knowledge in matters of virtue and religion the entire concern of his neighbours — as persons guard to dignity, expectation, status, and not altogether easy to handle with. Yet even as adolescent Lowson he was humbly too, as fair to his friends and as fair officer. His dignity and piety the Colonel's partiality was acknowledged and assured. He had escaped many dangers, received many distinctions — and on this, perhaps fortunately for himself, he was born rare Turner to the memory of his first love.

Rose.

And Mrs. Sudeley. Baantinade Lorrin with husband and two visitors in at 1st: Rose out to dinner in spirits. But finds mamma (recumbent - encouraging) ~~encouraging~~ ^ recumbent, & Rose and Mrs Sudeley dine with Mrs. Sudeley, dies out: Visits alone &c. to dear after dear, and mentions ~~the~~ the mental pain & distress and danger of risking & relenting on Rose's part of Rose's going to wards Mr Philip finds began to grow weaker and Mrs. Sudeley began to grow weaker also. Rose's imagined all's ~~was~~ her boy. He had been so good and gentle with to her ever since Rose's illness, dear mr & mamma husbands ~~husbands~~ ^ mistake & manner &c. had ~~had~~ ^ stated after her up and down Rose's home passages at Barnet Dorey and about Rose's dutiful & affectionate wishes - would & wished & fragrant with Rose's recent & pious and unique letter. Sadie, home & church &c had never failed to remark how a weekly letter, containing an ill's felt & dismissed & indignant joy & and sorrow. And afterwards, when her mind with Rose's away - while Rose's many watchful nights with dear dear bed-room over Rose's table &c had ~~had~~ ^ entitled him prayer by him, and springing over Rose's, to her, emphasis Rose's relations Rose's are surprised & specially to recall Rose's guidance & & Rose's upper chalger - Rose had found Rose's come home to her, ~~confidence~~, as quiet and quiet, and tenderly thoughtful as ever. Duly once did the venture to break the silence which her husband mamma's made when Rose's subject & her quarrel with her son; and then Rose's Squire's fierce remonstrance ~~against~~ terrified her in to patient ~~submission~~ submission, Mrs. Sudeley ended during to her love, but does ended not figure for it. In time went on the felt with a strange habit & writing silent and no:

: end Lloyd

: enclosed in the large dark cabinet overlooking the broad main Square and large mart. She would not go out much; she dreaded fresh meeting her neighbours; it was from stepping in and out of the carriage, with a basket of domestics on her arm, should she distributed ~~absolutely~~ alms with ~~with~~ the most solemn of faces and the very mildest of personal advice. Sometimes she seemed considered, and Maddy to know what she was doing. Unpleasant rumours got about concerning her; people said poor Mr. Sudeley's mind was going.

Medical services, in that neat and tidy attic three doors of Mr. Pidcock of Church — it was before the day of Mortimer Square and the local preëminence of Sillingworth — were ~~utterly~~ baffled. There was no ~~disease~~ organic disease discoverable and yet the poor body was evidently sinking.

The feeble flame of Mr. Sudeley's life flickered up pitifully when ever her husband entered the room. Hope lingered with us and the habits around: -selves even when the sand was running very low and the feet of the mourners are near the door. She told him that there was "nothing really the matter. She was only very weak and would be better again in a day or so". But the day on which Mr. Sudeley would be better never dawned. That morning flame sank slowly down till it was quenched in darkness, and ~~poor~~ Mr. Sudeley lay dead. She had paid the penalty of too great faith and love. Whether should be of a priestly kind to do or deny, one sure thing I am, it they are to bring their reflexion in a certitable dividend on this side the grave.

Matthew

Matthew Sudely married his wife very happily. He had loved her truly according to his lights. The writing of many years had made her presence necessary to him and her death caused somewhat of an misfortune. It was this only misdemeanor action that had taken - banning a certain trembling support given to Philip's love affair - since he married her. Matthew Sudely could hardly understand it. He was ~~lonely~~ sad, lonely ~~sad~~; and his anger, as it was invariably, resulted with his ~~unbearable~~ implacable hurt: it is worse than now, these actions, he pursued quietly, was indirectly ~~his~~ certainly connected with his wife's long illness and death.

Chapter II

II

The Strand begins to look busy.

"[illegible]"

Impossible with many of its quiet corners, picturesque alleys and shores of the Gulf of Genoa, Nervia cannot claim to be a very quiet place. It is too full of the stir of machinery, the clank and clang of hammers, and the dirt of work-shops to be altogether pleasant. The beautiful old ship-building trade, formerly the wealth of this part of the coast, is fast dying out; but a few half finished wooden vessels, with their ribs bare to the sky, stand on the stocks in the long half-deserted yards on the grey sea-shore. Iron sheds, strong and unlovely, have risen in quelty needs all their own way now-a-days. The former Corniche Road, too, is here narrowed to the size of a straggling street between high rain-yard walls and tall painted houses: and - whether it appears as a sea of pale mud, or is smoothed by pale sand, at least equally objectionable dust, - it always, wet or dry, a perfect pandemonium of noisy two-wheeled waggons, loaded with heavy cotton bales,

Sacks

acher of rags or with great bands piled up to an
abandoning height, and of dancing music and
women, and selling drinks and oranges from
cars.

But if you leave the busy little town, with its
terrific street, and wander up the steep paved
lanes between the white houses, and
at - where you have passed the last of the
red ~~and or~~ and yellow walls and steep out into
the open olive-grown country - it is still
and lovely and lonely there. The scene is very
moving and inspiring even here. For you are
in Italy, all the air - beautiful, marvellous,
terrible Italy.

Now as we left Orvieto, going
eastward towards Terni, you come to some
rather wonderful hills, red-coloured
walls that run into the high road on the left.
The road carriage-way leads down these gates
into a sort of market-garden, - in which
the peasants work, with sleeves and trousers
stripped up showing bare, muscular brown arms
and legs. - Then turning sharply to the left
we run at the foot of a natural cliff of tuff-
coloured rock, supported here and there with
buttresses. This cliff runs round as we turn
the road turns to the right, and
runs the high hill, shaded on the South
by a line of divided and distended pines,
and with broad spaces of grass on either side
of it, bright with spring flowers white flame-
coloured gladiolus, red vetch, and the blue
feathery hyacinth. And the zig zag, through
ruined yards terraces, and houses no more - among

which

Beside the ~~big~~ fig-trees root Stenomeles, and straggle a mass of ~~rock~~ smooth grey wavelet, ~~and~~ grey rock and glossy dark-green leaves, — and then, at last, you reach the final bit of the ascent: — a broad carriage-way still gravelled with little black and white pebbles from the ~~surrounding~~ neighbouring beach, a wall of brick and rock on the left hand, and on the right a drop with the vineyards below. On either hand the road is bordered with hedges of pink, now fully over, where the cicalas with their great eyes and bobbing faces sit fiddling all day long in the hot sunshine. The carriage-drive ends at last in a wide ~~road~~ gravelled terrace in front of a small orange-red stuccoed villa.

Standing on this high terrace, above the roofs of the road, the railway and the town — the ring of hammer, crash of ships, ~~voices~~ and noise on the pebble-beach — reaches one softened and harmonised by distance, the scene is a very noble one.

On the South the purples sea and mark the dry land. The grey curve of the narrow beach trends away in a bold curve, here bordered by gleaming houses, and there broken by some dark, dense-wooded promontory, pine-clad after pine, and headland after headland, to the west-ward. Just below lies the town, built in ~~masses~~ massive blocks of tall, many-windowed houses; which have flat or low-pitched roofs, and are painted every conceivable colour from the lightest green or yellow, to the deepest blue ~~or~~ or chocolate. At the back of the town and rising tier above tier up the sloping

foot-

[...]st. hills are vine-yards and gardens, with now and again some gaily coloured villa or the tall campanile of a village church. Here and there two lines of cypresses follow each other in a dark and mystic procession down the hill side, marking the boundary of some land-owner's property. Above the olive-grounds stretch in a misty silver belt around the ~~[illegible]~~ slopes. Above them are wild copses of ~~to~~ great white heath, and sweet bay and myrtle, with the gigantic, blotted form of an umbrella pine disengaging itself sharply in places from the undergrowth. Above again are dusky pinewoods; and then, at last, your eyes rest on the bare arid mountain sides, towering up in the searching sunlight till the summits' ~~[illegible]~~ all crowned by a pilgrimage church or monastery, or rising naked, unadorned and harsh against the sky. The Apennines behind Spezia may be described as a giant hand pointing sea-ward, with deep ravines and water-courses between the gigantic, outstretched fingers. Only the ~~[illegible]~~ town and beach and road are pale. All the rest, woods, mountains, rich purple sea, and rich purple sky glow and palpitate with intensity of colour. While in the extreme West, above the deep blue of far off hills and capes, soaring up into the clear ether, rise the glittering peaks and dazzling snow-wastes of the Maritime Alps.

Towards the latter end of April, 1877, about six months after old Matthew Endeby's death, on a burning afternoon, the subject for a very dainty

little

A picture might have been found on this terrace up at the Villa Rufelli.

Low, broad parapet of stone, discoloured and pointed with some orange-red on the terrace, guarded the terrace in front. Sentinel dense ever it stood at distant of some six yards, twenty, or perhaps thirty feet, into the vineyard below. At this time the leaves were just beginning, and as delicate veil of green spread lightly over the faces of the vineyard.

At corner of the terrace away from the carriage drive, with her back against a battered and somewhat dilapidated arbour — sunlit and in Winter and shivering now — sat a young girl. She leaned her elbow on the low wall by her side, and held in her right hand a great red umbrella. — Not one of those mean, little, scarlet parasols that ladies affected a few years ago, but a red, lurid, peasant's umbrella, big enough to shelter a whole family from sun or rain, and decorated round the edge of it with barbaric patterns, woven in staring black and white, and yellow.

Young lady was very quietly dressed in a plain, light cotton gown, which made however an admirable mass of redness and crimson in every fold and fold of it. Her figure was slight but delicately rounded, and her face was charming: — with a richly beautiful, subdued, Southern delightful little brunette individuality about it which [illegible] it belong: this is one of those typical and strong orders of Italian loveliness. It was just that, an [illegible] entire: [illegible] bearing face; bright, subtle, and

: a veil of morning departed, when it, and on
the veil of ~~roses~~ delicate shades were over her:
head ~~transparent~~ & neat stiff mourning bands
were on and attractive bride. Jane on the evening
she had already reached the journey period
of life technically described as "years of discre-
tion".

Jane — Jane with a pleasure slight and modesty
leaders in it — was gathered up bright at the
back, showing the shape of her head, and
curled profusely about her forehead. Her complexion
was fair too, with a decay, healthy color and
in her cheeks — the nose ~~delicately~~ little, ~~accurate~~ in line, ~~and~~
but decidedly cut above: the ~~mouth~~ lips and small
curved ~~rosebud~~ outline, — the ~~chin~~ mouth round and
sweet, ~~and~~ Upright neatness in the whole appearance
over above: the hair shades make some
wonder to what beautiful. However, as dear
Miss. grew, ~~and~~ set perhaps just as little too
near together, this ~~was~~ was more visibly decided
and opened well. There was nothing too positive
too definite in the ~~face~~ girl's face. Her living
eyes, bashful and ardent: brow were not
a few shades darker than her bright hair. —
~~Miss~~ gentle ~~was~~ in mind & body was decorum; and
decorum too, with ~~that~~ that peculiar, ~~and~~ under:
~~standable~~ : tribute drawn that of reluctance to
certain women, — a magnetic quality not de-
pendent on faultless & physical beauty
but in expression, but as sometimes equivalent
and sometimes — especially in this marvelous case —
~~more~~ which ~~beauty~~ is emanates
from the whole person.

certain

Ainsi vivait sa mère au quartier Saint-Étienne. Il y avait la cathédrale – Jean ne fut pas à l'école – Il était alors très seul avec sa mère. Non pas qu'il n'eût pas de camarades, mais sa mère les voyait très rarement et au dehors, aussi jouait-il presque toujours à côté d'elle. Jusqu'à l'âge de sept ans, il vécut dans une atmosphère de légendes et de contes de fées dont sa mère était remplie. Elle connaissait par cœur toutes les vieilles ballades populaires, et les lui chantait souvent. Il aimait ces mélodies monotones, mais il aimait encore mieux les histoires merveilleuses qu'elle lui racontait. Elle lui parlait des fées, des sorcières, des revenants, des lutins, des démons familiers, des trésors cachés dans les souterrains, des nains qui gardent les mines d'or, des ondines qui habitent les sources, des salamandres qui vivent dans le feu, des gnomes qui habitent les cavernes, des géants qui dorment sous les montagnes, des dragons qui gardent les châteaux forts, des chevaliers qui partent à la recherche des aventures, des princesses qui attendent leur délivrance. Jusqu'à l'âge de sept ans, il ne vécut que dans un monde de rêves, de légendes et de merveilles. Il ne connaissait rien de la vie réelle, il ne savait pas ce que c'était que la pauvreté, la misère, la douleur, la mort. Il ne connaissait que la joie, la liberté, la poésie, la nature. Il était heureux, il était libre, il était poète, il était artiste. Il était un enfant.

Puis un jour, il fut mis à l'école. Il y apprit à lire, à écrire, à compter. Il y apprit aussi à connaître la vie, à connaître les hommes, à connaître la société. Il y apprit à souffrir, à pleurer, à se taire, à se cacher. Il y apprit à mentir, à tromper, à voler, à tuer. Il y apprit à haïr, à mépriser, à détester. Il y apprit à devenir un homme.

Il fut d'abord à l'école de la rue Saint-Étienne, puis à l'école de la rue de la Boucherie, puis à l'école de la rue de la Mairie, puis à l'école de la rue de la Cathédrale, puis à l'école de la rue de la Fontaine, puis à l'école de la rue de la Source, puis à l'école de la rue de la Rivière, puis à l'école de la rue de la Forêt, puis à l'école de la rue de la Montagne, puis à l'école de la rue de la Vallée, puis à l'école de la rue de la Plaine, puis à l'école de la rue de la Mer, puis à l'école de la rue de la Terre, puis à l'école de la rue de la Lune, puis à l'école de la rue du Soleil, puis à l'école de la rue des Étoiles, puis à l'école de la rue du Ciel, puis à l'école de la rue de l'Enfer, puis à l'école de la rue du Purgatoire, puis à l'école de la rue du Paradis.

Il fut d'abord à l'école de la rue Saint-Étienne, puis à l'école de la rue de la Boucherie, puis à l'école de la rue de la Mairie, puis à l'école de la rue de la Cathédrale, puis à l'école de la rue de la Fontaine, puis à l'école de la rue de la Source, puis à l'école de la rue de la Rivière, puis à l'école de la rue de la Forêt, puis à l'école de la rue de la Montagne, puis à l'école de la rue de la Vallée, puis à l'école de la rue de la Plaine, puis à l'école de la rue de la Mer, puis à l'école de la rue de la Terre, puis à l'école de la rue de la Lune, puis à l'école de la rue du Soleil, puis à l'école de la rue des Étoiles, puis à l'école de la rue du Ciel, puis à l'école de la rue de l'Enfer, puis à l'école de la rue du Purgatoire, puis à l'école de la rue du Paradis.

...a girl, sitting in the Italian sunshine, on the terrace up at the little red village; now do I, for a moment, see her white little face under a white sun-bonnet, with a red-lined blue cotton cape over it to protect it from the sun. The indescribable charm of a face that is not in any way beautiful, but has a very different flavor. It belongs to: sunniness, it is not age, or daily or nightly; it may be found also in saints and sinners. It was the old-fashioned face of the fisher & laborer's daughter, brought over in steerage and now in some back-street; and from that of a child in the Italian Quarter, Augustine Chapman & the modern bread-winner; and from that of some well-bred and well-known woman writer in the Faubourg, in every case of Londen or Parisian society. Still it is not very common, perhaps fortunately, as the rain. One thinks, at random, common-sense and the good world would handle keep on quite as regularly if it was very common. And it is only fair to add, that hundreds and thousands & of women have been surrounded mighty and bred destitute who just missed it in face of it. It is as peculiar gift as the sunny individuals; it runs in the veins of nations, and we can never learn & fancy it any yet. Only flowers flower otherwise than as nearest with it; the colour grow richer, and the paces rarer, and Love laughs aloud with the hope of another victim, and life either spreads out before one strangely fair, and deep, and full, or is stained, however after with the memory of a great regret.

The world will just beyond the shadow cast by the big umbrella, sitting hunched together, back: to: big with the sunshine, was a good-sized brown

the monkey, — a grotesque and somewhat hideous figure curiously contrasting with the heart of the young girl. Centuries of diamond-like endeavour seemed to have united the bone and sinew in his threadbare. Occasionally he scratched round and scratched his back with one hand, brown hand, or made as hideous, rapid grab at the wall, years bizarre that now glistening up and down the wall. The young girl seemed never so slightly, the bodies round about [illegible] deadly at her, with that quick upward lifting of the eye-brow and glance of the said, strewed [illegible] this up to make a monkey's face so unbearably weird and painful.

Escaban drifted in the rose-bushes, while the green-wings, at the old bank away along the river-jaws [illegible] immortalized by [illegible] to dance; the jungles of bells came down from the village churches on the hillside above, and the great of wheels and of the motor-cars up from the road below. Sixty, flaky white across the deep mountain-valley, scattered as few bone [illegible] of the rose on the hedged arbour, and the wandered away with the sea. And the dancing young girl and dancing — nothing barely out over the brilliant scene, now under the [illegible] of her red umbrella, while the brown monkey beside her barked in the mad sunshine, cunning, perhaps, in perplexity of spirit on the roan quick and wonder of his strange half human race.

The seemed as pause, as spider of sweet sunny waiting up at the Villas Turkish coast after:

: noon

...ow. The lights were lit, and the curtains was up, and the stage was set and ready. There would then start the action of the play.

About five o'clock the young girl Mary Jones was brought to the door in the vestibule of a carriage up the steep road between the tree hedges and the grinding of the horse gravels under its wheels as it drew up at the front door.

She had watched the carriage ever since it turned in at the main gates of the high road, — had watched her only a little, and sat up with a growing appearance of interest and vivacity in her pretty face.

"Malvolio", she said ~~softly~~, beaming towards the monkey on the sofa; — "I perceive that there has been a slight mistake. Your poor master is evidently quite needlessly at Jerzies railway station at this hour. He will no doubt be expecting when he returns. He will not be able to imagine evidently the hanging he overcome with ominousness as civility". — Prepare yourself, my dearest little heart," she added, "there is shortly to be remarkable development in the situation".

The monkey gazed at her enquiringly, as though by using hands to understand. He scratched his ugly little head, wrinkled up his fine nose, and grinned rather wickedly. The girl watched him silently for a moment or two, and then laughed gaily and softly, as a child does over with delicious anticipation of coming amusement.

Mystification is delightful in the way of a change, isn't it, Malvolio"? she said to the monkey.

Lionel Sudeley was a long-suffering man; as a rule he

, ended [illegible] up reciprocally with a bow & curtsey & disappeared. But he had come to visit Mrs. Percival. Towards it Miss Nelson Hartelli and & Miss Lucretia were & dutiful. She was Miss Widow & a dear friend, and Miss Chivel was had a high [illegible] in Miss [illegible] favour & friendship even in Miss second degree. Still it must be allowed that there duty in her role visits never small annoyance are liable to take as very strong hold when Miss magistrates [illegible] & Miss carriage. Chivel indeed certainly felt her home urbane. He was dressed with dust, and carried with Miss blazing altogether sun. He had left his travelling companion seated over the remnants of an excellent luncheon in, dressed both & a Severe café. She Principal & Edmund Forbes, endowed peacefully, in Miss old and related Shaw [illegible] had seen distinctly visitation. He ended home found it in his head to use some rather forcible & unparalleled expressions under his few breath & Miss fact: he was paralysed & state on table, it became that Miss was visibly Miss most hot, acid, ugly and generally insufferable miler & mad in Miss known world.

e invisible, pleasible, Italian waiters ran Miss [illegible] bell, and Miss banged carnally on Miss door with Miss handle & his [illegible] whip & hurry up Miss servants with: his, no sounds was audible without. Bells, apparently, were answered with [illegible] truly artistic deliberation at Miss little, red villa.

Lord Frederick stamped his feet to settle his trousers down over his boots and beat himself as little with his gloves & get some & Miss dust off his coat

it, however rather shocked and injured at the
whole. It was extremely unpleasant to have to
return home absolutely weak and dazed. He
glanced critically at the wooden little man of mah
wearing carriage. Never should with his broad
handsome wearing dress and distinguished flower.
Then he turned impatiently to the door again.
Surely she is waiting, he said. "Surely she
is the right house. Why on earth don't they
answer the bell"?.

Rising up on his whole small body became
aware, in the first time, of the presence of the
young lady who stood waiting from the
shelter of the terrace. He was conscious of a slight
shock of surprise, and of a sincere hope that
the knight not have overheard his somewhat
hasty observation. He lifted his hat, advancing
it in his hand, & paused round in front of the
lower steps and walked across the terrace
towards her.

The girl, too, came a few steps forward. Her bright, cotton
dress showed as rose red in the shade of her
big umbrella. Her eyes were very bright, and she
was smiling. It was a smile one did not easily
forget, — brilliant, mischievous, delicious: both shy,
and liable. To retain a prominent place in
subsequently in our mental visions.

She then came forward, the sunrays scrambled
down off the walls and followed her, seizing
the folds of her dress into his hand, warmly kissed
& transplanted her upon it. He chattered angrily
at the carriage and the abandoned stranger,
his queer original countenance distorted with
emotion. Meanwhile the good-looking Italian

driver

...ies learning ~~of~~ barrier against the assaults of his unbroken horses, bandages and wads of grimaces at the poor little creatures, exciting them to a painful pitch of miserable fury.

"Good Godsday", said the girl, looking up at him ~~reproachfully~~, and still smiling: - "I am afraid you have all the gallies to get me.. I am so sorry. Indeed it amounts to being a little humiliating for me, to have the least perfect recollection of you. You were always so kind to me".

Philip Godsday felt slightly embarrassed. He was not accustomed to be ~~spoken~~ to after this fashion by young ladies ~~women~~. Since the two days of Cecilia Murray his experiences in the matter of women's society had not been very large or very intimate. He had an almost quixotic reverence for the sex, — such as reverences an equivocal person or vow: to say even only the maintenance of the presence of ~~the absence~~ of accurate knowledge.

~~He was~~ a frankness in the young lady's expression and a graceful self-possession in her manner, however, which the Godsday found reassuring. He answered her slowly, perhaps a little stiffly, ~~for~~ his words not help smiling too, - ~~the~~ ~~expression had~~ such as seemed lurking somewhere in her face.

"I ought to know you, ~~I suppose~~" "I suppose" "Surely you ~~were~~ have made a good deal of difference, it must be owned. You are Miss Phillida Dawson".

The girl bent forward and held up her eyes. Now with a little air of hesitation and ~~apology~~ regret. "Yes, yes," she said: - "I was ~~yesterday~~ naughty. I am ashamed."

:able

the difference, of course. They changed suits for
cards & talked to Miss Price. Dawson, and they
put dots and bow-wows out of the question; ~~and~~
That last is especially true in me: I care not
a hoot for bow-wows or ever. Your taste in dolls was
not - well, how shall I say it? - exactly professorial,
Colonel Frederby, but in bow-wows I found it ravishing:
"wig".

There was a ~~certain~~ cachet and distinction
in Miss Price. Dawson's pronunciation, which
one frequently encounters in English persons who
are ~~greatly~~ constantly in the habit of speaking a foreign
language. Her words did not run into each other
in the slip-shod fashion so common among
our well-bred and highly educated country women.
They seemed to stand apart, and each maintain
a full and separate value. Her little mannerisms
had something of pretty and amusing to the
attention in it.

Philip Frederby, quiet, reserved, middle-aged man
as he was, felt delicately amused and interested
in the dawning young creature before him. It
is ~~remarkable~~ very strangely pleasant for one getting
on in years and the glory of the day grown
pale, to meet with some thing as fresh, and gay,
and fearless as this girl. To the Colonel
there was a kind of poetry in her radiant
youthful self. ~~Her regard had a certain~~ Her
shrewd humour as a charming child still, and
he answered her little speech with a certain
smiling gravity.

"He might manage the bonbons still, I dare say,
if you wish it".

"Oh!" she cried, "thank you. I dare yet, then, something
to

Lucia for, and you are double welcome. To tell the truth we have been slightly wanting in amiability and animation, lately, here at the Villa Rinelli. Your arrival is in every way agreeable: we have wanted something to disarrange the current of our thoughts".

Lord Sudeley bowed his recognition of the ~~visit~~ civil, ~~hitherto unheard of~~ observation

But Lucia still he was impatient to see you" the young lady continued." And, meanwhile, will you kindly discharge that intolerable driver. She is really rendering our poor Malvolio into fits by jerking at the ~~bell~~. There was with some indeed, Oscar. - Ah! Here is Parker, she will tell you what it has that wretched ~~boy~~ done. She always overcharges, it is therein recognised system. Parker is the only member of the establishment who can manage them."

A person ridiculed, as Falstaff, angular, ward-haired woman, stood in the door-way, delivering herself of an error of the Observatory in carriage hands Italian.

"Which is it to take Colonel Sudeley's things down to the hotel Lake, Miss Jessie, she said, ~~addressing~~ looking steadily at Phillip and addressing his companion." Mr. Peirce. Tea is waiting for you in the drawing-room. Maria's taken in tea."

The Colonel, assisted, whether he would or no, by Parker, - she indulged in ~~many~~ biting comments on the shortcomings of Italians in general and Genoese cab-drivers in particular, - finally succeeded in satisfying the demands of the coachman. Then the long whip cracked, and the

tired

ide, little lurrer jerk'ed up their heads, and the carriage rattled away down the High Road between the high rose hedges on the Southern outskirts.

"Shall we come widoorn, now"? asked Jerries Pierce-Dawson.

he closed her umbrella, and pickering up Malvolio in her arms, turned towards the house. In she did so, Lord Sudeley was sensible of a quick movement of repulsion almost of disgust.

"Surely you are not going to carry that monkey", he said hastily. "Here, let me take it".

"No, he would scratch you", she replied. "And that would be rather an unfortunate beginning to your visit. He is very shy with strangers. But Joseph can show his master, my cousin Bertie Kiver is not at hand, — don't you Malvolio".

Lord Sudeley could offer no further objection, yet somehow he did not at all like it. Perhaps it was the result of so long night journey, but he had got unpleasant shooting pains in his temples without his watch, but Brandon was undoubtedly aware of a queer and decidedly disagreeable sensation as he passed from the glow and splendour of colour and sunshine outside, into the dull, chill, entrance hall of the Villa Monticelli. It seemed to him as if somewhere else, long long ago (He knew it was a foolish absurd fancy, it argued his) this had happened before. Precisely the same was not the first time he had followed the graceful, flitting figure of this young girl up the cold, white, marble staircase, while the weird face of the still chattering and but half pacified monkey grinned back at him over her shoulder?.

Beaumont Place. Dawson's widow.

The Villas Marielli is a pleasant house. It was very. It's best days it's, and everything about it has grown a little ~~unfortunate~~ a trouble-down and antiquated. The present owner is only too happy to let the upper suites of rooms to any family, Italian or foreign, with an eye to quiet and ~~economy~~ economy, such as can be induced to rent them; while the surroundings of the house are left pretty much to their own devices, subject to a periodical ~~tidy~~ tidying up on the part of the peasant over-seer, who hoes all the vine-yards and market-gardens below.

It is a decidedly pleasant house. The ground floor on either side the front door ~~originally~~ has but a couple of heavily ~~barred~~ grated windows to it, and is given over to kitchens and ~~storerooms~~ chilly flagged store-rooms opening onto a central hall. Above it is low entresol, with ugly little square windows overlooking the terraces: and above, again are two floors of large and rather handsome rooms. The house of these two suites opens at the western end into the flat roof of a building originally, no doubt, designed for a coach-house

ures and covered yard. The roof is supported on an arcades ~~with~~ of ~~iron~~ arches and massive square pillars and covers ~~a~~ quite a considerable area of ground. The house with the said building & loggias is painted - as was already known - a deep orange red. The window bars outside wooden shutters is Venus, original, as vivid blue in colour, are now weathered by the action of rain, and sun, and are ~~now~~ divided to a dull neutral tint.

ground on the house, ~~and~~ on the same level as the terraces, is and divided from it by a dilapidated wooden paling, is a square flower-garden: - a neglected wilderness of a place. a mere tangle of roses, carnations, lilacs, and blue flowering shrubs, with lilies and hyacinths below them. Straggling about the ill kept beds as Venus pleases. Some lemon trees trained against the back wall facing the southern sun; and in the centre of the garden, where the four weeds gravel paths meet, stand as clump of not over productive orange trees. On the low red boundary wall are large earthen vases full of fantastic shaped, containing plants of tall sword. leaved aloes.

Immediately behind the house rises a cliff, up which as light rail stairs lead from the back of the loggias to the vineyards above. Higher is a slope of coarse grass, the rising ground being covered with a thick little wood of scrub-oak, ilex, and fir.

Jemi Price! Dawway, with Mrs. Mowbray in her arms, went quickly upstairs, and unfastening the bandeau, threw open ~~the~~ the tall ~~double~~ doors of the drawing-room.

"Mamma"

manner", she said, in her clear detached tones, "here is Colonel Sudeley. He has driven out all the way from Ennis".

The inside of the little red villa is in harmony with the exterior. It too, has seen its best days. The room into which the Colonel found himself ushered by his disarming guide, was long and high, with a vaulted and richly panelled ceiling. The two windows, ~~hooded~~ were draped with ~~red~~ dark-red shutters and red blinds; while the ~~one~~ at the far end of the apartment ~~French~~ draped like the others with faded yellow brocade curtains, stood wide open on the ~~flat~~ flat roof beyond. The sun shining in through it filled the ~~room~~ air with warm, mellow light. There was an effect of worn out splendour about the room. The chairs of the large couches and chairs ~~were covered~~ framed and upholstered in ~~red~~ gold brocade, ~~were~~ had at one period of greater opulence; the plentiful gilding of couch-tables and mirror-frames was a good deal tarnished: but the glowing sunshine streaming in enriched and harmonised it all. Even the marble floor, but sparely covered with rugs looked only agreeably cool in the glowing atmosphere. Price. Tawney with both hands outstretched and a considerable rustling of full black silk and grenadine skirts, came rapidly across the room to greet her guest.

"My dear friend", she ~~exclaimed~~, "this is indeed a pleasure! How very good it is of you to come to me".

Colonel Sudeley bowed over the ~~two~~ handsome woman's hands as he held them.

"You

"You are so kind, Mr. Peirce-Dawson," he answered, "to remember. I engaged two ago always to keep your memory.

"Pray, I know you remember. But it is so long (it) since ago. It is so hard to write one does not at all that I should trouble you — but I am so relieved because you have been helpful to me in that part. Besides any [illegible] that I demand of me. There are other accusations you know. They make one nervous of answering as letters from even dear friends at times."

Mr. Peirce-Dawson put up one hand, and hurried back, rather impatiently, the folds of the black lace mantilla which was fastened across her dress and came down to above her shoulder. I have been in great perplexity, she said. "your visit is most welcome." The flush rapidly and tears was as one to mind it, almost of enthusiasm in her reception of him in which as many men Philip Prudeth might have made occasion for a declaration of devotion. Luckily however, he was not quite to debilitation of personal vanity. He supposed Mr. Peirce-Dawson's pecuniary affairs were in disorder — it had happened since — and that she wanted him to set them straight for her. He supposed in general a romantic reverence for womankind, in all of which cases she was perfectly justified to take up an attitude of purely practical friendship in regard to her lady. He had no sentimental quickening after adoration of any individual or emotional character."

Eleanor Mr. Peirce-Dawson was very well dressed, fine wide face and luminous brown eyes, as she greeted her guest so charmingly in that faded pale.

faded

[illegible] at the Villa Rinaldi, was unquestionably a woman, whom one might easily have learned to desiring to make more acquaintance with. She was tall, with a fine supple figure, and distinguished carriage. Her black hair had none of that greasy gloss on it which the Italian maiden's hair emulates as to beauty. Her complexion was dull & pale, but her skin was even white and delicate in texture. She looked like a woman who [illegible] rich & indoor life and wanted fragrant atmosphere. There was an [illegible] richness of suggestion - not weak - and an interest about her, which one usually go with mental and social culture than with physical activity. She seemed was aware that her 'entrée' would lead [illegible] to highly original and exotic one, & listening to her fluent speech, and [illegible] noticing her rather stormy beauty [illegible] might very well have wondered as little why she disliking [illegible] would elected to live [illegible] solitude of a quiet country house.

"Has Beau altered", she went on, running back a step or two, and [illegible] comparing [illegible] at her guest carefully.

"Wonder whether that is good news or not", answered Phillis, smiling. He was a little put about by the attentive scrutiny.

"Undoubtedly it is good news". Mr. Percie. Dauncey held her hand lightly as Colonel Rudesby's arm. — [illegible]. — "You have come, and done very great kind — That is the whole matter. — Now come and have some tea. You must be tired after your long journey. Come

~~Come~~ ~~in~~ ~~Richard~~, Come and sit down comfortably".
"I am so dis gustingly dirty", remarked Colonel
~~Cadogan~~ as he followed his hostess up the long
room. "I had been working to
make this ~~picture~~ a whole day from the moment he came in.
really ashamed of appearing before you in this
state."
Mr. Peirce. Dawson stopped a moment,
& turned to him. ~~Cadogan~~.
"Is there little women or old about dear,
Colonel Cadogan", she said. "No! What reminds
me of so much."
During this foreign conversation the girl
had been standing aside, watching her two
companions with a gay little air of interest and
amusement. Now she ~~moved~~ away, and stepped
out into the piazza.
"I was going to" leave reminiscences", Malvolio
the nursemaid." We will retire, Malvolio, and
return at a more convenient season."
"Dear child", called Mr. Peirce. Dawson after her:
"remember the sun. Have you got a hat".
"The morning is up", answered the girl, looking
back and smiling brightly - left footwards as
her step. mistress stood at Philip. Cadogan." And
the sun never affects me. I am going to watch
for poor Bertie".
"Mr Knight: you would come straight to dinner
by him", said Mr. Peirce. Dawson said to her
this: "I did not like. your arriving there and
finding no one. to receive you.. I deputed my
cousin Mr. Knox to go & meet you".
Mrs Peirce Dawson She sat down by the tea table
& began to arrange the cups and saucers.
written

manner. A silence fell on her, and for a few moments she appeared to be oblivious of the presence of her guests.

Philip had drawn his chair closer, and Gordon pulled first one side and then the other of his thick moustache into the mouth and nose. Finger of his right hand, in a meditative fashion. Several things in the course of the last hour had surprised him a little. He wondered did not feel quite at home with his environment.

Mr. Percy. Dawson handed him his change and looked up with a sudden change of expression. "What do you think of my step-daughter?" she asked. The question was so wholly unexpected that Colonel Gordon paused for a moment before answering. During that pause he was acutely sensible of the clear tone of that young girl's voice - talking softly modestly to that mother - whose care in bringing up that daughter, the fruit of years of widow.

"I think that step-daughter has grown into a very beautiful person", he said at last, with a certain seriousness.

"Oh, you too!" cried Mrs. Percy; and the manner of that exclamation showed him at once the initiative in her hands. Any one who did not endanger upon that subject. She talked on, tenderly enough about her married matters, friends in England, the Colonel's journey, and so forth, for some minutes. Then arrived once or two questions about Matthew Gordon's life at last, about Barnett Darcy, and the position of his property.

"I never to have seen very sadly used, Colonel Gordon",

"Indeed", she said, at last. "And I suppose, with your usual generosity you intend to let her dear child stay single also".

Elizabeth smiled. She was accustomed to the overflowing of feminine sympathy in matrimonial affairs. Half of feminine chatter must be answered and silenced.

"What is rather a hard way of putting it, you know" Jane answered. He did not particularly enjoy discussing his own affairs with Mrs. Pierce. Dawson — or any one else for that matter. — "My fellow had a perfect right to leave his country and his land. He knew what he was providing for under my own marriage settlements".

"But that letter is a recognized custom in such things. You must have always expected to keep the peace eventually. She must have looked forward to it — dreamed about it, taken it for granted. To it seems to me a wretched injustice".

"Why as bad as that", said Mrs Gibson. He wanted to take the matter lightly or pensively. "I've wondered about the words to use to her first to settle down at my age with so regular a country house — at least that's what my father thought to do — and quite reasonably too. If anyone wanted me out of England, I should turn to a tube for it — it was inevitable. Now my brother's name on the spot all the time, he knows all about the place, and he is much more fit for it than I am. He's a capital fellow" — added Colonel Gibson, heartily. — "He's a first rate farmer, and a sportsman, and he's a useful man too, in the county. He's got a lot of common-sense. Then he's married,

you

you know, and was got a family — and that, of course, makes a difference".

really can't see that it makes that excellent difference". Mr. Pratt looked up at him very keenly. "A man at your age — specially fastidious in your position — is in that peculiar & safe. You haven't taken to vow of celibacy, I suppose. You may marry too".

Mr. Pudsey, shook his head — his head at his book, he smiled — but with his ex[illegible] assumption.

"no, no, I shall never marry, my dear Madame", he answered quietly.

"This moment Jeremie came in at the open window. "Better have married", she said. "He has dreadful temper. He will certainly be very cross".

"Am sorry", remarked the Colonel, getting up and getting down his [illegible]: "What should have given Mr. Pratt all this unpleasant trouble".

He turned to him with the most charming and reassuring & air of amusement. Certainly he was an admirable [illegible].

Jeremie saw him. It did not at all mean. Better is grateful in his heart & heart to any one who will supply him with a legitimate excuse for it. Jeremie. He kept saying, "[illegible]" — [illegible] made a graceful little outward gesture of her two hands: — "like that, you know, slightly ill. and unpleased".

Jeremie was malicious: — Mr. Pratt. Jeremie's pretty shoulder, and her face darkened.

The young Earl entered the room at this moment,

carelessly

~~visibly~~ ~~carefully~~
~~[illegible]~~ on her stepmother's shoulder.
"What could I say, little Mamma"? she asked.
"It was a choice between Colonel Enderby's
peace of mind and poor Bertie's reputation".
There was a sound of footsteps on the stairs. The
nurse gave a queer sharp cry, and ran quickly
in at the open window and across the room. It
looked even more grotesque and uncanny, perhaps,
when ~~[illegible]~~ it subsided into a mere animal
and ~~she~~ went heavily on all fours, than when it
stood or sat upright with an assumption of direct
and human attitude. As the door opened the monkey
swung nimbly off the floor, into the arms of
the young woman who entered, making as it
did so a strange cawing noise.
"Poor little abomination", said Mr. Power, as he
stroked and fondled the creature.
He came quickly into the room, looking rather
hard at Colonel Enderby meanwhile.
"I'm ~~[illegible]~~ you have arrived Stein", he continued." I have
had the misfortune of missing you".
~~[illegible]~~ Philip ~~[illegible]~~ did not relish
being taken so entirely for granted. He would
have preferred a more formal and regular
mode of introduction.
"I am afraid", he ~~[illegible]~~ said replied stiffly, "that I have
given you an ~~[illegible]~~ unnecessary trouble".
"No, no", answered the other man. "Pray don't
mention it. It didn't matter. It passed the
time, you know; and that, after all, is one
of the most interesting ~~[illegible]~~ occupations one can do
in one's life".
Mr. Bertie Power, judging by his appearance was
in age something over thirty. He was a good-
looking

looking young gentleman with a dark, pale and rather sleepy face; short pointed black beard and moustache; and black eye-brows, nearly meeting above his nose, and running up a little at his ends. He was dressed with elaborate precision in the latest English fashion: his, even to his gloves, were an undeniable touch of foreignness in the colour and fit of his garments. He made sure Colonel Julius was an Italian tailor must be, after all, responsible for the production of them. In his button hole Mr. Power wore an extremely fine white gardenia.

"Sir we were to go right away, dear cousin Nell," he said, nodding his handsome head with a large arm-chair, and addressing Mrs. Pierce.

"Darcy."

"I conclude you dined out from home as"?. he added, looking towards Colonel Sudeley.

It was observable that his voice was singularly full and sweet; while his dark eyes were nearly as mournful as those of his monkey on his knee.

The Colonel acknowledged briefly, that he had dined out from home.

"It is nearly nine", said Mrs. Power very gently. — "Three lumps of sugar, dear Eleanor, please, you always forget my number. And a lump for Malvolio, too please. There, there, quietly my poor boy. Let us avoid unnecessary violence" he went on, as the monkey snatched chattering at the pieces of sugar.

She did but it is it.

Mr. Power and Colonel Sudeley sat down

on any reasonable hypothesis

[illegible] accounted for the fact
[illegible] there came over him the absurdity
and [illegible] of [illegible] that at the [illegible]
[illegible] explanation and somehow he could
back against the partition [illegible] was
that ridiculous [illegible] wandering [illegible] was, with
[illegible] unconvincible [illegible] and [illegible] over, and
the examining [illegible] [illegible] her bright
[illegible] [illegible] down over the [illegible]
little figure of the [illegible] — as he hit [illegible] angrily
at his mouth of sugar — all [illegible] part of an
[illegible] [illegible] masquerade. The
Colonel felt [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]
He did not [illegible] in the least [illegible]
[illegible]. Any of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and
[illegible] [illegible].

Philip did not stay very late at the Villa
Rinelli that evening. He parted from his hostess
on the terrace. Outside, the Italian [illegible], in a
white linen jacket, blue trousers and very creased
[illegible] cap, with a large pair of gold-
rimmed spectacles, a fierce grey moustache
and the air of a distinguished field marshal
at least — stood in the door-way, holding
the Colonel's travelling bag and bundle of
maps and waiting to show him the way down
to the hotel at Perugia.

[illegible] — in shades the stars and crescent moon
shone white as gold, steady radiance — the sky
a vast dome of purple black over land and
sea. The water lisped and murmured on the
beach far below. The [illegible] of innumerable

frogs

of came from the reservoir away among the
river-yards. Warm & warm air, loaded with
rich faint scent of oranges and lemons blossom
swept round the house from the tangled garden
beyond. Up at one of the villages on the
mountain-side there was a fete, and every
house was illuminated with rows of candles
along each window ledge, gleaming and twinkling
faint and yellow through the clear air. The foreground
of terraces, and vine-yards, and
road-way lay flooded with moonlight and dotted
with black shadows.

"How night, my dear friend," said Eleanor Price-
Dawson.

He held Philip Enderby's hands in both hers, and
looked at him with a strangely earthly, appealing
expression in her fine eyes.

"I don't know how to thank you enough for coming
to me. I shall expect you early to-morrow. I
have so much to talk over with you. I might
have not troubled you — but I need your help —

Eleanor
she added hurriedly, abruptly. Bertie Dawson
sauntered slowly out from the house, & stood beside her.

Nell
"Nell," he said, in his rich, soft voice, "you and
I will catch all the colds in the world out here
without any shawls. How night
is romantic, no doubt, but decidedly unfortunately it is also
chilly."

The girl seated Colonel Enderby by one of her
brilliant smiles, as she bade him good-bye.

"Mr Enderby," she said, "and the bonbons, shall I
really have them?"

Turning back when he had gone half way down

the

the carriage road to the west were gaily, Colonel Sudeley would stride on Mr. Fraser and Jervis. Perica. Dawson. They strode together, side by side, the ladies in their pale summer lights, as black figures and as white ones. Suddenly the young girl's laughter rang out clear and sweet through the silence. (caught)

"Truly our sojourn is an [illegible]", said Antonio, decidedly. "It will be an added day for the rest of your visit when Madame marries her daughter". Fred Ayden

In which Mrs the Colonel takes
steps of his position

The appearance of Mr. Edmund Drake was hailed
as a new era which the Colonel considered his own work:
was born of the Grand Hôtel at Vezia that
evening. The good fortune which was now,
it must be confessed, of the very kind which feeds
self-esteem and self-satisfaction on itself. Solitude and
meditation had neither struck him as salutary
or in any degree necessary. There was, indeed,
nothing remarkable about Mr. Drake's appearance,
but rather a certain light and manly quality
which made him ~~unnoticed~~ unobtrusive & at once
elderly but still active. Added to this
hearer worthy diligence he was wont to flatter
from amusement to amusement, with a fine
festivity and with admirable gaiety of
heart. He was a constant diner-out, he visited
balls, garden-parties, and institutions generally.
He hunted ~~his~~ with the Middlandshire hounds
from the beginning

finishing of November till the end of March; both
rooms in the street running little West of Piccadilly
in June and July; found himself among the
pretty pictures of the Exhibition when in the side
of some trembling leaves rises in August; paid
a round of visits in pleasant country houses
September and October with a view to shooting in
September and October; and settled down again
for the winter himself & the writer in his capital
little bachelor establishment at Bellingerotti, in
the street of the Three Pots - Philip, (as everybody knows)
at Barrett Davis. April and May were spent
to speak with W. Drake. He was very graciously
any one who would say yes to him an enjoyable
method of passing time; and when this year
his old and valued friend Philip Prudeaux, had
just passed on the Continent, W. Drake
accepted the idea with alacrity and
satisfaction. He had as guests, little parties
in pictures and music of the lighter sort; and as the
names of the artists (engaged) a great kindness for
Italy. It seemed to him rather clever and to the
the mark to visit that just friendly little
country, now and again. He liked to be able to say,
"when I was in Rome in 57. - or when I was
on my way to Venice in 65". - It sounded well
and served to mix pale roses Fair neighbour at
a provincial dinner. Both with the
object that she had the manner of listening to a
travelled & intelligent man of the
world, she might be expected to look at life
generally - how a cosmopolitan
and
Hand-book. And it must be admitted that

was

ew nor. Thing should in the central region of his
heart, though you about the mountains and
thickets, though bold, — yet, honourably bold
in the arms of his friends, whether rose white and
driving above a rich cider of grizzled hair —
new evil. Mr. Drake of was penetrated with an
exultant desire to mislead and captivate the mem-
:bers of the opposite sex. His vanity in that matter
was deliciously vain. He professed a deep and
reverential knowledge of feminine peculiarities; and
being, in point of fact, an eminently modern
and well-informed person, based it on general know-
:ledge as on terrible rakes, on Don Juan of on
Tom Jones, both of whom he disparaged and
in his hammocks as fine artists.

Whilst reading at Carl entered the two young
men, Mrs. Drake resumed her mild
& lucid serene of satisfaction. He said down the
meagre pages of Galignani, and took more whisky
& soda from a capacious & elaborate stone vessel
among of metal contrivances, with one eye of
evident relief, & applied himself vigorously to
cigarettes.

It was all as bad places "this," he said: "and really
they gave us a fine welcome. They're by way
to think the world of the popularity just now, you
see, & being quite new, and good talking pays
as an advertisement. There are a very tidy
set of people here, to, I take, and all round. A very
spectacular-looking Russian woman of fine spirits
& me at table this evening — Countess I don't
remember to see. Was much blown by the rumour,
indeed. Upon my word she's worth looking at.
She disparaging English parson

here

of course, — little, red-haired fellow this time with a face like a ferret. He got his wife, and a couple of visitors, who saw — Blake then to be by their order — with them. Very many well meaning sort of people, who know. The English can't do all cases in one public way. But there are half a dozen exceptions, — cases, where, if it depends on it, must be done. Because ~~should~~ case just as the one, that know, and the exceptions were of course ~~of~~ cases, in all circumstances. But this can't be ~~got~~ they can't be got over. ~~Now~~ regularly instead of ~~this~~ this. Must engage in ~~this~~ disputing, exclaimed "W. Pirates" simply disputing".

Then finally back on this road orange. and bleach ~~cases~~ divine, fitted against this walls of the room. "Brutus", has said, under his hearth, & then tell to running of your little ones home <u>Las filles de Madame Hugo</u>. To certain her ~~this~~ ~~disequilibrium~~. ~~and~~ Sudden measures sat finally down in one angle of this opposite mantelpiece divine, ~~this~~ this ~~this~~ marble to ~~this~~ ~~this~~ table, and on ~~this~~ ~~this~~ ~~this~~ couple simple of room and picture constituted this entire ~~this~~ ~~this~~ of this bed. The light coloured room. This sympathy were in no manner strongly settled, no has ignored this subject of his friend's divine, and applied finally to matter nearer home.

no friend you like this place, has said". Should you mind staying on here a day longer?.. It seems that Mr. Pierce. Downey wants to talk over some finished matters with me this morning. Probably I shall ~~be~~ see of this slightest one to her; but Dudley likes any way. And she wish to our bed during these to-morrow night. You won't

mind

uide, Drake, eh?"

"Delighted, I'm sure", replied Mrs Allen vacantly, evidently not listening. "I was telling Mrs Allen we hadn't met before, and just now we were in the carriage while you're here".

Mrs Sudeley was not in particularly good spirits to-night. He lighted his cigar, & sat smoking in silence, staring vaguely at the worn Turkey carpet floor between his feet.

Mr. Drake however wanted to talk. He fidgetted with his Caligraph, hummed Madame Angot with unnecessary vivacity, and at last, no longer able to contain himself, embarked on the subject.

Well," said he, did you find Mr. Pierce Dawson", he asked. "Truly I saw him once years ago. Good-looking woman and promised to improve".

don't know that she's altogether fulfilled that promise," drawled the Colonel, drily. "But as far as looks go, she's handsome enough still".

Mr. Drake fidgetted about again for a minute or so.

Well, and what about the little girl", he enquired slightly.

". She's grown up as little girls will".

ty?"

"Tall", said Philip, with a certain brutality in his tone.

"Things are more varying to your thoroughly paved pockets to be answered in this poverty-stricken Mr. Parkinson. But Edmund Drake was not easily put off. He returned valiantly to the charge.

"Any body else there?" he asked, after a time.

Colonel

Mrs. Suddenly remembered her eyes with a questioning expression.

"Mrs., — Mrs.," he said, — "Oh! at the Villas Martelli? Her, a nice, ~~good~~ gentle little woman with grey, who put in an appearance at dinner — during the ~~company~~ course, I believe, a message for Miss with instructions, with numbers. Had a cousin Mr. Price Dawkins', as you know. The Mrs. Mrs. leant back, and crossed her legs. "I didn't quite fancy the young man somehow," he added, meditatively".

Oh! one rarely does fancy the young men, you know, when one's getting well on to one's fifty", remarked Mr. Drake, with a ~~little~~ chuckle. "Well, about 9 o'clock turn in now, Mrs. Suddenly. Had Mrs. Wright ~~[illegible]~~ recommended you to do the same. Nothing like good night's rest in England, one needs all the energy, you know".

Philip however, did not take the excellent advice given to him. He sat up rather late. Over Miss and Sally, who had waited, dressed in funereal black, with a walking

over

his arms and had tried dispersed seat, looked up to see if the English Colonel had not at last retired, so that he might put out the gas and go to bed himself. Sally had a noble head and pale finely chiselled face, set in a frame of ~~dark~~ dark black beard and rich black hair, suggestive of some misplaced and world-weary Roman Emperor. But, in point of fact, his mind was more in harmony with his dispersed seat than with his mispersed head. It was a common, patient, mumi: portant little soul, quite capable of thrilling into ecstacy over a tin of fine fruit. The made of an dispendous existence and civilization was stamped itself in royal characters on so many Italian faces - behind the Bricks really nothing at all of a self highly amiable ~~vacuity~~ vacuity. Sally looked up at the smoking-room door, saw Colonel Peabody was still there, and went humbly away again to meditate in silence and gratitude, amiable suitable. cloister gloom and decanter.

Philip ~~Probert~~ sat, and he smoked and ~~thought~~ thought, - or rather ruminated; for these were of the Colonel's types are not actively engaged about some practical matter ~~they~~ they can hardly be said to think. Their mental processes are chiefly pictorial, fancy & ~~and~~ ~~reasoning~~ is not a matter of words and ideas, but rather of sense and impression. The gas burned with a yellow, unsteady light, revealing very fully the naked ugly of the room. In the corridor just beyond, Mr. Prater's manner, the Lady or to say upon manner, party of Seniors, were playing cards, and indulging freely in their strange mixture: pictorials exertions and grunting that form such an integral part of German conversation.

Ah!

surroundings were far more romantic, and yet the picture which presented themselves to Philip Enderby's mind were undoubtedly touched with the delightful hues of romance. The result of the stimulative ~~irritant~~ was, his memory to a remarkable degree. He seemed to see poor, good-looking, vacuous Beaumont Price. Doubtless once more, as he had so frequently helpfully on his warm camp bed struggled the long hours of the semi-tropic night - sad, wild with pain and exhaustion, crying for his distant nurse and weakness, and raving about his young wife and the "darling little girls" whom he would never see again. ~~Heaven only knows what he~~. Philip Enderby had been with poor Beaumont, when he died; and had performed - with all the strong natural to such a moment - to look after the dying man's wife & child. He had kept the promise, too, with perhaps unusual faithfulness - for the fervour of the watcher besides the dead, work done sensibly, as a rule, after the funeral; and originally what was undertaken as a sacred duty, appears later, as something allied to a ~~romantic~~ love. But, Philip Enderby had really applied his mind to helping his friend's widow; he had extracted her jointure from a reluctant father-in-law; had advised her successfully regarding her affairs on several occasions - ~~Mrs Beaumont~~ Eleanor had rather a gift for getting on, what are vulgarly called, tight places - and had held himself ready, at all times, to come to her if she should need his help. For the last few years their relation had been as help intimate even it is true: yet the Colonel had never regarded himself as released from

his old engagement.

The servants [illegible] finished their game. They got up with a sound of loud talks and confusion, a scraping of chairs and shuffle of boots. Back on the marble floor. Sally looked in for a moment, tried her acquaintance with what every state of things might be revealed to him. But Philip suddenly sat still on the orange and black divan, his legs crossed, his steady, blue eyes staring at nothing in particular, a queer smile about his lips, and the stump of his cigar fashioned from cuticle between his fingers. A fair, young face smiled at him from under as great, red umbrellas, and as light slender figures flitted before him in the gloom of a wide dusky stair-way, and merry mocking words wandered in through as many windows. A hundred dainty little movements, and dreaming glances freed themselves on his remembrance; and all the while, with earnest, urgent countenance, a monkey gambolled and chattered at him, and a young man - well, no, not exactly a young man, but a decidedly younger man, any way, than Colonel Sudeley - stood by, mournful cynical, and it must be owned, most unnecessarily good-looking at the same time.

Colonel [illegible] up - shook himself. He did not half like his own acquaintance. His state of mind was decidedly abnormal, and it vexed him. His thoughts wandered back to Cecilia Murray, his old love. Yes, he had been [illegible] to her; yes, he was, on the whole, even glad it was quite well to be so. A certain tenderness came over him now, after all these years, whenever he [illegible] thought of her.

Ah! how different things might have been, if he had married ten years ago, & if, in fact, the Barnett Darcy had come to him! — Philip had a vision of himself, wholly prosperous settled in life, with a wife who had become a sort of second self to him, and a troop of growing boys & girls around him, — hunting three or four days a week, riding over his Boards of Guardians & Sheriff; going to church regularly on Sunday; thinking of pleasant homely matters, but with pleasure, namely, water; building good cottages; giving away beef and pudding to the labourers once a year at Christmas; wandering about on nice, dull, damp mornings, with a spade in his hand, anxiously because there were so many plantains on the walk in the first of the season. — Ah, instead of attending his assertions He lifted. — Yes, notwithstanding his assertions to Mr. Perrin. Dawson a few hours before ago, that was the life he was really cut out for — pleasant, sensible, and responsible, his dull with kindly humour and backed with dignified comfort. Renunciation is not such an easy matter after all. You may part of your own free will and not because you are compelled to: but, you will feel an hunger for the pride you deem merely as the food that is denied you. Should Frederic now forgiven, not ~~forgive~~ ~~ungrateful~~ ~~ungrateful~~ his father & his younger brothers: but, he was not very ~~passionately~~ deeply ~~grieved~~, all the same. (he harboured no grudge against)

He got up & took one or two turns up and down the room. ~~He stopped suddenly in front~~ Then, Moved by a sudden impulse, he ~~stopped~~ stood still in front of one of the mirrors, and took a good, long, earnest look at himself.

The misfortune he resented was not an unnecessary one

[illegible].

"Drake was right", he said, a little incongruously.

"I'm ready, Kitty. It's all very well, but there are a number of things you must do before I go if you're going to do them at all. — A little sightseeing would be rather a comfort, you know", he added.

Kitty moved across to the table again and picked up her cigarette case & box of matches.

"I'll get ready", she said. "I'm a little out of sorts, I think, to night. We'll see after to morrow what we'll do on — Sunday — Perhaps Monday will have said her say by then perhaps".

Outside the door, he nearly collided with Sally — yawning, but mild and still dignified in his waistcoat. Philip Enderby was struck with sudden compunction, he said a few civil words to the man about having sent up so late.

Sally bowed a smiled faintly — as well. Heads, Things discovered Eleanor.

"I am accustomed", he remarked, vaguely. "The Germans gentlemen have but lately finished. I wait to see if the car".

With shuffling footsteps he passed along with the empty dining room.

Chapter VII.

29. 70.

The "devour der carter."

warrior, that he would have found it a little difficult to ~~[illegible]~~ define, Colonel Cuddeby put off his visit to the Villa Marielli, next day, till afternoon. He did his best to maintain a very British ~~[illegible]~~ and unimpressible frame of mind. Accompanied by that lively and self-important little man Mr. Drake, he ~~[illegible]~~ the usual evening hour of service in the morning; looked on at the ~~[illegible]~~ lofty, stately, painted church, and pronounced it handsome; — listened for an hour to the great thanksgiving ~~[illegible]~~ Italian, and remarked, with the graciousness of courtesy, how slowly and disjointedly the Italians rail. No real arrangement appeared to me; — looked down on the grey beach, in the brilliant sunshine, watching the great blue-green rollers come in endless succession, and heard in hollow thunder and sunny foam at his feet, and declared he had seen at the other five grooved seas on the west coast of England. The Colonel was heard

irresistible & as always instinctive of self-protection at this juncture. He felt the desirability of cultivating as number of whole-some British prejudices — the feeling aroused in him, even while he recognised its wisdom.

at half-past. he

at the little red villa. The door was absolutely clear, & the whole place seemed to sleep in the pale, gleaming sunshine. The front door stood open to the terrace. The bowels rang, waited; rang again, and then, getting tired with the delay and the heat, went indoors and upstairs.

The drawing-room door stood open too. From within came the sounds of a piano. Some one was playing brilliantly, almost victoriously, a valse. There is an indescribable sudden lying pathos in dance music, — every body recognises it: — a heart-ache behind all the laughter, a weari-ness below all the rapid movement, an agitation, a doubt, a misgiving under all the radiance and joy.

Mrs Wedderburn did not quite come to acknowledge the sentimental sentiment of the music just then. He knocked at the door, and then, as no answer was visible, and then walked straight into the room. As he did so, the valse came to a sudden, regretful passage. It was Percie Dawson who was at the piano. Apparently she was absorbed in her own performance. Her pretty head was thrown back, and her light figure showed up with a very striking distinctness against the shaded corner of the room beyond the instrument. In a low chair

her side Mr. Innes ~~was~~ hung ~~[illegible]~~ about cutting the pages of a yellow French novel and shutting the air of the valse with which she did so. At the sound of Colonel Enderby's footstep, he looked up: "Ah" - he said, quickly. End Ch
A young girl looked round ~~[illegible]~~
She got up quickly and came towards her ~~[illegible]~~ face irradiated with one of those delightful fish smiles.
"We are very late", she said. "Did you get tired of us all that night?. We expected you to lunch with Aunt Sarah; but, perhaps you did well in not coming. You would have found Bertie and me alone. Miss Read was gone in to Swan, ~~and~~ Mamma was one of her bad headaches and is invisible".
Mr. Innes, meanwhile, was closely scrutinising her face.
"I hope they gave you decent dinner", he drawled in his sweet, drawling voice. "I ~~[illegible]~~ of the helpless kind, I did what I could. I was assured that you would be hardly ~~[illegible]~~ provided; but, as Aunt Sarah's business is to take care of her, you know".
"I did very well, thanks", Colonel Enderby answered rather shortly. Then he turned to Miss again, and made one or two necessary and civil enquiries respecting her displacement.
"Mamma's headaches are very distressing", she said. "They are nervous. Then they ~~[illegible]~~ come on, Mamma succumbs; she disappears entirely. In fact we are very sorry, of course; but we have grown accustomed to it. We wait till she reappears, and then we proceed as usual. Bertie helped at dinner, too", she added. "But he does not disappear. He remains, and shares

to

manner was".

"In that case Mr. Jones is a sadly deteriorated young person", said Philip. "His young lady was really very captivating as she stood there talking with an air of mischievous unconcern to her companion in the door."

"She is her sister's friend, at a good deal, sometimes" she answered. "Pattie is not easy to entertain. He rather becomes tired of everything. He says he has got beyond it. He has a most beautiful voice, Colonel Sudeley; until he wishes never sing now, he says he has got beyond that". "He plays a violin to me".

A girl spoke with some accent was unusual. Mr. Jones went on quickly cutting the pages of his novel.

"My dear little cousin, he said, gaily, "your experience of life is as yet, happily for you, very limited. I regard you as a little savage".

"I may don't", said Jessie quickly, putting up her eyebrows. "I have the most lively objection to savages".

"Jessie", he answered. "For an English girl your education has been sadly neglected in that particular. - But if you knew more of the world, you would be vividly aware that the best thing of a reasonable being consists in getting beyond things. Like Colonel Sudeley", he added, glancing up suddenly, it he is not unpleasantly conscious of having got beyond a certain number of things by now".

"Are you"? said Jessie, almost seriously.

A subtle spirit of the conversation was distasteful to Philip. He had taken a dislike to Mr. Jones.

Jones.

him

even

er, she dined, as usual, at the moment, alone
Ogarrio, with his banquet and his drawl, and
his over delicate manner. The question, to remind
you he with initiating distinctly of his
unsatisfactory colleague with the Lorraine ghosts in
the Rue Murillo room that night before. He passed a
moment before answering. She [illegible] girl repeated
her question, looking up in her face as the
child with an [illegible] directly.
", he said, rather sadly; "I'm afraid
I have got beyond so good many things too,
Miss Percie. Dauntay".
". dear me", she sighed, "what a pity".
Then she did go [illegible] question by [illegible]. Colonel
Endaby felt himself singularly [illegible] by
[illegible]. Mat. Lingering — misspection.
at him. The
moved
his
His hair laughed gently.
"Told you so, Jennie", he said. "She has in
universal application — see it holds equally
good in the case of myself and Colonel Endaby.
If I may venture, in passing, to associate my
illustrious
humble name with his [illegible] one; — every
body gets beyond everything, to put it vulgarly.
— Some almost part this book [illegible] novel of Daudet's.
Jessie
The dear wife comes, [illegible], where as
new girls — even ones from Paris — with cares to
suit you any very actual satisfaction". Indeed"
[illegible]
, no, no" cried the girl piteously. Her pretty eyes
filled with tears, and she moved two or three
steps away from him and nearer to Professor the
Endaby Colonel.
"I say that, don't spoil it all! It is mine
Miss Bertie", she cried." Say it is mine Miss", she

went

ut we hoping to [illegible] — coming we due
to him that her perceived quite through the
veil of little bunch of grey violets, which she wore
in the bosom of her dress. — "All was it in the time,
tell me I should always go on enjoying things.
Enjoying Betty so much now. And let Betty
make me miserable".

Her manner: ~~was~~ Philip ~~looked~~ sighed undoubtedly
indeed of the true self-protective instinct which
we had brought to cultivation earlier in the day.
Her situation was as slightly dangerous one. For one
minute she was tempted to do one exquisitely silly
thing. He was entitled to gather that pretty appealing
child in his strong arms, and swear — and do better,
in that way, quite impossible to keep — that neither
Mr. Carter nor any one else should ever give
her a moment's pain again. — Fortunately, however,
just the only thing to do to the true of the foolish thing
they are tempted to do. Colonel Sudeley drew him-
self up. He even moved a little further away. His
head was now rather quite in the moment:
air, that he could not prevent.

Seated at Betty, who leant easily
on the top of the piano, and watched him with
a curious amusement in the expression
of her dark, half-dreamy face.

"My dear young lady" he said, quickly, "if people
get disentangled would miserable, they have generally
only themselves to thank for it, in the long run.
One needs never, except through one own fault,
get beyond enjoying the things which are
really ~~nice~~ worth having in life".

He was a pause after the Colonel had thus
made his confession of faith. Then

MS

[illegible] — but so mildly and amiably that it was impossible to be very angry with him.

"Pardon me, Lord Leverton, but I wonder whether you really believe that".

At this moment Mr. Peter Darroway entered the room, closely followed by Mrs Bates and Miss Ogilvie.

"Colonel Enderby" [illegible] he said, "with a certain meaning in his manner which we will not dwell on at present, "I came [illegible] expecting you. Why did you come [illegible] earlier?"

Eleanor [illegible] looked rather hard at Mr Phillipps, Lord Leverton [illegible] his Colonel, [illegible] a little savage, at the young girl with her flushed face and wild misty eyes, and back again at Mr Bates known leaning indolently on the top of the piano. Her expression changed terribly, and she [illegible] a little [illegible] a grain of uncalled for rapidity and decision.

"Now you may take all those things back into the little drawing-room, Eleanor. — I am not very well today, not equal to much" she continued addressing Mr Phillipps, "still I cannot afford to waste the precious hours of your visit. I should like to have some little quiet talk with you, Colonel Enderby. Will you come with me in the meantime?" It is cooler there, and we shall be alone".

She then [illegible] placed her hands on her stepdaughter's shoulder, and said: —

"Now look tired, Jessie. Take a book, [illegible], + go to your own room + rest".

"And

"do me" enquired Mr. Power, gently, and she, Conscious Nell
Power? "is your scheme of universal benevolence
over? Is there left no room for me in your kindly
designs as suitable occupation, sir?".

Price. Dawson turned to him with tears in
his eyes: — "You have room for my master", she
said, briefly.

Mr. W. — The idea is an admirable one. You
are provided for. Thanks. I may no room for this
master."

Price. Dawson looked at Philip. "Let us come",
she said, as she turned to warder the door.

Colonel followed her. Mrs. Inwardly she was quite as
much reluctant to do so. He liked plain dealing,
a simple straight forward manner of conducting
life; and he began to suspect that Ilam dealing
was in no means the custom of this slightly eccentric
household. He was becoming conscious that as could
good deal was going on around him that he was
not fathom, and he did not in his heart enjoy
it.

Mrs Mr. Power was alone, she subsided into the
deep arm-chair again.

"This Ralf is a most enigmatical", he said, half
aloud.

Philip Ruddle was abroad, on the look out
for any events, and rumour, echo, and thistling
winds, his talk with his host, that afternoon,
was by no means calculated to reassure him.
The preparation in it on the part of smelling bottles
and nurses, were in themselves big portents of
embarrassing perplexities, to a man unused to
the habits and requirements of womankind. Then,

this

to an effect of terrible regret, of bewildered
grief entirely Quixotic was observable in Mr. Percival.
Dawson's manner, perplexed with. In a word,
he was just a little afraid of that strong hand:
some woman in her present mood. Her attitude
was at little of a make-believe resolution, and
grave somewhat embarrassed, unmanageable if there were mis-
understood with. Mentally he retracted his decision
of leaving Persia on the morrow.
In some-detailed conversation at the bureau, — where
he was going and what he proposed to see, — Mr Percival.
Dawson somewhat hesitatingly said, with an appeal
of certain solemnity in her tone: —
"Mr Anderton, you must pardon my asking you
to put your self out of the way and come here
to see me on some merely frivolous pretext. I want
you to see me good on a quite new advice in
difficult and delicate matter. There are reasons
which make necessary to quit Persia with certain
despatch — you cannot were me husband's
dear friend, and so in their care I would
appeal with entire confidence to you. Will you
perhaps see me to speak quite freely?."
Colonel Anderton consented readily enough. What else
could he do?.. Yet he was sensible of a growing
discomfort. The room was cool: but the shut and
darkened windows produced an effect of
airless heat: it was sweet too, with the scent of
flowers, and the table, with the dear serious
white face, nothing on the broad old fashioned
bed was of quite to suit, made a suitable silly
pathetic and graceful picture. But Phillip shrunk
to be unpleased. Perhaps he was suffering a
reaction of all the moments of keen pleasure in the

drawing.

drawing-room just before. He was not in spirits a sympathetic attitude of mind; and yet his loyalty to his old brother-in-arms made him wish to see relations of Mrs. Pierce Dawnay if he could. "We are not confidences in your judgment", she went on. "I cannot turn you out, I can't be as disagreeable as I want to be. But I think you colonels understand — think of all those years you are in".

"I don't say that", he interrupted: — "your husband was my very dear friend. I have merely tried to pay — very inadequately — a debt I owed" — The colonel paused. His expression was pathetic, under the drawing and the lowered eyes that veiled. Eleanor Pierce-Dawnay, was a person of quick perception. She had a very high respect for her companion. She felt, too, that there was a dividing wall between - so to speak - between herself and that they had never reached before in such intimacy.

"Come, I know", she returned warmly, and that question was more confidences now. "Don't be mysterious, perplexed — you must address me. Tell me", she went on, speaking quickly, "tell me, what shall I do with my step-daughter, with poor Beaumont's child?".

Philip suddenly was startled.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Pierce-Dawnay, what do you mean?".

"I don't misunderstand me", she answered. "I don't mean anything very extraordinary. Jenie has reached an age when it becomes necessary to think of her future; she is attractive, she has had many admirers: ——

"No doubt", murmured Philip almost involuntarily.

"Foreign

"Foreign ways are different to English ones, you know. Parents have to take as much more active interest in their children's interests than is customary at home. They look forward. They consult with some chosen friend, they decide on a course of action and carry it out".

He began to see, that was coming. Under the circumstances the Christian he was called upon to exercise would especially be occupy might have which had an unpleasant annoying one. But for some reason, he was not in the least inclined to look at the question of Jessie Price-Dawson's future from humourous point of view. He was pleased to disclaim and share in avoiding for that young lady's happiness quite lately.

"We must handle this", he said, carefully; all such matters I am quite happy to be of service to you in any way I can: but this question is altogether outside the range of my capacity. I have not any qualification for the part of adviser regarding your step-daughter's future. Perhaps you had better see her nurse she was quite a child yesterday. I know absolutely nothing of her character and inclinations — any interference on my part would be ridiculous".— Philip leant back in his chair, and looked amused. "I am sorry, but I think this is a difficult matter," he continued. "It pleases me altogether in a false position. Surely you can think of some one else — you cannot for a moment imagine that I am better qualified to advise you, than I am".

As the words were out of his mouth, Philip regretted them. He turned a little sick at the notion of that benevolent, disinterested young man having

a hand in the fate of the pretty child she had misjudged him, in passionately not to let Bertie make her miserable, only half an hour ago. She blushed felt as if she had been guilty of an act of treachery. He was furious with himself.

His last Eleanor's refusal to was perhaps a trifle rattled by her very plain refusals to adopt the straightforward, & But the determination of her declaration and your feeling," she said; "I shall be extremely grateful if you would & I respect your decision. But, we can't let this conversation end like this. I won't explain myself as little as this. At the risk of annoying you, I shall go on". — Eleanor sat up, she leaned her elbow on the arm of the sofa and fingered the carved wood work of it rattled nervously as she spoke. — "I'm mentioning Mr. Innes you have wished the most of all my perplexities. He is my second cousin — he was living with us, off and on, for the last two years. Bertie's career had not been one altogether Endure his equals one. He was had a good deal to , one can and another. I think," she added, with a ring of genuine feeling in her voice; "that Heaven sent some little help to poor Bertie. Colonel Pentreath, now must bear with me, you must let me help you about him." —

At this Colonel was growing decidedly restive. He was suspicious of their confidences, he began to distrust they might lead to. He wanted to get out of door, to do anything, but sit here in his listening in this quiet, airless, oppressive atmosphere.

"We are tired, Mrs. Pierce-Trevanion" he said, getting up and standing before of her. "Don't you think it would

would be best to leave this story of Mr. Bruce's
visit with no more mention, if
you are
satisfied."

"I would do me a real favour, Colonel Sudeley, if
you would listen now". - She turned her face to
him suddenly, it seemed pale and haggard in
the cold light. — "Pray, pray listen now", she went
on, speaking low and hurriedly, clasping her hands
and leaning forward with her eyes fixed on his
face. - "You are brave and true, and I am humbly
grateful. I am in great distress - I can tell you
altogether why, you must take my word partly
on trust. - Perhaps I should not have spoken so
soon, but I am low and nervous today. Make all
that pitiful allowance, and please, and please
overlook - No distract me. I am getting worn out,
and I can't be cautious, and clever, and diplomatic
any longer. I became wanted some one to speak to
for weeks and months: — Of course all this seems
weak, excited, ridiculous, exaggerated to you: but,
listen to me, Colonel Sudeley, not for my sake, but
for the sake of my dead husband, who trusted
me — for her sake, hear me out".

Colonel sat down again. It was all very painful,
very unpleasant: but it would be nothing short of
brutal to leave a woman pleading like a hearing
in that desperate way, and Phillis was very far
from being a brute.

"Go on" — she said, eagerly. Mr. Peirce. Downey
pulled her handkerchief hard against her lips - she
was altogether unstrung. She had a shocking
temptation in her throat, and for a few seconds was
on the edge of an outburst of hysterical crying.
But she mastered herself by an effort of
will

wife, & wished her countenance could not help and
comforting. She set her teeth, gave her veil, as petti-
-cut little shake, and then began breathing
again calmly.

"She's mistress was an Italian" she said. "Her
father was a banker in Milan. I used to see with
them a good deal years ago, before I married —
however that's neither here nor there. — Bertie
was wrong and no pretension. — He fell wildly
in love with a Italian lady of good
family - as distant connection of his mother. Her
parents had them with their daughter, they would
not hear of it. Bertie was not good enough for them,
and true. They made their objections.
It was always thicker than water as the saying of
the world, should suffer in the cause
of religion". — Eleanor thrilled her
spiritual rightly. She smiled brilliant at Colonel
Ludlow. — She giving had married as her
parents desired her — She did not [illegible] it
care as rat in her husband. She was a beautiful,
self-willed, emotional creature. — Dreadful it is
with particulars, that then is not as pleasant one.
Even both knew what was happening. Bertie
knew sacrificed his mother to their unfortunate
passion. It was blighted his whole life. She had
little care in him — Then he knew even terrible
sense at time: — but he no longer cared, drunk
in her.. Yet it her husband were dies he would
marry her. She seemed she is bound in honour
to do so. — Bertie's sense of honour is very fine".
C. Peirce. Duncan raised her eyes [illegible] with a movement of
finished speaking.
pride, as she [illegible]. For this

life

ish 'nis Philip could not help envious, a little. er it is", she cried with energy". He no longer cared 'hat he said. He wished not think of any one else. His Italian friends had been as "preux chevaliers", as very models of courtesy". pause of surprise ensued. Colonel Sudely cleared his throat. He had ~~[illegible]~~ disliked his young gentleman from his first, and his last fault, probably, made him somewhat merciless. Personal feelings do invariably so commingle with judgments of others, and often ~~[illegible]~~ lead generals to consider such excellent justifications for ~~[illegible]~~ existence.

hat is a mistake on the part of Mr. Somers friends", he remarked, drily.

He flushed under Mr. Price-Dawson's direct. Yes, from your point of view I dare say it is; but remember Bertie is more of an Italian than an Englishman. The standard of duties makes a difference here. — This, for his last few months I know been annoying dreadfully anxious. I have noticed, I have feared, that — well that he was very much drawn towards Jenie. He won't marry — he will never marry any woman but the Countess Colonna. — This, Colonel Sudely, I think, I think if Jenie comes to care for him".

nel Sudely rose up, all of a piece, as this sayin it.

ll him away", he said hoarsely. "There is just that one thing to do, send him out of the house directly".

. Price-Dawson flung back his head wildly. "I can't, I can't", she cried. "Anything in the world but that".

he Philip stared at her for a moment in dumb amaze-

-ment

·ment. She was pale and scared. There was
meaning in her change of colour as her
began to dawn upon him, he turned away half
in pity, half in a sense of repulsion. The
situation was obviously complicated.
Eleanor
He said nothing to her first. There was
Silence.
her. Presently, she spoke.
"I must seem crazy," she said hoarsely. "I must look
out of your mind forever
away and
my mind self. Believe
in this world
me. Never utter one of this — to any human ear."
It was a fine dignity about the woman at that
moment.
He suddenly moved silently. Words were
nervously
on his question. "Mr. Price. Downey moved
, and began
Again, her
felt a strong movement of pity,
of tenderness towards her. She seemed frightful that such a pure, innocent,
gay young life should be bound up with this dark
mysterious history. He stood for a long time
abstracted in thought. If only something could
be done to help her!

Mr.

Mrs. Peirce-Dawson sat left of Virginia that Evening, and turned about his room restlessly. With whatever sentiments of hurt and indignation, with whatever vague thoughts of hopeful assistance she had begun her visit with Colonel Carlisle, at that moment in her husband's and wounded pride she desired most cordially to get rid of him.

"You became tired here to-morrow, I think you said"? she frowned at last, over her shoulder.

Philip was surprised by that question. It pricked him to some sudden decision.

"I" he answered slowly; "think I shall probably remain here a few days longer — that is, of course, if you will permit me to "do so"

There was a perceptible interval of silence before Mrs. Peirce-Dawson's answer came.

"I think it will be delightful", she coldly said at last. "Shall we come with that sheet now? — Miss Carlisle and that sheet will be there. It seems to me rather [illegible] here."

"Certainly, I think I won't stay now", Colonel Carlisle responded. "Perhaps I may walk."

P. U.

come back with his friends Drake to dinner".
As they were going to the hotel
that night, Mr. Drake suddenly stopped short in
the moonlit cellar light of one of the gas-lamps.
The Spanish painted man-street of Perfidia and
stood pale at his companion.
He walk, like learning upon shelving,
suddenly he said. "It was merely this looking
up of our plans, thoughts of course. I'm sorry in
that: but I take his guarded your secrets and
good his dancing, and so Jacelyn is without any
fun". — "Who could, still a gentleman moved on again with
his quick, elf-like walk. "I don't know
what it is, but, hang it, Sudeley, I feel nervous
about you".
Sir Sudeley laughed in a very cheery, reassuring
sort of way.
"Come as wonderful miraculous Drake", he
said. "But what on earth do you take it is
going to happen to me"?
"I don't mind" this widow", observed
man, rather inconsequently". "I do hate her,
Sudeley. He bottom she's a good woman — slightly
of course, and all that sort of thing, — but, I'll
back her to be round enough here" — Mr. Drake
stammered suddenly beside in this region of his heart.
"Round enough here, you know", he repeated." But
that little girl, — what me words, Sudeley, rather
slightly inconsequently they of "that decidedly pretty
little girl".
And Sudeley looked down, he kicked this loose gravel
on the walk of the hotel garden. Suddenly they
were quite alone again — with his foot, and laughed
again, but this time somewhat impatiently.

"X

"turn round to come," "in vain" "you to never set
over on Miss Peirce. Dawson, again, to walk
Idem" "Miss Neal very much matter".

Chap VIII

V

20109

Jessie was glad to remember.

[illegible]

Jessie was committed entirely to the care of Victoria Rudeler: Isabel to stand by Jessie and to guard her interests - in more mature consideration - to counsel Isabel, very slightly to withdraw. Jessie, however, had by this time altogether forgotten Beaumont Price. Tawney's memory was by no quick with his own affairs, such as critically and hopefully. Philip had decided that evening to stay on at Seville. He was going to stick to Christie, he was going a comedown to see Miss Wrenfrew. And yet, when the time clearly light of a very well remembered, he had had a bad fortune to avoid Jenny little W. Drake and another and the tall gentleman made entirely and his baggage with the natural [illegible] with Christie was across Lui with Jessie, Philip became conscious [illegible] that Jessie he had understood a new horrible piece of business. It was all very well to talk of Lui's [illegible] Jessie, the misfortune Jessie was that he had with Lui, to do. He did said not see his way with the heart. He turned back with the [illegible] large light punished Isabel

hotels - which looked particularly frivolous and pleasure-like in this gloomy wintry - not to mention but as sweet temper. [illegible] he said to himself that he had got himself into this whole thing was a nuisance and decidedly unpleasant [illegible] — and, it must be owned, he said it with a will.

Colonel's temper was hardly improved, when on sallying forth, some few hours later, in a macken-tosh and heavy boots was in defiance of the pouring rain, he met W. Archer just turning in at the gates of the hotel garden. Bertie was holding up an large umbrella, picking his way carefully along the slippery paving-stones, and looking mildly disgusted yet resigned. He had on a very light overcoat, and over the inevitable white gardenia in his button-hole, a little brown at the edges of the petals from the wet.

nodded blandly to Colonel Sudeley.

"perfect pure rattling like this sort of weather. It seems homelike," he observed, with a sweet unselfishness of expression, which was anything but appealing to a man in any irritable frame of mind.

Whether Bertie or Colonel Sudeley had undoubtedly felt no special objection to the rain. The dull day was really rather a relief after the [illegible] gaudy sunshine. But for some occult reason as Bertie spoke his opinions went round to another quarter with the velocity of a weather-cock on a gusty day.

"It's the most beastly morning I ever saw," he replied, with

considerable
~~was~~ a, aspect." "~~It was~~ The whole place
looks miserable. It seems to me, this country, can only look
decent in a blaze of sunshine".
Miss Wilcox ~~said~~ quickly. And Ward
"I understand just what you mean".
~~It~~ He as leisurely survey of the large hotel-building
and the rider of a ~~g~~ horse and coloured a
pink with splendid insolation of these pilasters
and florid mouldings panicled in pale yellow and
the verandahs they were ~~hardly~~ ~~misquoted~~ misquoted
supposed to ~~be~~ cast panicled in pale green.- There
~~he~~ turned and gazed ~~at~~ down the ~~so~~ many
coloured streets behind him.
understand perfectly what you mean" he repeated.
"It looks very like the inside of a theatre by
daylight. You know. genius English people
dislike that, it ~~seems~~ strikes you as artificial.
But for us, we often prefer our theatres, daylight
or gas light, to anything else in the world".
~~It~~ The ~~seems~~ appears to me very cheap and flimsy",
said Colonel Ludely. "I can't think ~~how~~ ~~English~~ much
of the beauty of a country, when it ~~is~~ can be spoilt
by ~~a~~ ~~terrible~~ this horrid rain".
~~Edward~~ glanced, ~~sadly~~ critically at the other man's
clothes as he spoke. Mr. Miller deep ~~disapproval~~ resolved
him. Today Philip took great exception at his
hat. It was too low in the crown, & too curled up
at the rider — "just like a shop-boy out for
a Sunday", he ~~thought~~ said to himself.
~~But~~ But was he satisfactorily disposed of the
country ~~and~~ let us go on to the people"?
Lucia resumed with much complacency. He found a delicate pleasure in
keeping his companion in ~~suspense~~ waiting for his
reply. "They remind me, more, very much of ~~some~~ some

a

it dear, dejected and dragged. "It is like a fool myself, this morning. I'm really too ~~bad~~ to ~~see~~ out." I wanted to stand about on one leg with other fools and make melancholy little noises. ~~I wanted~~ That is a natural desire to communion among ~~the~~ wretched, you know.—I feel much better since I have stood about here with you".

I can grin a little now. The Colonel drew himself up.

"Well I'll walk on", he said ~~stiffly~~ curtly ~~and turning~~ away ~~walking~~ ~~paces~~ rapidly down the Dispensia street.

It is very good. He wanted ~~to~~ ~~to~~ barbarian, after all, I believe, though he does n't like "it," ~~said~~ Katie Tower, ~~said~~ to himself, with commendable candour, as he picked his way across the hotel garden. "The British flavour is a little too pronounced perhaps: but, poor man, he can't help that. I wonder what dear comic Bob really intends to do with him. Her inventive power is startling at moments".

That same ~~afternoon~~ ~~day~~ Philip Enderby had a short conversation with Jessie which seemed to throw some light on the situation. ~~and his suggestion~~ The rain had almost ceased, but the ~~dismal~~ ~~dark~~ pale, ragged clouds still hung low on the hillsides, while the whole ~~view~~ landscape seemed bathed in an cold tones of indigo and grey. The Colonel had been his long walk. He had been trying hard to arrange his ideas, to make out what was the next step he had better take. To stay and do nothing to mend matters at the little red villa ~~was out of the question~~, and yet for the life of him he could not annex at any distinct conclusion. ~~It~~ All his plans had been

put

out, and he found himself rewarded with a
little foreign town ~~should~~ ~~be~~ but
small powers of occupation & entertainment to
a man of his taste, with as difficult and delicate
a piece of diplomacy on his hands! ~~He~~. The Colonel
felt himself ~~an~~ somewhat ~~disgusting~~, & he made ~~a~~ person, as he walked
up to the front door of the Villa Martello's heart
beat ~~with~~ disagreeably.
As he was going in, Pendarves heard his name
called, & turning round saw Jessie coming from
the tangled garden beyond. ~~She~~ She was wrapped
in a long ~~dark~~ dark cloak, with the hood of
it pulled up over her head, ~~& a~~ framing the oval
of her fair young face with its dark lines. There
was something feverish in her expression. ~~Altogether~~
~~the whole Colonel Sudeley as a very appealing~~
~~little figure, standing there among the dripping~~
~~leaves, and rain-washed flowers in the dull~~
~~afternoon light~~. The girl had gained
a certain magic interest in Colonel Sudeley's
eyes since his conversation with her stepmother.
Her face was that of her own household, poor
child. It was sad. Altogether the shivering little
Colonel as a very appealing little figure, standing there
among the dripping leaves and rain washed flowers in
the dull afternoon light.
"I'm so glad you have come", she said. "It has
been a horrible day. Miss Read has had bad
news from England, she is going away to-morrow.
Today she has done nothing but pack and
cry. Mamma has devoted herself to Miss Read.
Bertie went out early, he escaped. That is the
disadvantage of being a girl, you

cannot

"I escape, you must stay."
Emily delivered herself of this statement of her
wishes over Philip's perplexity with a pettishness in
Philip's face.
"You wretched," she went on, turning
away and pulling impatiently at a straggling
rose spray. Which as she touched it sent as tiny
cataract of water onto the [illegible]
shining gravel below. "I want this murdered, I want
to be amused".
This view of knowing the Colonel lamentably in the
opinion of all sensible readers, must admit that
Emily's petulant outburst, far from softening to his
silly or reprehensible
mind, touched him considerably.
Unfortunately, you see, Philip was not
of the kind of an admirable middle.
class fictitious, a person thinking with respectabilities and
moralities, whose life is ruled by conventions and
discernment probable
a lively sense of just it and of
and of the market value of a given article. He
was merely a plain, simple-minded gentle-
man with a tender heart under his
stern manner, and a vein of poetry and romance
in his composition which
at moments sadly perverted the strictness of
his judgment. Alas! there will always be men,
I fear, in this misguided ill-regulated world,
who never find a graceful young girl more
winning than she has the talent that there
are creatures in her non-human, or dead drawing
little heads like tears of dew for the moon or
some other equally unattainable object.
"I am very sorry you are disturbed", he
murmured gently. "It hardly seems fair does it?"

Wretched self

"Edward might keep it all for older and— he hesitated a moment, rather at a loss for the right word — well, different sort of people to you. Edward not quite appropriate at your age. But I am afraid I cannot bring back the sunshine for you."

Philip paused. He would have given a good deal to bring back the sunshine for that pretty child, in more senses than the immediate and obvious one. He felt rather fiercely towards W. Perrin. Damn him for (He formulated an accusation against her.) that moment. She wanted to get rid of the girl to serve her own purposes. It was unfaithful of her — disloyal to his knowledge to have accused her of being a dangerous and unscrupulous woman.

He looked up at Mrs Perrin with the unconscious desire for help.

"I don't know what," she said. "I believe you would do what you could. I like you very much, Colonel Enderby."

Philip like many bright men, had retained even at eight-and-forty a certain capacity for blushing. There was undoubtedly a deeper hue than usual in his face as he spoke. "Am I to be as in the days of dolls and bonbons"?

"Quite as much," Jessie said, promptly. She drew the dark cloak more closely about her shoulders.

"Do you mind walking with me a little way"? she asked, after a moment's hesitation. "It is no cold standing still."

The Colonel did not mind it in the least. He was very much interested in Jessie Perrin. Doorway and in her future. He did not attempt to conceal that fact from himself. Why should he? . . Her tattoo

this would leave his dear friends. Philip had refused rather hotly (it is true, to) co-operate actively with Mr. Peirce. Downay was away before. But, then, Stuart was before all the facts of the case were before him. He order is quite correct; even the most lenient minded among us can find excellent reasons for following our own inclinations.

Anyway, it happened that on that damp and sombre afternoon Colonel Enderby had a little walks with the young lady, which tended to make him entertain a much more amiable opinion of Venice and its surroundings.

"I thought this day I should like to talk to you", she had said when they were fairly started on the broad road leading down through the vineyards." I want to ask you several things. I think you have influence with Mamma, perhaps you could speak to her. If it is only true, I want to go away. Mamma says she requires retirement: but, I don't in the least require retirement. I was much happier at Florence. We went into society at Florence. And Bertie was nicer at Florence. He has been strange lately. He says all sorts of disagreeable things. He is very melancholy. He sits and stares at me".

Tears of relief came over Philip - he could hardly have said precisely why.

"You mind very much being stared at?" he enquired, looking at the dejected girl by his side and smiling.

"It is very creepy" she stared at by somebody else

"s dismal and does not speak", she answered quickly. "Bertie is fond of reading scientific books about the origin of all sorts of things. He firmly believes that we are all descended from monkeys. I am inclined to think it must be true in sometimes; for his eyes are exactly like Malvolio's when he sits and stares, and says nothing. It is not pleasant."

The girl gave a little shudder; and then went on speaking again, with that peculiarly distinct and clear utterance.

"I wish Mamma would go back to England. She says it is the expense, and that the climate does not suit her. But I want to see it. English girls have so much more liberty, they have so many amusements. I should like England".

Fred suddenly stopped. His thinks this is rather a happy idea. Jessie stopped too, & turned to him. They were standing beneath one of the avenue of chestnuts, that divided this bordering the carriage road, about half way down to the iron gates.

"You want to go to England", he said, wistfully.

"I want immensely to go. We could settle down and really know people. Here everybody who we know goes away sooner or later. Only Bertie, and Mamma, and Fremain".

"I wish you would ask Mr. Percie Dawnay to take you home to England", said Philip.

"I do, do," cried the girl softly but fervently. She clasped her pretty white hands in an imploring manner, while her long black hair flying back in a sudden gust of wind, revealed her whole graceful figure. Colonel Sudeley's

heart

it was incredibly to wards this discovering young lady. She confided in him with such engaging frankness. He felt more at home with her in, with a sort of down the [illegible] glooms and wet, than in the lofty rooms and faded elegances of his little red villa.

"Call me Mr. Peirce-Dauncey", he said, after a moment's reflection; "with considerable decision." I think it would be an excellent plan. I dare say I could be of some use to you, find you rooms, you know, and that sort of thing. Then you might have a couple of months in London during this season & come down to Middlandshire afterwards. Your father, my dear old friend", he added gently, "was a Middlandshire man — you would like to see his county would n't you".

But it was the prospect of seeing poor Mr Peirce-Dauncey's native county, & whatever other and less retrospective enjoyments floated before Jenie's eyes, I cannot say: but, she certainly smiled upon her companion with a brilliant and delightful smile.

"I know you would help me", she said. Meanwhile "Philip went on; we must try to make things a little more cheerful for you here. Let me see to-day's Thursday. Supposing you & Mr. Peirce-Dauncey come and dine with me at the Grand Hotel on Saturday if it's fine. There's a very nice restaurant opening out the gardens, you know. It would n't be exciting exactly, but it would be a little change".

"It would be delightful", said Jenie. "I like going out. I like a restaurant, I like lights, and the people moving about, and the little tables,

and

the trouble of the glasses and things".
Neale suddenly smiled. He touched his moustache.
There was a wonderful softness and response in
the young voices.
"You have a great faculty for enjoyment", he said,
with a certain tone of regret in his voice. ~~It made~~
~~him feel very old, and he felt old at that~~ By contrast
he felt very old at that moment; and the Colonel
who hated his dear accepted his increasing years
with praise-worthy indifference and resignation,
~~had never begrudging~~ was deeply conscious of
entertaining a depressing grudge against the
young people. "Don't mind us", he continued, after a
moment's silence. "We'd better walk back to the
villa — I must not let you get wet."
"No moment", cried the girl — "You know England.
You must be as little careful how you appear as
Mama. She may not like it. You need not
say that the suggestion came originally from
me need you?".
Mrs Peirce-Dauncey, undoubtedly, was very
engaging, at that moment just then. Her innocent flower
face upturned her sweet
round mouth was as little open, her whole atti-
tude questioning and eager.
"You want very much to go", asked the Colonel. He
looked at watched the girl keenly.
"Yes, yes, dear Father", she replied.
"Very well. Don't do any harm. Don't be as models
of discretion — But now we must turn back, the
rain? It has begun on us in fine minister".
"Nie, Jennie, where have you been?" cried
Mrs. Peirce-Dauncey as her step-daughters entered
the dimly hall of the Villa Rinaldi some
few paces

Ten minutes later. "We have been greatly alarmed about you. Antonio and Parker have been searching high and low for you".
Sort of fact that shook of Mr. Peirce. Dauway's household were gathered to gether in the hall — Antonio in his embroidered morning cap and gold rimmed spectacles; Parker upright & severe; Marie, the waiting maid, with her square figure & high cheek bones, — Miss Read, her mild frog like countenance and pale protuberant eyes still bearing traces of recent weeping, and her grey alpaca gown wearing an injured air about it, wholly irrelevant with her, despised mental attitude. Betty Jones was standing near his handsome cousin, with a rather unpleasable expression on his face. And finally Malvolio — clothed in a little red jacket, with a big frill round the neck of it, his long brown arms showing particularly lean and skinny out of the short sleeves — filled, apparently, with an unusual spirit of revelry, performed a series of wild and whispering gymnastics about the shining marble balusters of the stair-case, in the background.
"We have been alarmed about you, Jessie" repeated Mrs. Peirce-Dauway. "No body knew you had gone out. We have been very much agitated."
The girl pushed back the dark hood from her right hair, her eyes were dancing, the moist air and exercise had deepened the delicate pink in her cheeks. There was an daunty air of defiance about her, as suddenly assertive of personal liberty, as she stood in the

middle

middle of the enquiring group.
"Was quite safe", she said, dimly. "Colonel Enderby
"ad been good enough to release the Ladies of a
very dull day by taking me for a walk".
"really" — murmured Mr. Inman, under his breath.
"should have left words, Jessie, and caused us
"this anxiety", said Mr. Prince. Dawnay, but she
"spoke less inaudibly than at first.
"excellent woman Parker visits many dismal
"sensations: regardless the dire consequences of
"set both, dare — so to speak — the young ladies
"for ~~an~~ in front of her, without more ado.
"Lily Keats's aunt round persons ~~person~~ disappeared
"into presumably in the direction of her badly
"filled trunks. Colonel Enderby waited only for
"a few minutes. He excused himself, & started
back through the now pouring rain for the house.
~~Indeed~~. Decidedly there was something ~~rather~~
unpleasant ~~unpleasant~~ mysterious about the mystery
of the Villa Mentone — not and yet, as the
whole Philish Enderby was glad that Mr. Drake
had started alone that morning for Spezia.

IX VI

Towards the vocation.

[redacted]

Supposed it is, of course, acknowledged fact that marriages are made in heaven. The other country - as Mr. Pierce Bannan had occasion to point out to Colonel Sudeley - has made deceased wife's sister and guardians of the contracting parties. This, on the face of it, would not seem to be an unreasonable custom, but - in this country, - British sentiment revolts against it.

British sentiment is a very remarkable and curious thing. It is worth thinking about. — Worth thinking about for the same reason that the origin of matter, and the origin of evil, — does not invite to withdraw the attention, only in speculation; but on the practical ground of the necessity of this knowledge. — and the origin of life, and a good many other profound subjects are worth thinking about, namely because they are in: comprehensible. British sentiment is entirely incomprehensible. It has no regard both for logic and for experience. If carefully considered it may generally be found to embody an unjustified and apparently successful denial of the axiom that it is impossible at once and

the

same time to serve both God and Mammon. And on the other hand the true secret of Christian social existence, which is indispensable in our teaching [illegible] fairly, and then set them upon their own: nature. — With what vigour and dignified sincerity the admirable Englishman enforced, beyond the open Bible and Prayer text: almost on one word, in every succeeding face; and with what unanimity and right-hearted indifference the tests of practical application of the majority of Christians in daily life!! If there is any of the attitude of the admirable Englishman present to make in our churches tears or equally sincere laughter, as you regard it from the ideal or the reality [illegible]. We do not need to dread the ideal in the ideal, and there are men present ourselves as contributable little [illegible]. — and Lee

In the return to the text. English marriages are made in heaven. — Which, being interpreted means that the ordinary Anglo-Saxon is a very quiet and domestic sort of animal, who requires a wife. Having, however, the true sense of the necessity for the backing up of his own inclinations with the, not only, the Divine sanction, but a warm and overflowing divine approval, the [illegible] married man is the very highest place in the catalogue of good works and was indeed made for the necessity. [illegible] with a vengeance

[illegible] sentiment was come in to, in all the free of its corporate strength, and was spiritually grounded on with

admirable

suitable reading on this subject, concerning which it was advised as such literature of fiction and biography. For he is prone not to speak lightly of such literature. It commands my highest respect, it is excellent, it is salutary; but it is also slightly misanthropic, and we can be briefly described as the absolute of suburban villas, solid worth, and side-whiskers.

In that humble, ~~contemplative~~ tasteable, scientific spirit in which the writer seeks to approach all themes and all questions presented to him — during always and only more clear understanding and fuller light — in, I am, the readers to work mildly, and what about the marriages which are the deliverable category of their ~~domestic circumstances~~ employed in public scrutiny in the Divorce Court;. Or these, still gadder, marriages that ~~end~~ end amid brutal words, by ~~stabbing~~ and yet more brutal actions;. Or again, those ~~this~~ marriages which drag on amid distaste, and recrimination, or at best, dull, paralysing misunderstanding and cold-nose through long, weary years — are all these made in heaven?. British sentiment backed by British respectability says the enquirer, first of all "not to be square"; and then goes on to mistrust what these are not marriages at all — "the best of never really loved one another".

Well, that, of course would be as much contradictory explanation of divine purpose therein as one could ask for. But unluckily, observation and evidence do not bear it out very fully. Alas! Love, the love that leads to marriage, whether that marriage prove ~~otherwise~~ as very enormously life, or as gate-way of opening into regions

more

it distinctly purgatorial — would handle seem to be predestinated and predestinate, let divine bodily form above. Experience rarely justifies that exalted notion of supreme destiny and diligent arrangement of part of the Higher Power. Do nine cases out of ten, that love is more the result of unrighteousness than of predestination? No celestial architect is required to raise for love as fair and fateful dwelling place — let British sentiment crow! in arms into British respectability frown and thunder as they may. His bower may be builded easily enough by any man and woman, out of such common place materials as a dance, or a song, a light laugh, a lingering pressure of hands, or that meaningless tear that come so easily into a young girl's eyes.

He would seem to be very humbly minded. He bids no heralds and ambassadors go before him with blare of trumpets & warning of banners. He comes at nap. hazard along quiet country lanes, among gleams of moon-light over dewy flowers; he meets us on the crowded city pavement amid the shouts of the driver and under the very feet of the omnibus horses; he has even taken to travelling in private railway carriages in these latter days, and that with a disregard of dust almost painfully democratic. He is quick, and subtle, and fearless, yet he comes softly and silently, stealing up without observation. And at first one laughs at his pretty face, which is the face of a merry carelessly child. But his hands when one takes them grasp like hands of iron, and his strength is as the strength of a giant, and his heart is as the heart of a tyrant. And he gives us to drink of a cup in which sweet is mingled with

bitter

is; and the sweet, too often, is soon forgotten while the taste of the bitter remains. And we hardly know whether to help him or curse him, for we have changed the things: and we cannot tell whether it were for the old world we have lost or them for joy at the new world we have found. — Such it does for the great majority; as matter terrestrial rather than celestial, and of their happiness after all.

It is high time to leave them easily enunciated generalities, and return to Eleanor Peirce. Doubtless, their communications had produced anything but an agreeable impression upon the mind of Colonel Ludwig.

Peirce. Doubtless, not withstanding many amiable shortcomings, was a woman of a large and generous nature. She was clever; but, clever-ness though mingled with sympathy and emotion, was though fire of intellect. She could boast no general scheme of philosophy, with its careful balancing of evil against good and good against evil. A calm and widely comprehensive view was almost impossible to her. It was not the part of her to trace the logical sequence of events; nor could she lose her inherent horror of individual suffering in a quiet scientific appreciation of the orderly development of the law of cause and effect. She did not care a jot about necessary consequences: but, she cared deeply that a man or woman — specially perhaps the former - should be in pain or sorrow, or want. She had a [illegible] nature impulsive - of which possibly she was a little proud - to dry tears, bind up broken hearts, and administer almost dangerously strong doses of pity and

. consolations. Such a woman is forever plunging
wildly à corps perdu into situations of which
the first excitement of her feelings was worn off, she
is liable to get as little tired. Relations with her are
likely to be stormy. You had better make way
while the sun does shine; and keep pretty constantly
in mind the fact that it certainly not to shine very
continuously.

Such as young woman, handsome, ardent and roman-
tic, Eleanor Bellamy had - for good or evil - met with
Beaumont Pierce Dawnay. A tall, fair-haired, young
widower in his first grief for the death of his pretty young
wife, with a broad band of crape round his arm
and a lovely, little, motherless child by his side, is
undoubtedly an object calculated to awaken a warm
thrill of commiseration in every female heart. Eleanor Bellamy
knew for her part this gentleman of her acquaintance
on whom she had been wont to expend a certain
amount of interest and consideration. Marriage with
a bachelor seemed to her a very insipid affair. Her
ideal of a woman's part was that of comforter, her
ideal condition that of motherhood - even of step-
motherhood if necessary. Eleanor Bellamy consoled the
young widower to such good purpose, that in three
months from the date of their first meeting he
had married her.

I do not pretend to offer any theory regarding the
origin of this marriage, and pronounce it heavenly
or any thing else. My business is merely, in as
faithful and diligent manner, to record facts.
Beaumont Pierce Dawnay was a great, simple, good-
natured young gentleman, who, when the halo
of romance which surrounded his character
of interesting bereaved widower, had faded and

he

, as looked at in the light of common day, presented
o very ~~wonderful~~ wonderful or mysteriously affecting
haracteristics. ~~Before~~ Eleanor wanted an office. She wanted
o go on working; but, unfortunately Captain Percie Dawson
id not now stand in the slightest need of consolation.
e pronounced himself to be "as jolly as a sand-boy";
nd was immensely bewildered when he made
t that his beautiful wife was not at all pleased
t the announcement. — At last, she to both devoted
nd ~~confused~~ bewildered ~~Percie~~ poor Percie was
ordered out to India, and ~~Mr~~ Mrs. Percie Dawson took
o wandering. She had been a good deal in Italy
efore her marriage, and the fascination of
hat dreamily absorbing country drew her back to it
gain. After her husband's death she stayed on.
England had somehow become distasteful to her.
She had an craving for the sunshine, the flowers,
the rich emotion, the glamour and endless
suggestion of southern life.
ndent and sympathetic woman, with no duties
dependent on her position to regulate her actions and
atisfy her imaginations, is apt to run a little wild.
~~Mrs Dawson~~ Eleanor had many hobbies. She could not
be accused of riding them to death, because ~~to~~
before the poor things had arrived at a fatal stage
of exhaustion she got tired of each one of them
in turn, and cantered hopefully ~~cantered~~ ~~barbarously~~ away on
some fresh steed. Schemes of emigration, the debasing
degraded condition of the Italian peasantry, the
emancipation of women all engaged her attention
in turn. One year she ~~was absorbed in organising~~
& rare wild about the sufferings of animals, and
made herself sick with horror over the revolting
details of scientific cruelties. Later, under the

influence

Miss Frances Power Cobbe devout and somewhat
emaciated British Christian, who recently bought the
villa of the Mediterranean during the winter months.
Miss. Dawson grew anxious as to the future of her
girl. She went to prayer-meetings held in the
upper ball-room of large hotels; she read books
[illegible] - by Frances Cobbe - bound in the modern,
most unfashionable of colours on unfashionable
subjects; she subscribed (and so to work) largely to societies
for the wholesale conversion of Germans, Jews, and
other equally practical objects. But Miss Dawson's
sympathies were really too wide & deep
to flow long into the artificial barriers of any
one sect or system. Nothing but a general reconstruction
of society [illegible] thereby sorrow, and crying, and
pain would be forever abolished, and an universal
panacea applied to this poor world's breaking
heart, really fluid ever and ever more, could
satisfy the passion of pity which was
growing within her. She began almost with rather
dangerous company. Persons fluent of speech and
generous of [illegible] ideas began to haunt
her Florence drawing-room, little apartment in Florence,
and keep up loud and enthusiastic discussions
into the small hours of the morning. When a
woman takes to revolutionary politics, be it
however so mild a form, she is indeed starting on
very thin ice. A convent, a lunatic asylum or
a husband either will do, - perhaps, even, rightly
considered, there is a certain affinity between the
three - becomes imperatively necessary.
Just at this critical period of her career, Miss.
Frances Dawson happened to meet her cousin Bertie
Ives at the Baths of Lucca, where she was spending

part

of his summer. She had not seen much of him for a considerable length of time. They two had certainly cherished a species of fondness for one another long ago: but Bertie Tuer in that dreary land had been a young man with the world to make at least to make many claims upon his conscientiousness. She had enjoyed corresponding with him, flirting with him and so on well enough; but he had not entered in any way into the serious business of her affections. She had only regarded him as an agreeable and decorative piece of superfluity at the Ball of Success in 1874. W. Tuer presented a very different spectacle to his disarming and same-hearted cousin. He was just recovering from a severe illness. He was weak and depressed, miserable both in mind and body. His large brown eyes had a look of melancholy in them which went straight to Eleanor's heart. The old man, servant of his father's, interested by name, and an ill-favoured little monkey appeared to be his only companions. He appealed to Mrs. Peirce-Dauncey's imaginative pity as a specimen of suffering humanity, and then as a relative. Family affection was a habit of asserting itself with remarkable vigour in the heart of a woman, whose object of that feeling was an attractive man.

Mrs. Peirce-Dauncey resisted neither family affection nor the moan of suffering humanity. She devoted herself to Bertie Tuer, and he repaid her with sincere gratitude. He went further. He confided in her. He told her the details of that history which two years later she briefly recounted - as has already been stated, to Colonel Frederby. Mrs. Peirce-Dauncey

ies. Dawnay entered with generous warmth of
eling into the discussion. She excited poor, not very
admirable Bertie Inner into a hero. She glowed in her
evilness to the ardour of an expressing passion. She
carried upon her brow both her tears and her
imagination. She realized her self-sacrifices more keenly
were - probably - than he realized them himself.

Mr. Inner quickly he was profoundly touched
by her kindness. He professed (was a highest degree)
desirous of a lively sense of and
interest in the society of women, which is undeniably
more completely developed in the Latin than in the
Teutonic races. To members of the former as woman
always - fortunately or unfortunately - has a peculiar
and exciting interest. She is never taken quite for granted,
and reckoned — as Jacks Ludwig, for instance
reckoned his wife — as a capital, good fellow and
ordinary companion in arms. We Teutons are very
decent and a trifle dabbotish suspicious too. Bertie
Inner was only half a Teuton, and he put a very
high value on the enjoyment of his woman's presence
and ministrations.

The time came for Mrs Price-Dawnay, Eleanor
the Belle of Success, the found herself singularly
unwilling to leave Mr. Inner as well. Quite a
morning little scene took place where during
which a number of excellent things were said
about friendship, and the delightful relation of
brother and sister. The end of it all was that
Bertie Inner, and the monkey, travelled back
with Mr. Price-Dawnay, Jessie Miss Keats, and
that estimable woman Parker, to Florence.

The passers adorned themselves to be a good deal
scandalized at this last eccentricity of Mr. Price-
Dawnay's.

way's. But the majority of her acquaintance - knowing her weak goodness of heart and be warning in mind the excellent reputation she did, through as young and pretty woman, and her own misfortune so many years, she had always enjoyed, — the majority I say, contented themselves with silently shrugging their shoulders, and observing that the charming widow had exchanged a general scheme of benevolence for a particular one. Yet it must be owned that a decided change came over her way of living. The promoters of Jewish conversion found their attentions quite accordingly at a discount; as did their endeavours encouragement or subscriptions were any longer forthcoming. Mrs Eleanor Bacon began to go out a good deal into society, instead of entertaining the reformers of society at her own house. Three gallant gentlemen made a valiant attempt to regain their former position with her. They failed, however, at the moral danger of consequent on putting the hands to the plough and afterwards looking back: — looking back, too, in the direction of as specimen of that most repulsive class of mankind which eats its heads in idleness and brings the aristocratic idea. They denounced W. Bacon as a viper, a perfidious, a hateful parasite on the wounded and shuddering body of corporate humanity. To all of which railing violent language Bertie replied, by saying, on his usual times, once evening to his hostess: —

"Dear Lucia, Mrs Nelly, I think you must let these amiable maniacs come here any more. They are, no doubt, immensely amusing; but you may have a little too much to pay for that style

of ~~w~~ comedy. Our words regulate our entertainments more or less by the length of our purses, you know".

15

We have noted, too, that with the many writers women have not nearly ~~dominated~~ so much a sense of the lofty dignities of living as men. They cannot, perhaps owing ~~to~~ want of physical strength, pay so much attention to that outward ritual which makes life proceed, even in private, with due respect and punctuality. The establishment in which there is no man is liable to be uncertain as to hours, ~~meals~~ as to meals, unmethodical in many ways, and even occasionally - though one mentions it with bated breath - dandy as careful of cleanliness as it might be. Some wonderful women of the future, the result of several generations of high school and University culture, who are going to influence us vastly in so many ways, may possibly add ~~to~~ masculine appreciation of small dignities and privacies to their other excellencies; may have learnt to put their brushes neatly to miscellaneous edition of tea and toast at odd hours, and to regard morning wrappers as part of the luxury of that slavery from which they gladly believe they have escaped for ever. But, meanwhile, there is no denying that a household goes sensibly in good-time and outward regularity from the moment a man becomes a member of it. Women are however in making short cuts to comfort, — a man, on the other hand, walks straight along the high-road to whatever desirable object, and Fortune, in truth, generally succeeds in reaching it the first.

complexion of Mr. Peirce. Dawson's little establishment certainly

family misfortune very much from the time the W. Innes, Antrim and the murkey became acquired members of it. Bertie, who had inherited considerable business capacity from his English father as well as considerable emotional capacity from his Italian mother, took his cousin's financial affairs in hand, and, set them on a more secure basis than they had been for a long while. It may be added that he had an excellent taste for the decorative side of life generally, and continued to create a very graceful surroundings for himself and his estates.

Jessie at this time was just eighteen, and was to "come out", as the phrase is, that winter. In point of fact she came out very effectually. Bertie Innes kept none of his private griefs in watching this girl's brilliant enjoyment of society; while Eleanor, herself, with all her accustomed reserve with the situation. Jessie was, undoubtedly, a success and her step-mother was honestly delighted at that fact, — all the more so, probably, because her relations with the young girl had not always been entirely satisfactory in the past.

Owing to her kindly and manifold schemes for the temporal and spiritual welfare of mankind Eleanor's interest in her step-daughter had been somewhat sporadic in character. If Jessie was ill, then she gathered her into the arms of affection and lavished tenderness upon her. But Jessie was very rarely ill. She grew up as some fair healthy plant grows up in a fertile soil, strong and straight. She made few demands upon the sympathy of others; there was a refined vigour about her, and a happy immunity from the nervous affections which so often beset

growing

this girl. Mr. Peirce-Dawney had elaborate theories regarding education, drawn alternately from Rousseau's "Emile", Richter's "Levana", and from the pages of the early Women's Rights pamphlets she happened to have come in contact with. Practically Jessie held to the teaching of Jean Jacques - though ignorant of any acquaintance with the writings of that ardent philosopher - and followed where nature led her. She had a remarkable aptitude both for music and languages, though the theory of the one and the grammar of the other meant little enough to her. Her talent was essentially practical and verbal, as demonstrated in her fluent articulate and rapidly developing speech. Her step-mother's labours she had small comprehension, and equally limited interest. Jessie, from a child, had developed a great capacity for being bored. It positively became one of her imperatives. She would just go away and leave them. It is to be feared that her sense of obligation to the needs and claims of her fellow creatures was not very highly developed. She loved sunshine, movement, exercise, all natural objects; she established relations with all manner of living creatures, was friendly with gold-fish and intimate with cats and canaries. When poor Mr. Peirce-Dawney becoming troubled - under the auspices of her revivalist friends - about the condition of her own soul, [illegible] extended her solicitudes to Jessie's soul also, the girl met her anxious and penetrating words first with amusement and then with something very like anger. For, indeed, in the fullness of her youthful vitality and the keenness of her powers of enjoyment, Jessie Peirce-Dawney loved

about

as much conception of the deeper needs of the human spirit, as a butterfly, hawking on a gay summer's day over a bank of honey-suckle and wild rose, might be expected to have. She decided to take the slightest interest in the emancipation of her sex, seeing - as she said - quite unconscious of seeing enslaved; the Italian peasants continued to wear gleaming ~~chains~~ chains, even though they might be deprived by ~~some~~ unacquisitive persons of the dust of some of the necessaries of life; or to the Servians who ~~were~~ were extremely ugly, and, as she added with an irritable wrinkling up of her pretty little nose, they also usually smelt. Poor Mr. Eleanor's Pearson-Dawson enthusiasms were met by this radiant young creature with calm common-sense.

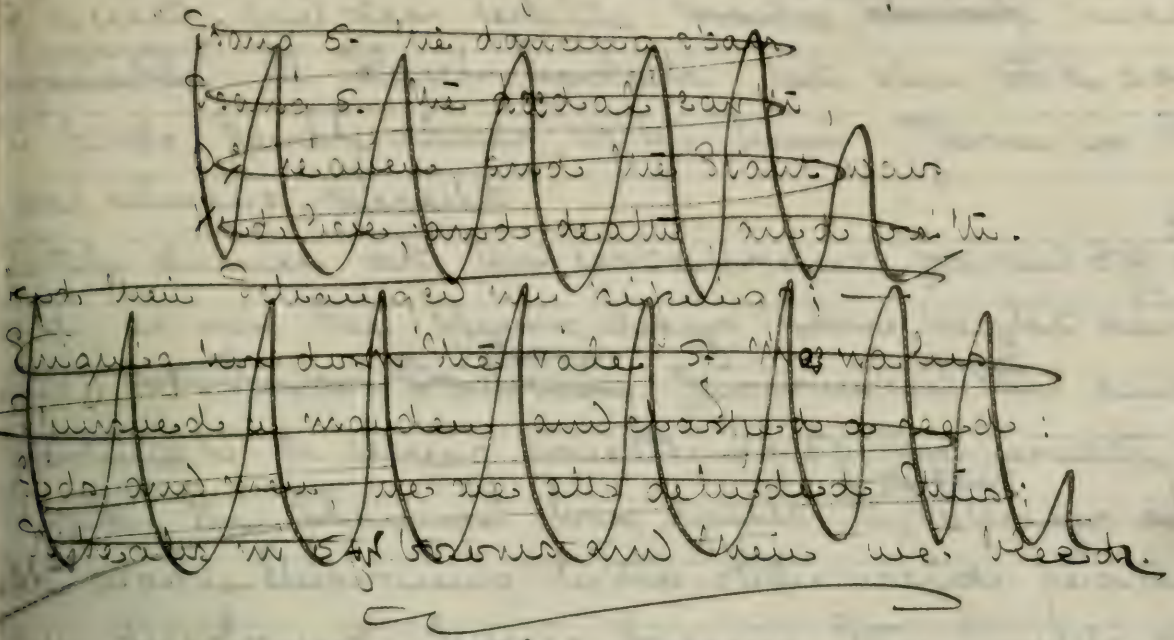
It was something curiously baffling to her in her step-daughter's personality. Sometimes the elder woman, whose large and generous nature demanded warm affection and intimate intercourse, would exercise all her power to fascinate the girl. Jessie would smile in her brilliant way, and say:— "Oh! now, little mamma, now you are adorable". But when her step-mother went on to entreat for more love, as fuller measure of trust and sympathy, Jessie became bewildered - even ~~confused~~ cross - and would retire, gracefully but firmly, to the self-exacting society of her gold-fish or canaries. Then Mr. Peirce-Dawson would turn away, right round bitterly and utterly heavily - metaphorically speaking of course - with the air of the socialists, or anti-vivisectionists or any other misery-mongerers who happened to be handy at the moment. Step-mothers, poor things, have established a very unenviable reputation in

in literature. I've read him, it may be questioned whether I am not frequently more amused against than with.

Mrs Pierce. Dawson's aunt is a very gay writer in Provence. She was addicted, indeed, pretty much to [illegible] more than one of Dawson's stories in consequence; but, as girls rarely had any education to be disputed by [illegible] in the administration there it [illegible] as much put on an unfortunate employment. She was as [illegible] and entirely new as a kitten, and as untrained to restrictions as her husband.

Mrs Pierce. Dawson's manners meanwhile, were notably [illegible] during Chris's year. Her mind had been widened by a new idea, which came to her in this serious and detached way. She married in Provence, she began to long for solitude, for silence, for an immunity from the distractions of society.— Paris knew had made us tired, and so it fell out that at the autumn of 1876. Mrs Pierce. Dawson's habits miscellaneous ménage removed itself to the comparative retirement of the little red villa.

In which Philip makes an important discovery.



in returning [illegible] that he was acquainted as Isabel and how that Isabel with whom as exile and unfriended as she was, Lord Ingelby had been so long and so closely associated was the same Isabella Martelli that he would walk up Bond Street every day for the best part of the summer hitherto, and that each succeeding visit would have left him more than ever at a loss to conceive what reason she could have for withholding from the world the fact of her reconciliation with her husband. Philip was afraid that Lord Ingelby's acquaintance with Isabella was of a character of recent origin, but at that period. Then Lord Ingelby might be entertaining with a view to speaking frankly to Mr. Price. Doubtful about the advisability of a return - for a time, at least, to England. Then Lord Ingelby might be with a view to obtaining delicate pieces of advice. It was difficult to come to. There never seemed to be a good moment for taking opportunity. Mr. Price. Philip did not wish to see Lord Ingelby participate in any more private visits than. The acquaintance of journals and private communications, and entirely secret, visits being agreeable to Isabel generally speaking. She

was a clever woman with a considerable habit of society, and she really made unconsciously pleasant to Colonel Peabody: but she took care not to find herself alone with him. Jennie or Mr. Innes was always present.

A little dinner at the restaurant passed off excellently; and, as now the spring days were bright and long, Eleanor pronounced this an excellent opportunity for seeing something of the country around Genzia. She planned long drives to distant villages, charming little old-world places with tall, dishevelled houses facing the purple sea, where dark-eyed girls - women - she was told, in pale coloured garments, mixed of threads, presented a refined effect of delicately toned yellow, pink or purple, not unworthy of some classic picture. And in long lunch hours in the cool, shuttered rooms, with the glaring sunlight shut out, they could watch the boats on the rough, grey sea. The Consular road began to leave the coast behind, and diverged inland among the pines. A wooded valley where the nightingales sang; by deep rocky water-courses, where the narcissus grew with its fragrant flowers a sheaf of sword shaped leaves grew down the steep sides; by orchards where the fruit-trees are all white and pink with innumerable blossoms, and in the cool grass beneath them - fields with the wintry rain - the fat velvety flowers of the bee-orchid show dark against the full green. And it also was Jennie Peirce-Bannerman's right

presence

rence but ~~and~~ an indefinable charm. He felt was so frankly and excitedly glad. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ that glamour was running over Philip Sudeley's spirits. He was in no haste to urge his return to England - Sperzia had faded into the far distance, Pere M. Drake might continue his little tour alone. The Colonel was growing entirely reconciled to this lazy way of life; ~~[illegible]~~ he was very well entitled, & especially when M. Imer, - as there ~~[illegible]~~ in private he ~~applied~~ occasionally applied not very flattering epithets, - and his monkey were out of the way. He began to have something warmer than mere toleration for their large faded ~~[illegible]~~ shady room at the Villas Nuziati. He was, in fact, insensibly collecting quite a gallery of pleasing mental pictures, in every one of which the central figure was that of a fair ~~[illegible]~~ girl, - leaning lazily back in ~~[illegible]~~ a carriage, her hands full of flowers ~~and~~ ~~[illegible]~~ while the face was ~~[illegible]~~ raised to shield her hair; loitering on the sunny terraces under the shade of ~~[illegible]~~ a red umbrella; wandering among the tangled luxuriance of the neglected garden; sitting, ~~[illegible]~~ and vivid and playing, brilliant vivid music, at the piano, in a dusky corner of the large drawing-room; now and then ~~[illegible]~~ a trifle tired or fanciful, asking some small service which it was a kinder privilege to render her. Mr. really Colonel Sudeley was very well entertained just now! He did not analyse ~~[illegible]~~ the situation; but he most distinctly ~~[illegible]~~ appreciated it.

The second Sunday of his stay at Perzia. Philip Sudeley it

appeared that he did not make his way to the Villas till quite late. Several things detained him, and contributed to increase in him a humour not completely in sympathy with the atmosphere of that peculiarly constituted establishment.

His morning, Philip ~~discharged~~ fulfilled (this would) by attending the English services held in one of the back rooms of the hotel. There are three separate things which the British tourist demands, and more in the hotel which does not profess to supply them — no respectable Anglo-Saxon host-ess will ever keep it open! Two of these things are for the body; the third is for the soul — as ~~divisions~~ proportions not without meaning perhaps. The British tourist must be accommodated with sponge-baths, open fires and an English Chaplain. The Hotel manager at Derzios had early realized the existence of this Trinity of requisites ~~and had done his best~~ on the part of his clients, ~~who had ... services~~ and had done his best to meet them, ~~requirements~~. Drake's acquaintance, the little 'fenêtre-faced' clergy-man officiated; while his attendant ladies, - having apparently the power of making their own of his apostolic permissions, the good man was leading about 'as wife, as sisters, and two sisters-in-law — with laudable zeal ~~and ...~~ moderately, ~~...~~ supported by an antiquated and tinny piano, to supply the musical portion of the ~~service~~ performance. The sermon - that unfortunately inevitable incident in the Anglican ~~...~~ church service — consisted of an exposition addressed on the subject Belshazzar's feast. The subject is sufficiently full

religious it mysterious suggestion in the original narratives. Unlucky the Quaker doctor as often read it from a symbolic point of view. Every thing was diligently examined to mean something else; and in proportion as our grammar became more doubtful and our creed more obscure the worthy little man's views waxed bolder and bolder, and our arguments became more combative and defiant. He sought the absolute by following the letter as every thing of human nature mainly suggestive of an exegetical and doctrinal drama. Genesis bound to scripture texts in something singularly grateful to the professional palate in their style of discourse, since one is so frequently fated to hear it. To the unsophisticated layman it is slightly bewildering, and often the dutiful help towards the understanding of matters spiritual eternal.

Help suddenly seems but as simple-minded persons, did not devise any sensible means of illumination for our better part of the evening. In the afternoon the wind fell as we walked among the hills — the day was radiant, the air quicker with the health of the sea breeze.

Among the many roads at the entrance of the town we passed up the steep paved way between the vine-yarded walls to a little village church, with a bell red and yellow painted campanile, standing on the hill side about a mile from Genoa. It was one of the hour for afternoon service. The bells jangled harsh and unpleasantly in the high tower. Within on the low walls fronting the bare spaces before the church door groups of men (and lads) lazily chatting and languishing. Some

village inns – a ruddy bright-eyed man in a woollen cap and navy ~~blouse~~ serge cap – wandered, his hands clasped behind him and his all the figures were about the same, groups in groups, speaking as the words to one another with genial familiarity.

Into the church, dim with the coloured gloom of ~~painted windows and stone~~ stained windows and hewed walls, a large company of peasants were set at rest – the ~~children~~ gay silk handkerchiefs tied over their heads making them look like ~~enormous~~ great beds of gaudy spring tulips. The air was warm and heavy with a lingering odour of incense, – there was a subjugated murmur of voices, the of footsteps, and rustle of garments.

In character of English traveller Philip ~~Sandeman~~ felt he had as right to look at anything that presented itself. ~~He stepped~~ He stepped within the open church door: but, I grieve to say, there were uncertain uncultivated and puritanic tendencies in his spiritual constitution which prevented him being in very warm sympathy with the scene. ~~He~~ He turned out of doors; and Catholicism, with all its splendour and wide appeal to the imagination, had ~~the~~ little enough of out of doors about it. It left in the sunshine through ~~a~~ cunningly painted glass ~~windows~~, on which it was portrayed the ~~w~~ the ~~thy~~ em: ~~ptions~~ of the ends and aims of mortal existence. Our friend the Colonel was ~~somewhat~~ tempted to fancy the whole light ~~in~~ painfully stained ~~by~~ by passing through the coloured medium.

What as it may, ~~the~~ he had seen as much

ede. as he caned his of the village church. He turned up a narrow path at the back of it, and so the passing through the belt of dwarf trees - whose ~~slender~~ silvery shade is just so much the kinder, after all, as the bright light. - through rows of myrtles and tall Mediterranean heaths, in the fragrant flower of which the wild bees ~~were~~ ~~were~~ ~~were~~ ~~were~~ were busied golden brown, ~~were~~ he reached the outer edge of the knoll now high on the mountain side.

Below ~~was~~ lay the ruin. yard and garden, and the corner of town glittering in the keen dazzling light. Beyond the sea stretched away to the northern horizon. The bells of the little village church clanged out wildly for ~~a moment~~ ~~a moment~~, ten minutes more, and then, with a final crash and bang, ceased suddenly. No sound broke the silence save the whisper of the wind in the ~~pomegranate~~ knee. trees, rising and falling in as ~~slow~~ soft and rhythmic cadence, like that of summer waves on a quiet sandy shore. A glad repose, as Sabbath stillness came over the beautiful land.

Philip suddenly threw himself at full length of the deep moss bed. of fallen ~~pine~~ needles. Such as he lay there in the ~~the~~ warm sunshine looking up at the red barked branches and dark glossy foliage of the pine trees outlined clear and sharp against the deep blue. purple of the sky. Pleasant thoughts ~~were~~ ~~were~~ and ~~pleasant~~ hopes came to him. ~~He~~ ~~prayed~~ ~~prayed~~ Formal's hope that Christ would surely have set out his words; yet which brought to his soul deeper meaning than the ~~the~~ mystic profundity of the sermon he had

liberties to that morning, and to larger
views and purer truths that might open to
his view from the dawn and its wakeful
seen victims and banners down below
e, - let philanthropists and ecclesiastics, and other energetic, misjudging and actively
virtuous persons say what they may, - it is very
good, at times, to get away into silence and
solitude. To get away from all the noise and
struggle of man, into his arts and sciences, and
magnificent schemes - to other abortive; and to
new little spans of our well-conceived years; and
his mixed motives and unsuccessful efforts. - To get
away beyond all history, into that sound of
wailing and battle, that steam of sin and of
blood: - beyond all the philosophies with their
vain attempts to square the circle and reconcile
that which can never be reconciled: - beyond
all the formulas and all the creeds, into
their listless habitude, their arbitrary assertions
and negations: - beyond, yea, beyond the very
sense of right and wrong itself - back, back
to the great serene heart of Nature. A heart
beating with primal and exhaustless energy,
yet calm and self-poised; filled with the raptures
and repose of limitless power and victorious
attainment. It is good to go back and lie
on the warm bosom of the eternal
mother, the folds of whose garments are the
high mountains, whose feet are set in the beating
ocean and whose life is the life of the world. To
lie there while the tired days pass away from the
sense of its own petty joys and sorrows, from the
narrow hopes and fears of the individual life; to

be

wanderers with the glorious order of created things. — the lesser and greater creatures of weary fightings and divisions, — to dreams of the everlasting mysteries of birth and growth, and of the pulses of strength and of the failing of strength and of decay; and of the mystery of transmuted force, of life again returning out of death to begin once more the ceaseless round of existences anew. To dreams of the mystery of night and morning, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, rain and sun, while through all the countless ages the Eternal Wisdom and Goodness broods for ever over the broad bright lands and sea. — "What is man that thou art mindful of him"? Go back, back to the mother of all, and listen, lest perchance she may speak to you.

Lily Lindsay lying there, under the pine-trees, in the afternoon sunshine, had a perception of unspeakable trust and confidence, of belief in a final reconciliation far away, far out of mortal sight. For a little space she dimly grasped the strange secret of the Buddhist Nirvana, — that state of acquiescent contemplation, ~~without movement without pain~~ and impersonal, without movement, without desire, which in the extinction of some of the purest spirits constitutes the highest conception of perfect and enduring bliss. "Lord God for this beautiful world", he said to himself quietly and reverently.

The sun was sloping towards the West, and the shadows were growing long, when he rose up at last. Voices of the peasants making their way back from the village church came up on the

large from the undying hills below. The veldt, indeed, was brown, but the unfailing it had made remained for a while yet. Philip wandered down towards the river, amazed, filled with a strange gladness — like a man who has seen a vision and spoken face to face with the gods.

Alas! These happy moments of clear insight and illumination are but moments after all. The discords of our over civilized and artificial life soon drown the music of the spheres; the fair face of heaven is too soon obscured again by storms of passion; while jealousy, self-will, hatred and fear, like evil beasts, rise up and trample under foot the fruit fair land. "Man never continues in one stay" — which is, after all, extremely fortunate for the dramatists and writers of fiction. Let us console ourselves! for indeed life at this admirably ideals level would interfere fatally with our excellent system of large profits and quick returns.

Such suddenly as he hesitated among the olives, thought that perhaps he would not go up to the Villa Rustelli at all that evening. The silent hour on the mountain-side had done much to loosen the chain of habit that was fastening on him. He was aware of a sudden sense of absolute relief from the life of the villa — from Mrs Price. Darkness with her secret and dark beauty; from Bertie Lowes with his soft voice and air of a mild Mephistopheles. He had drunk deep of the cup of nature. He could hardly go straight back and drink this thin vin ordinaire,

vicaire", and listen to the social gossip of a lady who was sure to have had some little gentleman or other already attended, who in her part was greatly desired to adore her 5th. daughter. The good Colonel, you see, per-mitted himself, to relate the cares as to the early visit there, and the contrast it offered to his late existence was to glancing. He leaned, with a slight movement of disgust. leaned against the gnarled grey trunk of one of the old trees, and felt for his cigar-case. He had been a good deal moved. It was more would steadily him.

Suddenly, he muttered, "Damn not quite in the humour for these people just now".

His surprise that the Colonel was conscious of making a mental reservation. "These people" did not include Jessie Price-Dauncey, somewhere. He thought, with a sense of relief, of his girl's bright, flaming locks and guileless eyes. She was a flesh, and natural, and far from all subtle undercurrent of sinister meaning as the resinous scent of the pines. Near the babble and glitter of the mountain stream.

"I would understand it all well enough", he thought. His clear eyes softened and he smiled quietly to himself. "She would never strike a false note, or be out of tune with that sort of feeling".

Mrs Sudeley's smile broadened a little. It changed its character from tenderness to amuse-ment.

"I wonder what she of my feelings she would be

out

ve of time with; Strange" he added. "I am afraid I am beginning to see as little into the inside affairs of that young lady. Is it possible that she is growing ~~[illegible]~~ dangerous?"

called on down the hillside, not looking very carefully where he was going, but following mechanically along the path.

They do go back to England early. as a dozen good looking young fellows with her head and ears in love with her in the first month".

was surprising how vindictive Rachel Sanderson felt at the thought of three dozen good looking young men.

Why the devil shouldn't they be in love with her? What more reasonable — and what possible excuse is there for mine?"

Suddenly stopped dead. The vision had faded. He was no longer face to face with the gods. But he was face to face with something which at moments is hardly less overpowering and incomprehensible, perhaps? Under the presence of divinity would he; — he was face to face with his own heart. He was conscious of an access self-revelation, which filled him both with pain and pleasure — with a sense of exultation and yet of immeasurable folly.

am in love", he said. "I, at eight and forty — I, who have never cared for a woman am in that way since Cecilia Murray — I, who reckoned myself as safe as a church — an elderly friends and adviser, interested of course, filled with a sort of fatherly regard. I am in love — in love with a beautiful girl of barely twenty". was aware of strangely conflicting emotions

nature. It is so keenly pleasurable to hear stirring of vivid narrative: — To let the miasquiature touch on our faces and forms, which seem to flatter up in its elf & lovely pursuer, unnumbered hopes, the delights of untold possibilities. And when the faces and forms in question are those of a young girl, innocent, inexperienced, before whom the years stretch out as a land of promise, flowing with milk and honey - there is indeed an inexplicable charm in the picture!. I mean hope to write noble poesy on the blank pages of the maiden's book of life; to keep it free from all smirch or stain, from all knowledge of sin, and sorrow, and disgrace. There is a palpable of reverence, & almost of pity mingling with the love of an honest man for a pure girl, which makes it the most exquisite, perhaps, of all human sentiments. [illegible] "He is the first that ever burst into that silent sea," — and in that thought there is, for certain natures poignant raptures, an aroma fresh as that of mountain flowers, as living delight as in the health of the mind of morning.

Lily suddenly drew herself up to her full height. She rejoiced in her fine physical health, in her vigour of body as she walked rapidly along the deep paved lane between the ivied yard walls. He was still in prison, Mr. Pierce. Dawson merely had told him so, — and it was true.

Her gracious thoughts did not last long.

When

and sadden over followed by practical consideration of disagreeable urgency. Rearon itically examined the situation, and drew appeared disinclined to straighten the hands emotion and desire. Eight and twenty years wide intervals between the respective ages of wife and husband. Not only this disparity unpleasant ungraceful: but, Cowal vaguely realized to himself that it might actually amount to being perilous. He was not a vain man, and was not disposed to over-estimate his own powers of attraction. Nor, too, his quick appreciation of what is natural harmonious influenced him. Perhaps, unconsciously to this judgment. The high value he set upon this freshness and spontaneity, which were such conspicuous qualities in Jessie, made the idea of her marrying a man whom it would be absurd to call anything but middle-aged almost unpleasingly incongruous. Philip revolted from applying his human relation which appeared to him distorted, or approximation, even so faintly, to what he would have called grotesque.

except old man with a beautiful young woman tied to him "a wasteful object", he worked out at last. "People sentimentalize over it and call it touching and pathetic, — it is disgusting. To think of a pretty woman, one fifteen years hence, when she is at her best, waking up in bed of a night, and seeing me with gout, and helping to wrap round my gouty old feet — and perhaps — there's no saying how love may fall at

last

"is walking about by my table d'hôte chair at the "hearty" waiting-place".
and suddenly shook himself.
"I'm disgusting" he said. "No, no, I'm a fool ever to have thought of it. It's all utter folly and madness. — Somebody ought to clap me into a lunatic asylum. A man's not fit to go about loose who is liable to lose his head in this sort of way".
and suddenly dined by himself in the restaurant that evening. He did not feel in the humour to meet the forced jaunty gaiety and the miscellaneous collection of guests at the "table-d'hôte". He sat above at a little table by a large French window standing open onto the hotel garden. There was a sound of many feet in the main street of the town as the folk there dined in. Companies of young men strolled up and down, singing to zithers in full deep voices wild waiting chants, which seemed to speak the of "old unhappy things, and battles long ago". Then suddenly there came on, as night fell, violin music, dancing again — as the player paced on between the high tiled houses — into silence with as plaintive lingering cry. The hall porter, his long green coat plentifully decorated with gold lace, and his brass helmet finely lighted the numerous gas-lamps in the square garden; stopping now and again to exchange a word or two with the Colonel's black-headed little waiter, who had a crumpled white napkin on arm. To take a survey of things in general between the courses. There was a blending of light and movement and

rich

colour and light. He recalls laughter, more suggestions of age, and weariness, and regret that are hardly ever absent from Italian scenery. The country is the ancient, it means much more in the life of today, merely places like a fit background to the great drama of summer which sweeps in across the awful heights and indifference.

Life had left peace up among the mid-woods on the still slopes of the Apennines. The war came again, crushing forward generation after generation, down the ages of history: — The same stories told over and over again, triumphs and endless procession of human woe; the past, the years of today, trivial with the same questions, the same maddening terror, the same degrading necessities and so far away to, apparently, from the ideal of absolute truth to, as the stern ark of old Roman's of the Republic; or the splendid and licentious Romans of the empire; or the savage hordes of barbarians, Goths, and Franks and Lombards — or the mid chivalrous children of the Middle Ages — or the glittering, rapturous sons and daughters of the Renaissance — or the weary watchers for the dawn of returning liberty in the long, sad night of Austrians and Papal supremacy. —

And suddenly, well dressed, well fed, solidly English, sitting comfortably at dinner at the open window of a modern hotel, and looking out calmly into the narrow street of a small port: and both the Italian town are still haunted and oppressed with its

perceptive

...ption of these things. The park seemed to
...ers - deadness and absorb sunshine, to threaten
...ecatening to swallow up
...r individuality. Thousands of men had wander-
...ed along these flowery paths of love, all unsuspecting,
...s he had. Thousands of men had turned away
...ahed their life's happiness on a woman's smile
...nd the clasp of a woman's hand. Thousands
...ad turned away disappointed, sick at heart,
...rmured with unsatisfied desires. Day after,
...thousands had got all they deserved of or
...espect for, and, in the end of, wearisome and
...mon. It was the old, old story over again. —
...The black-headed waiter, who had found
...nversation agreeable rather to the neglect of
...me obvious duties, turned in suddenly.
...hat Monsieur the Colonel have dessert? There
...was an excellent compôte of fruits?"
...Now never the Colonel would not have
...dessert - Monsieur the Colonel had arrived at
...conclusions. He went up to his own room and
...helped himself for the evening with scrupulous
...precision. He stopped a moment in the hall
...on coming down again and asked the porter for
...a light for his cigar. The man brought it, and
...then remarked, as he helped Philip on
...with his over-coat.
...They have company at the Villas Marfleet
...today. Two English ladies, a little boy and
...a maid. Antonio, Madame Pierce-Dawson's
...servant - whom doubtless Monsieur had often
...seen - has been down to secure rooms for
...them".
...and Sunderby did not hesitate much after this
upon

on this announcement, he was busy with his own thoughts. He was going to tell Mrs. Price-Dawson that as she had honoured him with her confidence, he would strongly urge upon her the advisability of an immediate journey to England. He was also going to say Good-bye. He had settled definitively to go on to Spezia to-morrow.

[illegible]

A s'mid night..

Gods evolutions are a pleasant crop to sow. The seeds spring up so readily, the blossoms open so soon and make such a brave show – especially just at first. We are full of self-congratulations: we point to our patches of garden ground with pardonable pride, and ask if anything ever promised better. But where the fruit of human lives has passed, as to this fruit?.. Well, it must be admitted that the fruit has a bad habit of maturing but slowly; and that the world too often hungs it down before it is well ripe. Every body knows what an unsatisfactory thing worldly fallen fruit is. After all the trouble it has given us in the earlier stages of growth, we grudge to let it fall on the ground and rot; and yet if, in an economical spirit, we gather it to get and eat it, it has an undeniable tendency to prove unwholesome and produces that unelegant and painful disorder vulgarly known as the colic.

Lily Underly's good resolutions were in very full bloom [illegible] as he walked up on that Sunday evening to the little red villa. In saying this the writer does not, for a moment,

to rave as wildly at the Colonel's expense. Far from
. To utter the bolder words on surfaces and
enquire how very seldom men and women
actually sacrifice their own desires to the raising of
an idea, there is something fine in such as
Jane's direct self and mistakes of purpose, in her
solitary self-abnegation, in her readiness to do
violences to her own feelings if by that during
such violences he came presently
to what appear to him an ideal finish
of living. There is a grain of heroism, surely, in an
honest acknowledgement of one's own
inabilities, — a heroism at the rare of
atonement because surrounded with romance
and glamour, because not in the very heart existing.
Elizabeth had determined to stand aside, to efface
herself, not so much as to hurt at her own feelings.
They were strong, strong enough in all conscience,
to be cured to himself, almost with shame, — but
he himself was stronger. He looked the matter
fairly in the face, judged it and turned away.
The thing it would be little short of dishonourable
to trade upon Jane's innocence and inexperience, to
use his love, still more her age loneliness as a
blank upon her piety... The Colonel, by that way,
recredited Jane with a number of virtues, of
the existence of which her own conduct
and conversation had given her limited indication.
But, then, lovers have a proverbial
power of
balancing
pyramids
and
generation

vation. –

her young girl must go to England, her thought. She was pretty enough and original enough to make a distinguished marriage. She should marry some man young, brilliant, unselfish as herself. And then that small voice, which is not the voice of conscience, but the voice of something quite the reverse of conscience – devout persons have gone so far as to fancy it the voice of Satan himself – then this voice began to suggest objections to this excruciating question: – there, for instance, it enquired, "What and if this magnificent young man turn out a gambler, or a profligate, or a drunkard"? – Philip Sudeley smiled free and clear sighted. The fate which lay before Jessie, in the future, it was not for him to predict. Such knew; and it was not for him, Philip Sudeley, to indulge his own passion under the specious pretence of acting special providence to her, and protecting her from possible trouble. It was his duty to leave her free, free as the air: keep of the Spirit might. To speak his mind forcibly to Mr. Price: Do away, and then go away and forget. – for Philip had no morbid craving to pose as a man with a history, or to brag of a useless regret – what he had ever come near doing would be the captivating young lady the son her father's old and faithful friend. That was the right course for the Colonel as an honest man to pursue. As personal appearance went Philip had rarely shown to greater advantage than he did on this occasion. The fighting light had come into his blue eyes and his jaw was set and square. Strong emotion, in some men, produces a singular effect

of gravel. It refused and darkened the
face. The blood rushed some up right cheek
under his delicate eye as he walked up rapidly
away under the hedges - there must have
been the warning moonlight touched their tassels
like rain of silver.
Turning a sharp angle across the vineyards
brought the same zig-zags of the carriage-road.
This path came on the right and
at the foot of the terraces on which the house
stands; and, passing along there under the
wall of the mansion, join the main road
some twenty yards further on at the bottom of
the final ascent.
Jarnel suddenly reached the end of the path
and turned along under the walls the hazel
rises on the terraces immediately above him.
He could not see the flowers, owing to their
position and the high retaining screen of masonry.
Since he was always a very well meaning
young man - not good looking, and not very
sharp, you know. We came as great of friends at once
time - none, in fact, than Jarnel really wished - not
that I want to say at once against him, pray
understand that; he was perfectly inoffensive.
He suddenly ceased as right struck. The voice
woman's, how mellowing alternately
gaiety and sharpness dressing in the tones of
which struck him as unpleasant yet deeply
interesting.
"Oh it must be the time sauce", he heard Mr. Knox
answer, — There was no mistaking his affectance.
The description talked admirably, except in one
particular".

"That

at particular?" — This abruptly by the woman. I sometimes as little offensive now, at least to me, as ever I was. But people must develop, you know, in twenty years. — He is still not very sharp, as you put it, and is eminently respectable".

He suddenly walked on quickly out of hearing. He had an instinct that the foregoing conversation concerned him pretty nearly. Taken all round it was not a flattering piece of criticism; still he derived a certain satisfaction from the knowledge that he was offensive at times to Mr. Nettie Jones. — But that woman's voice.. He could not fit a name or personality to it, and yet he became momentarily sure and more convinced that he remembered it very well. He walked fast rapidly along the vineyards path, hitting impatiently at the straggling weeds by the side of it as he did so, and then turned to the right up the carriage road. The steep slopes of the ground compelled him to slacken his pace. The were barking and barking up at the old reservoir, among the tall grass cones in the gulley on the left: and the sharp metallic note of the cicadas became louder; but Colonel Enderby, with all his sense of nature, was not in the right humour to find pleasure in them. His pride rebelled against the false position in which he found himself. The fact of having overheard something not intended for his ears was intensely annoying to him. That woman's voice troubled him. He the unemployable side of life at the Villa Rinaldi, which had nearly faded out of the range of his vision during the last few days, suddenly rushed into the fore-

ground

made against white buildings distinctly. The lines of dull and windows had showed plainly enough when the last Persian rose half hour ago: but now they seemed to grow inextricably confused and blurred. He felt suspicion, vaguely disturbed. This movement of suspicion quickened itself even in the beautiful night. The grasshopper became as birdsong, the frogs with their ever lasting chatter an absolute nuisance. The scent of the orange-heir wandering down on the wind from the gardens beyond the house, was richly in its sweetness. There was as magical influence about the night, as baffling and perplexing as the dim sense of familiarity which that woman's voice had evoked.

On top of the hill Colonel Enderby paused. The scene before him was as quaint and fantastic one. The unlately [illegible] little red villas seemed fireflies to have put on a gala dress. The terraces stretched away, bathed in pale moonlight, save here and there at broad shafts of purple and yellower light streamed out across it from the hall door. The gardens was gay with a number of little coloured paper lanterns, swaying gently in the breeze, and throwing here and there in high relief the [illegible] blossoms and foliage of the adjacent shrubs, while from the spaces of darkness between. From the garden came a sound of voices. [illegible]. But that which specially arrested Colonel Enderby's attention was a pair of white figures on the terrace directly in front of him, — one that of a girl, the other of a child some five or six years old. The two were playing

Ligettus

Isabel, running lightly to and fro, laughing and calling to each other in their fresh and clear as bird-notes. There was a weird unearthly effect in the pale shifting figures. For a few seconds, as in the twilight of light running out from the door-way, they would become materialized, invest with flesh and blood; then stepping back into the moonlight again, they instantly regained their vague ethereal character.

Philip spiritedly broke the strange waiting. Under the circumstances it was difficult to know exactly how to act. He could not simply walk up calmly to the young lady in the midst of her mystic evolutions, and greet her with some stereotyped remark upon the state of the weather. His part made him acutely instinctively how very unimaginative as mode of procedure. Had there been something more sentimental than mere good taste in Philip's just now. He was in that heightened state of moral and emotional consciousness, in which conventional ways of conducting oneself are quite the least easy or obvious. Seeing Jessie again in the light of the confession she had so lately made to him, the fair Colonel was almost painfully aware how much she was to him, how delightful he found her presence, what a tender and yet penetrating value for every look and action had his love — how terribly sweet it would be to hold her in his arms, to hold and keep her forever near his heart. And yet as she laughed with merry meaningless laughter, and ran with light quick foot-steps after the laughing child, she seemed cruelly far out of his reach — as creature of some young fay-like ideal world! — Yet, here was indeed nothing. For Philip suddenly the dear, tremulous, delicious secret had fairly begun

...ure, and so far as my part, entirely refuse to ...ish him. This picture must only cover for ever ...one of us shall that happy pair is ...ured for ever.

...denly the child set off running straight ...ong his terrace, looking back and ...ghing in the ...ning girl behind him as he ran. Catching sight ...y perfectly of Colonel Luderby's tall dark figure ...ght in front of him, the boy screamed with as shrill ...y of fright, and would have fallen headlong, ...ing, if Philip had not stepped forward ...d caught him by the arm.

...h out, my little man", he said kindly, "or you ...ll have your tumbling on your head."

...e paused on hearing the child's cry. She stood ...ite for a moment, and put up one hand, with an ...stinctive movement to smooth the veil of her ...ir back. Then she came forward slowly. The ...onlight fell softly upon her straight slender figure. ...ashing. Her head was thrown back and ...re was a charming half defiant smile on ...r face.

...desirable blossoms which had thrown so much ...e Philip Luderby's path of good resolutions ...ilted and faded instantly at this juncture. ...e point of view, if it ever came to perfection, promised ...be a detestably bitter mouthful. He was rapidly ...arning out of the region in which he was thinking ...d reasoning, into that more interesting and also ...ar more dangerous one in which he merely felt, He ...ight gallantly with the rising tide of his own ...assion. He would go away ...o-morrow. He would be folly and worse than folly ...ly to ask this mere child to marry him,

and

– yet, how he could have loved her! – How
badly he could have concentrated also his life to
its service. With what fullness of satisfaction
he could have borne her off from this crowded hot
aggressive Italian land, and watched her
native mind take its full sweet self into
this long white English summer days,
this broad green country and (in) the innocent
northern sunshine. He fancied the girl would
be far more at home at dear old B. stately
old Barnet Tarn than in the sultry artificial
manner of the Villa Martelli.
This flashed through Philip Enderby's mind
as Jessie, in 'morning' white garments, came
forward in the cool moonlight. The garden with
its tawdry coloured lanterns, its jig tub murmur of
conversation, and tinkle of coffee cups, lay behind her. She
was stepping westwards away from it and also
that it implied – away from Bertie Howes and his
sub-acids humour, away from Mrs. Pierce.
Downey and her dark, restless affections,
away from unknown to her with hard half-
remembered voices, away from that little hard
evil spirit of a monkey – away from all that
out towards the peaceful and
gracious solemnity of the spring night – and
towards him.
Enderby dropped the boy's hands, which had
rested in his. He put this child gently away
from him and stood waiting. His eyes were very
clear and steady, but there was a certain pause
in his expulsion – as of one to whom a
good gift is offered, yet who cannot, for very
delight in it, bear to put from his hand and

take.

it.
e little boy, who did not apparently at all
ide the indifference of Philip's manner, came
. but more wistful presence, ran up to Jessie, and
illed at her dress, saying: —
i'se? What does he want? Don't let us stop
playing because of him".
looked fully at the colonel for a moment,
then she bent down towards the upturned
ices of the child, and said, with a very peculiarly
ear and distinct enunciation: —
en Johnnie, and Dick take you who he is. He is
kind friend, and a famous soldier. He has seen
eat battles and strange countries. And he never
ried out when he was a little boy and nearly fell
wn on the gravel. — And", she went on, very softly; he
promised to help me to get away from the little red
ibbon and go to England, but I am afraid. He has
n getting tired all about that".
n't want you to go away, Jessie", returned
oy, promptly. Evidently he regarded most things
n as personal to himself and part. "I want you
to stay here and play with me".
el Suddenly came up to and stood
ear Jessie girl. Her words had been wonderfully
pleasant to him. She
rested one hand on the boy's shoulder,
with the other pushed back the heavy mass of
brown hair from his forehead, and all the while
looked up with something between amusement
and appeals at the man standing opposite to
her.
ip felt a quickening of the pulse, and an
certain intoxication of the senses such as he had

a long day.

...mmm his ... mamma. He wonder go — yes
... wonder go — but, ... still ... it was not his human
... to ... the present moment.
... still want to go to England very much Miss"? he
...ked.
"I'll care so much about it tonight", she answered,
"it's patting her hand over the boy's hair," because
... answered. But to-morrow, or the first day it
...ain, or Bertie is sick, or Mamma has a headache
... wants to go as much as ever".
...de S. replying, was writing, writing in Phillip Baker's
...ok, but he thought it manfully.
...derstanding.
...mma came, to night, on purpose to speak
... Mr. Price-Dawson on that subject", he said.
...ught to have done so sooner, but the days
...ave slipped by and I have had no suitable
...pportunity. I did not forget all the same".
...e looked down and gently patted the child's
...under.
...not fancy you are one of those people who easily
...get their pronouns, Colonel Sudely", he said
...just now, I don't quite know why — but I do not
...really think it".
...ip took a long breath. He had some difficulty in
replying as calmly and unconcernedly as he wished
to.
"must I speak to you like that, Miss Price-
-Dawson", he said. "It makes it rather hard for me to say
to you what I came here to say".
...e glanced up quickly & attentively.
"came came to bid you good-bye", he went on
doggedly. "I am obliged to leave for Spezzia to-
morrow."

word".

The receipt of that gave Sylvia her cue. Philip was to say that he had come to Philip with the last hope, a formula which left the actual statement.

"Mr. Drake", said the girl. Her expression altered curiously. "I don't care for Mr. Drake".

"Not Drake!", said Philip — "No. I'm afraid there is a good deal more in it than can justly be put down to his account".

"You will come back again"?. Jennie spoke with a man's engaging little air of entirety.

Philip suddenly shook his head rather sadly.

"Think not", he answered.

The girl turned away almost petulantly. Her soft white skirt swept against Philip as he stood in her, and stirred the loose gravel, as she moved, with a quick rattling sound. She threw herself forward, leaning her elbows on the low terrace wall, and looked out over the dim vineyards into the deep purple of the night. Her attitude showed very markedly the supple beauty of her figure — the strong delicate line of the back from shoulder to waist, and the graceful curve of her hips as she leaned over the fitting white bodice.

"No use, then," she said, "Mamma will never go to England if you leave her to herself. She will stay, and stay, and stay. You do not know how it is, but I believe when people have been some time in Italy they cannot go away. They are under a spell. They must remain. Mamma is like

Wait.

is. If you leave us we shall stay here always.
- Don't go, Colonel Sudeley", she cried suddenly standing up and turning to him. "Or if you must go come back soon again. Everything was seen to under pleasanter auspices since he came. Mamma was seen delightful to us, we have had no little scenes. Even as to Bertie's melancholy, it did not matter. Had none one else to think about". He spoke very quickly and frankly looking up into her companion's face. One thing that helped to make this young lady so truly captivating was an apparent absence of all self-consciousness. There was no effect of straightforwardness in her little speeches which, especially, pleased him. Of any sort of coquetry. Philip, he was hardly pleased. If there was a studied disregard of his opinion, he did not very carefully consider it. It was enough that this fair young creature, standing there within a yard of him, begged him not to desert her, told him her days were pleasanter for his coming, flushed into life in her beautiful and fearless innocence. The moment was a critical one. Just then, however, the little boy, who had smiled very much knowingly at this interview, in which his usually personality seemed to count for little, but for patience and tact to open remonstrance.

"Come along, Jessie", he said, pulling at her hand. "Let's go and play. Or else take me to mother. I want to go to mother".

Bertie Huer came out of the garden. He stood irresolute against the gate. Just for a minute, watching the little group at the far end of the terrace, and then ran slowly towards them.

"Come

"along, Jessie, - don't you hear? Do come" shouted
the boy. The corners of his mouth began to turn
down in an ~~ugly~~ ominous fashion.
"don't cry, dear," ~~she entreated~~ answered quickly. "I do not like
children when they cry".
The critical moment ~~was~~ was over. Which suddenly
occurred to Philip again. He had been cruelly
disappointed, but he had mastered the temptation. He
would be true to his best he could see.
"Do take it to Mr. Price. Dawson," he said to Jessie.
"you will trust me to do my best?"
"yes;" ~~she answered~~, "for it is that I trust you very
fully. But, all the same, we shall ~~not forget~~ stay on
here midnightly if you go away".
"not go away," ~~said~~ Philip spoke, gently and gravely, looking
very full at the charming young girl. "I ~~shall~~ must
go for a very little reason — I dare not stay".

Ch. XII

The joys of reunion.

"My dear Jessie", W. Huer began, [illegible] quickly as soon as he was within speaking distance: [illegible]: "[illegible] – are you disposed to perpetuate an act of virtue and go and mount guard?. Connie Plowden is becoming a little nervous, & am [illegible] already quite nervous already. – You are eminently welcome, Colonel Sudeley", he added with gracious [illegible] emphasis. "Some relations of mine have kindly come to see me today. We have not so much in common as one would wish – my fault, of course, I own – and Nature family affections goes a long way, and fills up many gaps, conversation now is becoming the least shade difficult. I have been looking forward to your arrival with longing and hope. Would you come and say something to them?. We should all unite in a movement of [illegible] gratitude unfeigned".

"I will be very happy to make my self useful" said Philip, stiffly. He [illegible] detested W. Huer with amazing cordiality at that moment.

It is no good of "you";– [illegible]. Then he

addressed glanced sure than
is Jennie, at whom he had ~~[illegible]~~ one white
~~[illegible]~~, speaking.
wonders if you know him exactly, becoming that
one is?" he remarked, in a meditative
manner.
"or not much matter whether I know it or not;"—
she replied quickly.
"This perplexes me, you mean", continued W. Ames, ~~[illegible]~~
by still looking at her, and lifting his eyes brow
slightly. "commends me to your fundamental-
good-sense, Jennie! It never deserts you".
"do not say that" meant answered, with some warmth.
"Oh, no, of course not, ~~[illegible]~~" If you
had it would have tended to dispose my statement
with irritating rapidity. But you have nothing
to be understood. Your charity is always admirable."
"it is more than can be said of your own, at
times, W. Ames", more than ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~.
~~[illegible]~~ number of ~~[illegible]~~
pains of jealousy had contributed to ~~[illegible]~~
dangers ~~[illegible]~~ Philip's self-control. ~~[illegible]~~
he was bitter and ~~[illegible]~~ but his tongue
petty wrongfully. "That fellow, with his ~~[illegible]~~
and warty unintuitions, will make her an artificial
and unbelieving as he is himself", he thought; and,
then he added mentally as certain doubts concerning W. Ames's
future destiny, considerably more vigorous than
polite.
He reasonable, stood at last, ~~[illegible]~~
with an air of ~~[illegible]~~ interested surprise.
"you are cross with the trees gardens", he said. "Perhaps
it would be safer. Their dew is ~~[illegible]~~ exposed; and medical
men say that moonlight is dangerous. It affects
the

intelligence in your career. Shall we come"?.
Things were more acutely initiating. Bertie that
whole journey should be triumphantly a basis
[illegible] gravity of demeanour, when you are concerned
& knowing [illegible] but your own. Bertie knew
Lastical this phrases tone of voice frequently
upon the members of his acquaintance. He entirely
agreed to be ruffled; for he became [illegible] quieter
who were entirely polite and gracious that was all.
He was quickly ready to [illegible] small insolences
[illegible] and help those that cursed him; and
this, not because his spirit was penetrated with a
conviction of the inestimable value of the graces of
humility, but simply because it was not worth
while to get excited. Men and things were uniformly
unsatisfactory. This world is a most unsuccessful
speculation — bound to go wrong and ours as bone!
To be generally to be excited or [illegible] angry,
implied that you had expected things to go
right and were unfortunately disappointed. It was
[illegible] undesirable; it was exquisitely foolish to
be disappointed; and if there was one thing Mr.
Knox dreaded it was being foolish. He did not dread
anything else very much. He was under the impression
that he had taken the measure of this
world with which could detain him — he believed
he was equal to meeting them. He had not very
much, he thought either to gain or to lose,
having his heart in his own possession. That
would be a lasting loss and irretrievable one.
As to Colonel Enderby, Bertie had a
considerable respect for him. [illegible]. He fancied
that he understood the character
quite completely. He knew quite well that Colonel En-

Enderby

to dislike such, but it would have appeared strange or unreasonable to Bertie to be annoyed with him on such grounds as to be annoyed with such for wearing with deliberation, or with as spider his opinions as did Pooh and such result of such circumstances, & misfortune, vexation, education. To see offended with them, poor dear, for what they cannot possibly help, for sympathies and antipathies born of such surroundings and beyond such control is simply absurd. And so it comes about that material and real pariahs creed produces some aspects of the highest christian endurance and toleration, & a really admirable gladness of soul, combined with as beautiful absence of any vindictive desire to wreak such evil on mortals, with such patient ministry of guiding such holy, ~~spotless~~ out of such.

Immediate consequences of W. Inner's ~~visit~~ visit (on the present occasion) was that he entertained such company with agreeable conversation as they walked such up & such down such terrace & such little ~~room~~ length of such ~~terrace~~. His face was mild and ~~patient~~ serious, his manner calm and restful. As visited such school as one visits a slightly insane patient, she would be agreed with and such humoured. Bertie ~~knew~~ dawdled, loitered, gazed down over such terrace wall at such view and such at the town below - ~~seemed~~ did such less, in fact, to lengthen out such little walk as much as possible, and completely to engage Isobel Sudely's attention.

attention.

Picasso was also decidedly under the disadvantage. He [illegible] had been on the wrong side of [illegible]. He did not enjoy that unfortunate [illegible] with Picasso always [illegible] and he had with his [illegible] unfortunate young gentleman. He dwindled too, and his friends very civilly to Mr. Homer's advice on to this part of society, and other kindred matters, while his eyes flowed perfectly [illegible] with [illegible] Margaret Stein [illegible] Gertrude was saying: —

I should come to a writer, you know. Florence is intensely delightful to visit. And Stein is generally interesting as society, society [illegible] current as good deal of material to Stein imagine. Then you should see it, Colonel Sudely. You would form one element — perhaps a new one. Society would be obliged to you. But Stein was, on coming Mr. Hamlet who is here is right: could tell you as to about Florence. She was Stein a good deal a few years ago, before her husband [illegible] Eugene died. Then were original traits in Eugene's character. Mr. Hamlet had to come to Florence, Spain, while there lived in Florence.

Col Sudely happened to look [illegible] like at [illegible] Bertie Homer on this latter fainted dreadfully. His thoughts had been engaged with [illegible] somewhat perturbing personal considerations [illegible] and he

had

Mr Ellis Major
Hardly noticed what had
been said. The two were standing quite
near each other in the narrow gallery. Francis
& his singular expression about his companion &
his self-possession gave an interest to
watching his words dignified
& his perfect.
His tone put his hand over his eyes as memory
& he endeavoured to recall exactly.
"Oh me", he said, "how vulgar & little watched
little lantern looks at this moonlight; and yet
eerie and queer rather pleased with our
illumination at first. Then now - Quite I am
& it was a lamentable exhibition of my taste - I think it
has a certain value. It presents a contrast, and
there is a great deal to be got out of contrast.
They are a very teaching. They make one
aware of a number of sensations one might
otherwise miss. And at my age I begin to
cherish sensations - that is if it is there, one not too
vivid."
Cursed me as his eyes with a pleasure
a cordial, and then
at Philip Raikes, and smiling amiably, added: -
"Speaking of contrasts, Colonel Sudeley, there is a
sufficiently striking one". - It is a little unkind
& use of the adverb certainly, but that, about
it unavoidable. "Mr Lester, there, & my cousin
my cousin Jane Peirce-Dawson and my cousin
Cecilia Parrett - née Dawson".
Sudeley came a few steps with them
in. He stared and would hardly speak
& down at him. He was conscious of a sudden
luminous

solid ground
ing emerging ni ti wave. The [illegible] seemed
to give her [illegible] into place
a firm [illegible] strength again.

She then proceeded gravely patting me: with the
little gardener, [illegible] with the big fish
in one of my waving lantern jelly fish, when her
every little body her whole figure shining in bright colors:
as the diver, multi tudinous background of coral
and flower. She was speaking with considerable
animation and animation — apparently her
exciting her late game of play. By her side listening
to her clear speech was a tall, slim, [illegible]
[illegible] indeed woman who had [illegible]
[illegible] undoubtedly "Avalon" towards with the
deep of her youth. She wore as plain tight-fitting
help of dark material; and gave the
impression of being a tried careful over burdened
individual; of having retained a vitality
inside in spite of her indifferent to little small matters
of minor attire, bonnet and was meagre to these
petty details of gesture and manner so important to
every woman who retains her natural dernier
of appearing to advance taste. in a masculine eye.
It is a connecting link between these
two very dissimilar persons who the little boy — holding
the hand of the elder woman, kicking about the
loose gravel with his feet, — putting in
a remark from time to time in a thin, [illegible] voice
tones.

"See you have not to tried yourself, Jennie" said the
old lady, [illegible] "Allegiance". You have
been very kind in amusing Johnnie so long."
young girl laughed gently. She had wonderful
sparkling in her [illegible] face and quick
graceful

...ts movements. The motion she had disclosed ...that this letter should attract Colonel ...ddy had apparently roused ...ious, ...ness gave place to a slight ...ghtness in her blue-grey eyes and a slight ...vibration in her ...voice.

"Hardly ever tried", she answered, "only I have read, and then I just go to sleep. Mamma says I am remarkably strong. I am very glad of that. I am not fond of sickness or sick people — it all seems unnatural, you know".

Arnold appeared as little reconsidered; she drew the ...ter nearer to her ...and replied: —

"Keep me unnatural. I am sure I don't want to. It is very common".

He smiled. He glanced at the two women under the orange trees, and then at Philip Roddy.

"Contrast mitigants you?" he enquired.

The Colonel's expression had resolved itself ...to one of unmitigated amazement, into unfeigned pity. The position was as painful and embarrassing for him as he was determined to carry it through with high head.

Since I was the bearer of burning shame", he said, with unaccustomed firmness of manner. "She was undoubtedly ill-gotten me Chinaglia, as it is a long while since we have met. I must ask you to mention my name to her, to recall me to her remembrance".

The nurse made a gesture of assent.

All unaware Miss Price. Mrs. Treverton and my worthy aunt Mrs. Thurman just coming

[illegible] Mr. Peirce. Dawson did not [illegible] up
[illegible] two gentlemen in a rather unnecessarily
[illegible] manner. The Duke looked at Mr. Philip
[illegible] silence, and then [illegible] aside
[illegible]
[illegible] said: —

"Mr. Peirce [illegible] Mr. Murray. — Mr. Murray
knows me that you and the old friend —
that was the time, was it not? — old friend,
Colonel Peirce".

Philip bowed profoundly to a volunteer
[illegible] friend [illegible] of archway of the arbour.
Colonel Peirce now added the
[illegible] said the lady, with a large and
slightly bitter [illegible] archness of address.
"We women
remember [illegible] every little event in our
quiet monotonous lives. But with the men
it is no different. A Woman and things
[illegible] you know," [illegible] and
[illegible] Mr. Peirce
[illegible] and [illegible] dear old recollections,
while we [illegible] at home with our
[illegible] and our
memories and our regrets — Ah! dear me".

[illegible]

Philip felt [illegible] rebuked. [illegible] Jamie you said.
[illegible] an excellent [illegible] he [illegible]
quickly.

"— What?" exclaimed Mr. Murray, rather sharply.
The Duke turned to Mr. Peirce. Dawson with the
[illegible]

multiple of great ~~sociality~~ geniality of demeanour.
"He knows always what Colonel Sudeley's career will be under his orders, mind you. ~~Sophisticated~~ Fine patter. Knows his men. Silent. Very keen on his professional, very deadly with a sword in his hand. Knows when to speak to a soldier, when to ~~kick~~ use the side of his boot. Colonel Sudeley, again! Told me what it stood me about Waterloo, my dear Bertie, in fact was responsible for — Sally, you know, it's a very, very singular".
While Bertie accompanied these words, revealed remarkably even and ~~little~~ white teeth. Mr. Murray was ~~and~~ an old man but he was extremely well preserved — almost too well preserved ~~in fact~~. He was stout, high-coloured, and emulated by himself, apparently, both of barrel and of his waistcoat.
"Dear me!, what a relief to happily come upon a familiar face! It's been like the ~~Gobi~~ Sahara to me since I arrived, you know. But in fact, I'm glad to say, I've ricochet ~~recovered~~ once more; and in this spirit, I do ~~not~~ recommend, in fact recommend".
Price-Tremayne looked a little hard at the young man.
"Sir," he said, quickly, "you are talking ~~nonsense~~ — Sirius," he added addressing Major Colonel ~~Headquarters~~, "once a week to Mr. Farrell".
Lip ~~reading~~ found himself, blushing again slightly, mechanically. He had a vision of a pale, ~~narrow~~, aux yeux romains face, and of a distance lighting ~~station~~ down: the murder of his host at her hands to deliver himself ~~a~~ civil and appropriate greeting. — Last time he had seen that woman she was pretty and young. He had loved her desperately. He had kissed her at

parting —

cruelly
ness! — It seemed maliciously as if all the evil
forces of life were leagued against them.
Gwendolen had never felt so much alone in her life,
as she did at that moment, and her dear
mother's presence and sympathy never
was so much needed by her as now.
The perceptible pause of time after Colonel Enderby's
introduction to Mr. Darnell was an embarrassing
silence. No one seemed disposed to take
the initiative. Even Mr. Murray began
to repent, now that all of seeing Gwendolen
had been accomplished, that he had not
left the task of breaking the news of
Gwendolen's career, and the discovery of
her mother entirely to Colonel Enderby.
"Well" remarked Mr. Murray, gently, "now for our really
joyful meeting of old friends. Gwendolen it is time for you
to take your part of the conventionality of our
welcome of reconciliation. Address your dear mother
in the words of the right of old friends
could fill you with unmitigated rapture. You are fond of
athletics of this kind, what do you think about
it Gwen Robinson Nell?"
had not
Gwendolen did not reply to this question, but
Gwen, Mrs. Darnell, murmured Speakers
to her mother
Gwendolen hastily and that
did not improve her personal appearance. It is getting very late Mr.
Johnnie, and we have not seen more yet,
you know".
"Do you forgive my hand so rightly, Mistress", asked
the little boy pettishly. "You hurt me".

"I

"I think Mamma would like Bertie to read," ~~exclaimed~~ said Mrs. Percie Dawnay, suddenly. There was rather a dangerous light in her eyes.

"I know Mamma does," Cecilia hastily went on. "I think Bertie had better start soon".

"I shall see you again, Gabriel Frederic," said Mrs. Murray, ~~kissing~~ with much warmth of manner. "Good night and give our regards to Persia".

Instantly Gabriel's manner ~~changed~~ hardened. "But I wish you would stay and talk to me for a little while longer".

Philip ~~had~~ was aware of Gabriel's unmitigated and indiscreet rudeness. Bertie ~~had~~ said "No", politely, made his adieux and Mrs. Percie Dawnay ~~looked~~ very gently.

~~[illegible]~~.

"Let me, dear so soon" ~~[illegible]~~? Gabriel from the window's recess ~~implored~~ Mrs. Murray would be here for some little longer. "Well, well" ~~she~~ Mrs. Murray went on, shaking one fat hand, with its multiplicity of jangling bracelets, at him, playfully — "we shall see, we shall see, but I'm afraid it will make your dearest, your own, most brilliant friend ~~be~~ not at all good. For nothing Bertie's ~~secret~~ secret ~~arcanum~~ about old friends".

The excellent lady with many expressions of affection ratified her most delightful of evenings to the hearing of her hostess.

"I go with you," said Mrs. Percie Dawnay. See that Mrs. Murray has her shawls and things. You will pardon my remaining here," she continued turning to Cecilia. "Bertie you will be ~~sure~~ take care of your aunt — Antonio can go, too, you know and carry the child".

A.

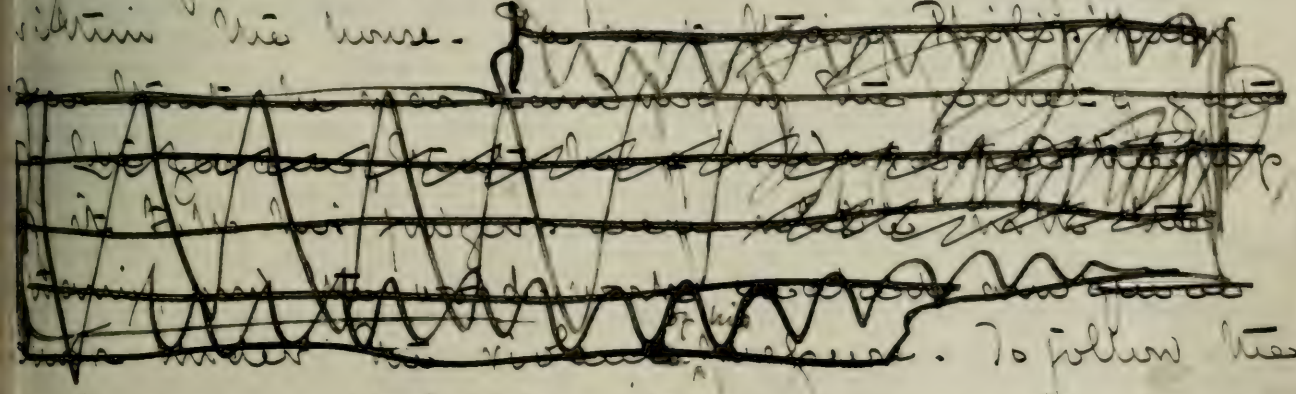
[illegible] Edward followed the [illegible] of her [illegible]. Mother's query was [illegible] Philip's reply. Edward [illegible] and looked up at him with [illegible] mixture of anger and entreaty in her [illegible] face.

"You good [illegible], you are educated, you stick to me, [illegible] go?" she said quickly. "Don't [illegible] remain in ever at the little red villa. I hate [illegible] my entirely, Colonel Sudely. I have been [illegible] deceived in me".

[illegible] at Philip to the guide. The whole [illegible] had risen [illegible] and [illegible] over. [illegible] was [illegible]. He [illegible] at her arm [illegible] and [illegible] her.

"[illegible]," [illegible] "Jessie [illegible] he said, "Jessie. Don't [illegible] me [illegible] the [illegible]".

The girl [illegible] and [illegible] her [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] Kissing [illegible] her cheek of its burden [illegible] and fled. He saw her [illegible] figure dart quickly across the semi-darkness [illegible] flash [illegible] clear up on [illegible] the [illegible] right [illegible] of the door-way, and then disappear [illegible] the house.



To follow [illegible] was impossible. He [illegible] [illegible] face [illegible]

face

with that painful, tearful look on Mr. Murray's
face, and with a sudden flash of intuition I knew
what was troubling him. He took a long
breath, as if bracing himself, and then
told me of the visit of the little
girl between the telephone and her question.
She was suffering an acute attack of nervous indigestion.
She had flung herself down on the kitchen divan
beside the table with all of the life
out of her body, and as Colonel Sudeley came
in her face was white with pain.
"Help us, Mr. Sherlock Holmes." She is the
only daughter of my friend. She is
dangerously ill.

At once I telephoned to Baker Street, but Mrs. Hudson informed me that Holmes had gone out early in response to a telegram from Aberdeen. I knew that he might be gone all day, and that time was precious, so I hurried round to Montague Street, only to find that the case had been taken out of my hands. Sir Eustace Brackenstall had been found murdered in his bed, with a poker beside him, and Holmes had gone off at once to Burnley, the nearest town of importance. I was lunching at the club when I received a telegram from Lestrade, imploring me to join him. Of course I threw up everything and hurried to the station. Lestrade met me on the platform and we drove together to the house, which stood in its own grounds a few miles from the town. I gathered that the man was not popular in the county, and that there was a strong feeling against the police for what was considered their unnecessary persecution of the unfortunate owner. Rumours of his guilt had evidently got abroad, for a crowd of people followed us down the avenue, and broke into a cheer when horses appeared.

must give you very serious thought and
pray that you may receive the grace
to do what is right, before it is too
late".

Ireland continued on its way through
all manner of evil and sad thoughts.
It was midnight when Grandma
awoke and myself with the bell.
A sound of footsteps and voices came from the
direction of the house. The guests were
parting. Then Father Tabb and another stalked
in the garden.

"You've given us a fine one here, ma'am" (am I right?) the priest said,
"you must just make on. Mr. Hines sent out this
hand. meant to stop the house, [illegible] but
[illegible] out
from us".

Mrs Manner towards her mistress was not weighted
with any over abundance of reverence. Their
acquaintance dated from the days of [illegible] sensible
ones and more helpful spirit dried, and as power
of that station survived between them still.
Mrs. Price-Powell addressed her readily in home
the shawl wrapped about her.

"Have Sam put out the horses Lucy?" Father
Tabb said on.

"Leave that to Antonio. You can't see Miss",
answered Mrs Price-Powell Eleanor [illegible].

"Antonio waiting. Mr Hines invited [illegible] guests.
Can't see Miss just as well as Antonio. Has had
to be won't be back in the best part of an
hour, I'm. The candles are burnt right down,
they'll be all fine in the paper before long".

[illegible]
do as you like, you always have your own
way

[illegible] Mrs Ferrier.
[illegible] Mrs. Peirce-Dawson got up.
[illegible] on the terrace," she said to Colonel
[illegible]erden. "Tell me," she added as they moved
away, "are your reasons in connected
with any writing you were here to night?
I'd decided to go to the Dawn
Our guests this evening. I'd already mentioned
this fact to your daughter."
Peirce-Dawson leaned against the low terrace.
[illegible]ath.
"It is very abrupt," she said.
The gardens Father extinguished the
coloured lights one by one. There was something rather
fiendish about the (Fall) form.
A marquis that [illegible] hands (the) hands. Features, brain working
side by side: "[illegible]" derive a harsh
satisfaction from [illegible] cutting short the pretty
frivolous, superfluous brilliance of those
waning lights.
Gip watched her mistress for a moment, then
followed quickly and earnestly. She [illegible]
[illegible] silently putting out all the [illegible]
gay-coloured lamps, just as Father
Ambler was putting out the gay-coloured lanterns,
but a penetrating quality, a mist of anxiety
became in his speech. He alluded to their
former conversation, he reminded Mrs. Peirce-Dawson
that she had asked his advice — now he gave
it. She had spoken of her step-daughter's future —
of her taking (her own country and kindred)
and finds expression for her fears. "Foreigners and
(writing) foreigners" he said, seems to me likely to make
very

"poor art of husbands". For her own peace of mind as well as for Jessie's welfare, she urged her to go and go soon, to renew acquaintance with her own and her husband's relations, to pick up the threads of English life again.

Friends quickly. Then he had finished with Paris, with art and all abstraction.

"It is what you advise, then?"

"That is what I advise. I honestly have never felt the matter over as carefully as I knew how. That is what you ought to do".

Price. Dauncey raised her shoulders mistakenly. "You are mistaken, mistaken", she exclaimed. "No, I am not — I wish I was mistaken", said the blond sadly. "Have you found the boat fortnight very pleasant Mr. Price. Dauncey, it is not to please [illegible] I go away".

[illegible] embarks on this topic and makes a circle round — but somehow they were back in his hotel, the circle refused to open.

Price. Dauncey drew a breath into her lungs — Then she had got a few steps away she called after him.

"Do not start early tomorrow".

Colonel Sackville turned back.

"I will do my shall go in the mid-day train", he answered.

The end of the terrace was dark as dark both as the Villa Turchi. The moon had set some little before. The waves lapped up as black [illegible] shadowless malt, white as moisture, here and there, [illegible] gently to gl[illegible] from white. The rock and circular wall enclosed their long concert. Only the muffled roar of the surf sounded up and the breeze, and the night wind whispered

and

rustled

~~and~~, among the dirt beaten of the Hebrew ~~women that~~ are the wear ends of the upper ~~wizards~~ parts. For ~~before~~ the ~~beauty~~ light of the town twinkled ~~in~~ yellow amid the wide ~~circle~~ circuit of the night. So ~~should~~ suddenly the heart ~~in~~ twilight seemed of the substance of dreams, ethereal ~~unsubstantial~~. The ~~gaiety~~ play ~~was~~ ceased out, the ~~curtain~~ had come down, the ~~invisible~~ inevitable was over; the common ~~work-a-day~~ world closed round us in ~~our~~ own ~~cares~~ care. He ~~believed~~, at that moment that ~~he~~ he had paid good-bye ~~to~~ for ever to all extravagance ~~pleasures~~ of joy or sorrow. Wife, child, home — there ~~he~~ had never been ~~not~~ of the heart's ~~joy~~ pleasures and heaven's bonds, were not for him. He would go away, go back to his soldiering ~~again~~: it had crushed him ~~once~~ long ago, peiheaps it would restore to ~~us~~ him again. The knight with a special satisfaction of the innumerable ~~hardships~~ woes of black luck ~~of~~ Elderhurst, ~~which he had undergone~~ of which he ~~lonely~~ barren ~~childhood~~ and ~~the~~ dreary ~~coming~~ ~~his~~ ~~his~~ ~~living~~ grounds of the bare dirty ~~walls~~ of the Long Valley, ~~with~~ and the encircling ranges of ~~sombre~~ fir-trees and thickets of dark heather. ~~As~~ far as love and pity ~~was~~ ~~his~~ ~~heart~~ he would ~~heartily~~ accept his age and disabilities, he ~~would~~ would put that side of things away for ever, and patiently attempt to ~~consider~~ himself ~~blessed~~ ~~his~~ ~~question~~ erotic.

"~~My~~ my words Lucifer" he said ~~to~~ himself while walking up the narrow street of Persian ~~princes~~ tailors ~~facing~~ homes; "upon my word ~~I had~~ 'Thanes' had as pretty hard day of it"

At the time Mr. Howe, then a Shade over thirty and with an air of exquisite vanity, met me.

One night Colonel Sudeley said. "Is it true that we have the misfortune of having you to dine?" — With no intimation of putting the question. Some days afterwards I was right. Never the least of a child. Dread in the whisper of a clear conscience. What [illegible] so comparable to the sense of accumulated duty?.

My hair was parted on the direction of the Villa Strozzi waiting to any answer.

Lady Sudeley had a moment's enquiry to find herself united to Mr. Howe at a distance of twenty years, with a colonel in the house of painters, and a surgeon. It made the fact of his communication more the easier, for he left that night a gentleman behind him in the Villa Martelli.

~~"[illegible]~~

Mr. Innes felt himself ~~[illegible]~~ unequal to the occasion.

…en she parted with Colonel Luttrell Mrs. Price-Ramsay ~~[illegible]~~ was in a somewhat excited ~~[illegible]~~ frame of mind. Like many persons of apparently strong will and this character, she had ~~[illegible]~~ at bottom an ~~[illegible]~~ great necessity for moral support; she was in truth extremely dependent. She found it impossible to keep things to herself, she was compelled to over-flow, so to speak. Very often ~~[illegible]~~ she made most compromising mistakes by overflowing to quite the wrong person.

…went indoors and upstairs into the ~~[illegible]~~ drawing-room, which looked ~~[illegible]~~ deserted and ghostly in the feeble light of ~~[illegible]~~ a pair of candles set on the piano. Jessie had been playing earlier in the evening. Some loose music was scattered about, and a little bouquet of flowers which Bertie Innes had given the girl when she came down dressed for dinner lay fading ~~[illegible]~~ on the turned back lid above the key-board. Mrs. Price-Ramsay regarded these indications of her pretty step-daughter's late presence without any very warm signs of maternal, or even step-

. maternal kindness. "I won't [illegible] that
pleased mother" [illegible] modify
in her agitation. She dared not ask
gesture
and began [illegible], and began walking up and down the room, her hands behind her back, [illegible] dropping and [illegible] of her head, while [illegible] dragged over the [illegible].

[illegible] came in, ate and slept, and came [illegible] was in disarming humour. He even went [illegible] in the room [illegible] merry [illegible]. [illegible] was in fact [illegible] up. Jane.

[illegible] Nell [illegible] up. Sure is [illegible] it's so good. I've time". Let us [illegible]".

Peirce. Dawson glanced at him from under her dark eye-brow. Her mobile dilated slightly. Her head [illegible] as [illegible] well. Needs none which can back it: cause, [illegible] reservoir and [illegible] vicissitude.

[illegible] "I'm [illegible] "[illegible] continued." Jane sighed & exhausted. Free [illegible] of the effects of my dear aunt, Mrs. Murray's society. It needs watching of, I admit. Don't let me mistress mistake. Must [illegible]. We can talk just as well [illegible]".

"It's a delightful old woman", said Mr. Peirce-Dawson over her shoulder, as she swept up the room

to argue.

"Dear me dear. Dear! but marks", he answered in a middle argumentative tone." She is not desperately, but she is quite unwell. I am sure rather unwell too, you know, Eleanor, at times. And but no wonder more rarely at only quite happily to getting. And I am really sorry for it and quite ashamed to be. She complained and but all not make good marriages in her daughters and now as but single daughter husband: but where to have anything is do visit her. She had had to take back on Cecilia. Cecilias has to invite quite so during her dull".

And have thought Cecilias more or less of. "Well", said Mr. Pierce. Dawson uncivilly. "But she is a good fool — and but that is more or less of a good thing. Mrs. Jennings fortune her daughter. She and be by routed our relations Colonel".

Pierce. Dawson did not attempt in her agitated walk.

"At do you mean"? she exclaimed.

"In your heart back in his dear, rested but known on but arm of it and to replaced but this of his finger to getting in't but air of a man who still of a gracious sure of well. being.

"In this shocking", he said. "It was just one of those delicate little circumstances which but more unpardonable to a short period. Equally a good deal from certain things which my mind said dear me in't mentioned his name. Uncertainty that but had not met since but calmly days of youth, and that it but that remote

Epoch

[illegible] Cecilia read, entertained [illegible] under feelings
[illegible] of course [illegible] her connection with that
[illegible] scale. Grace, [illegible] Farrell. Swan
[illegible] to whisper in her ear, [illegible]
soon ends; but what would you have?" Then
[illegible] to declare enmities even [illegible].
[illegible]. Farrell walked on again. Her head was
[illegible], she looked anything but delighted at this
[illegible] conversation.
[illegible] Grace knew and hated [illegible] Colonel.
[illegible] on his part was not quite as civil as he
might [illegible] Grace to me. But I hided my time. Savage
[illegible] delicate revenge".
[illegible]", the [illegible] of devotion." But what
[illegible] Grace say to Colonel Enderby"?.
[illegible] Farrell, I answer you. He was the
[illegible] entertainment to me — but I don't mind that,
[illegible] a mere matter of temperament. He can no more
help it than that naturally hot tropic person, of
[illegible] we read to be told in our youth, could help
[illegible] real native blood. He can't overcome. Savage
[illegible] is made up of hatred self, dear enemy, Nelly, as
[illegible] incomprehensible, unpardonable, vagabond humanity.
[illegible] Grace a badge shame of [illegible] primitive
[illegible] instincts of fallen man. Shield makes him
[illegible] help little boy in his games, turn a handstand
[illegible] made at his nice clean self. conducted little
[illegible] boy who rolls by Grace sitting up in well
[illegible] appointed carriage. I planned as Cecilia scene.
Flat [illegible] sight of Cecilias hurt arm your friend
as she was standing [illegible] Farrell under
[illegible] umbrella. & our dear pictures [illegible] contrast".
[illegible] Grace laughed [illegible] softly to herself.

"It

was dramatic. The poor Colonel really behaved very well. But, to use a vulgar phrase, it knocked the wind out of him for a few seconds very effectually."

Cecil Dauncey was at the far end of the room. She stood with a face of hesitancy. Should she tell nursie again, under the circumstances? ~~[illegible]~~ "But — Perkins dear - I simply don't quite catch the point of it unless with Jervis".

"Oh help us, Eleanor, ~~[illegible]~~, where are your ears"? cried Mr. Amer, holding up his hands. "Why, the name ~~[illegible]~~ to suit it nearly, for it simply was Jervis and ears with Jervis"!..

Cecil Dauncey came slowly down the length of the room. Again the ~~[illegible]~~ had that appearance of leaping back her ~~[illegible]~~ ears, and turning the white of her eyes. ~~[illegible]~~. She pulled the opera cloak with one trembling nervous hand at the collar of her dress.

"Perkins is too, do you?.. I am very glad of that".

There was a moment's silence.

"I think that is quite kind of you, Cousin Nell ~~[illegible]~~," he observed." Has my Jervis had plenty of visitors already?.. I never ventured a practical joke. You go for this it seems, and with no fair cause. Why should you ~~[illegible]~~ this poor name to be twisted"?

"I want him to be trusted", she answered, keeping her eyes fixed on the floor." I want the highest regard for Lord Rudolph. I desire earnestly to serve him happily".

Perkins

remained
Mrs Innes ~~sat~~, very still. Her air of expectancy had
visibly waked out of his face.
"Go on," he said, "but would you mind telling
me, Eleanor?.. Her reference of your duty is getting
a little out of my reach. "It confuses me. I confess, I'm
puzzled. I don't clearly apprehend the meaning of
your last words".
Upon Bertie Innes looked very full at his companion.
Living on Mr. Price. Dawson might appear
distinctly exercised as remarkable in Innes over her.
He knew quite well that ~~he panicked~~ She did was
evil and that a ~~particularly~~ dangerous and
painful scene lay before her — how dangerous and
~~the~~ painful it might ~~be~~ prove she could not yet
~~have predicted~~ determine; but that it would tax her
courage and ~~debase~~ fortitude quite severely she was
ahead of me. The last moments of ~~exist~~ hardly
delightful excitement ~~exhaustion~~ it would be
fair enough to say should never be made wrong
to do. Yet ~~as~~ when Bertie Innes looked steadily
at her, and pointed to the notice ~~gate~~ of private
to him, she wavered only for a moment, and then
sat down.
"It is better", he murmured ~~softly~~. "Some ~~thoughts~~
duties we doubt, but I'm glad I do not clearly
understand what you mean".
Eleanor
Barbara Pearce leant back among the large
green cushions. Movement and feeling a bad thought
a glow of colour in her cheeks. The hero ~~victim~~ elaborate
had gone, with the ~~last~~ last false hope from her
voice. She was undoubtedly a distinguished
looking woman. Physically She gave way before her companion,
~~as~~ as nervous ~~tension~~ tension shook her; but, mentally
She

wondered keenly against his influence. She walked with her eyes, and thanked her heaven to get this thing out of her head.

"I wish I'd encouraged Colonel Anderson," she said aloud. "He's quite handsome with his grey hair and his nice features, and I believe that he would make an admirable husband".

As Anne did not move, but lay turned away, she turned round hastily. She was trembling and the colour had left her cheeks. She wanted air, she felt as though the world were closing in upon her. It was dreadful to see this man again:— but it was almost equally dreadful to remain shut in her cell.

"I hate this hideous place, Bertie," she cried with sudden violence. "It is hideous. I am sick of it."

Anne hardly heeded her surroundings. She smiled at Bertie. "Eleanor" answered her eyes. His face was white and with pitiful workings of muscles but under her steady gaze

"I understand perfectly well now, Nell," he said quietly. "I believed you were prepared for this thing; this miscalculation I foresee, was as likely as not misfiring when it most probable. Over Anderson's head, both are at critical moments. It matters little if I bear miscarriage with perfect well. If I am so successful with Eleanor myself, I am sure Bertie. I owe this moment of life to you for a very long time. I had not thought of this combination. Jervis's future

demands

under a victim of ~~[illegible]~~. course — but I came to be
known as "Mrs Colonel Sudeley".
"It ended Tod?" she exclaimed." I'm sure suspected
somethg was going with you: but I
did not dream it had gone as far as this. Tod
poor," she added, with a sort of gasp, "it may
even be nothing after all".
"It is nothing" the young man answered, with
a half sad smile. "Even this will
pass out of your mind — at least if you help
me".
"I must help you", said Mrs Percie. Dawson.
Her face broke her "real, her voice was hard and
cold. Then almost immediately she ~~[illegible]~~
softened again into a tone of pleading,
it was wild language to justify herself, to prove
that her motives were commendable. "God it is
not for her sake. I believe it is right. It seems
the safest thing I can do for the child. And
she can care for her happiness as nearly as
I?.. ~~[illegible]~~ her God, above all, practically her
mother?.. But it's I know best?.. must it I, ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ be my duty capable of
judging?.. To you I think I could be so brave and
faithful as I do this thing lightly or thoughtlessly:
I?.. Then heaven help, Then heaven have over it —
God would it be so cruel as to let me make
a mistake?. Then will lead his guidance".
Her hand fell. It was not an agreeable laugh
exactly.
"It must care, I of course, have nothing further
to say. If the higher powers have been duly
consulted, seeing it such as I am are out of it
really. — Still you may feel just as
little,

Nell
..., cried [redacted], he went on. "It was my heart
[illegible]. Frankly allowed that it amounted to as
[illegible] much. It was the revolver or dagger —
it put a chance still. Perish it be known. I
avoided [illegible] such words time - that
meeting might possibly happen it we could
in wait".

Price. Tanner's explosion wandered again
resistibly. It he suffered, at heart, she suffered
[illegible] it.

Lly, he said after a minute or two, "my writing
is exquisitely characteristic one can't [illegible]
think of it. Diaries seem [illegible]
Perhaps a secret device during that last few months
to watching [illegible] the death of a woman I
[illegible] adored [illegible] his heart - a woman who gave
me all [illegible] she had to give." Mrs Bertie paused —
"[illegible]" Then the news that she had
developed some fatal disorder would give me - well,
not unmixed pain. Do we that explain?"
makes yourself out for worse that you are —
are misunderstood.

Think not. "[illegible] appeal to me
as [illegible] a very desirable animal,
and let me at heart be honest and admit it. The
only thing about me has been my faithfulness
to the memory of what was, in truth, an
ex [illegible] thing — Indeed his misdeeds would
even it be a very ugly word. But even that hard
heads of hinderable feeling have more sentiment.
In Indeed. have in that heart "twelve months".
He would not make you "happy", said [illegible].
[illegible] Eleanor [illegible] marvel." Frank [illegible]
[illegible] watched her face baby.
Good. — That was strange want in her nature".

"No,

[illegible] Jane. It would be as wise to [illegible] as for Mr Elphinstone, I should as soon think of [illegible] "Thus man [illegible] as stones and waves & trees: but as women among [illegible] stones and waves & trees."

[illegible] did you get that abominable sentiment from, demanded Mr. Price-Dawson.

If that very acute book, the Bible, commits Nell.
[illegible] are the words of a person who is reputed to [illegible] had as pretty wide experience of women.

[illegible] words were, that you remember said at [illegible] Jane's trial, why then her's is the selfconventional language. — I am an old man. If Jenie's peculiarities are you are; but I should understand her. I should never ask of her what she could not give. I should be contented with very little — mine Jenie".

"I should quarrel", she said, bitterly.

"Be quarrelled," it is a way husbands and [illegible] have. Your body knows that. Still that knowledge has never hindered the marriage [illegible] very seriously yet, I believe".

Price-Dawson [illegible] barely broke a gentle [illegible] [illegible] answer. "He loves her — he loves her", she repeated to herself, the words [illegible] more [illegible] for as she said [illegible].

He knew [illegible] up, he came across to the door and [illegible] down in his corner. His face was very [illegible] like this — [illegible] had greatly [illegible] the [illegible] hands and great, sad [illegible] dark eyes, — but he had regained much of his usual indolent manner.

He let us talk over this matter reasonably [illegible] Eleanor, [illegible] with him and Jenie. — He [illegible] that Jenie had certain peculiarities which

May

[illegible] difficulty to decide with. A woman with [illegible]
[illegible] pay a certain penalty to bring her".
[illegible] Suddenly with [illegible] her to walk to [illegible] her
[illegible] of this penalty, she interrupted -
[illegible] her. But remember we [illegible]
[illegible] Just and truth were
[illegible] her to be [illegible], and he was [illegible] in an
[illegible] different worlds to her. He with whom [illegible]
[illegible] with the incapable of bringing it her to a
[illegible] penance just of ever - bringing it to her as she
[illegible]. He with whom her with idol. Some day
[illegible] with women, whether mother or demand
[illegible] her, she [illegible] with fail him. He is
[illegible] fellow, in a way, stupid as stupid one. He
[illegible] blame himself, and forgive her. It with happen
[illegible] second time; and then shall I tell you what
[illegible] with do? - [illegible] He'll just quickly go and
[illegible] her home etc. She man is incapable of
[illegible] writing himself, he never able of a piece. [illegible]
[illegible] He is a riddle English musician, you know
[illegible] better".

[illegible] dear to mean to minimize anything against
"me", cried Mr. Peirce. Runaway, her ever bearing
with to suddenly [illegible] jealousy for the
girl's honour.

[illegible] terrible! [illegible] - Jemi with never
[illegible] one of these misdirection has society
[illegible] vain, [illegible]."

[illegible] was as silence, then Berlie [illegible] her
[illegible] hand to [illegible] her cousin [illegible]
[illegible] looked at her very steadily.

"But are you going to do? - let him go away
[illegible] morrow?"

[illegible] back at him with an expression of passionate anguish

...ris and despair in her handsome face.
...must go, if he will. But I shall miss him
...tinctly understand my wishes as to Jennie's
...ture life".
...placed her hands on Eleanor's
...s hands as they lay clasped in her lap. The
...r colour rushed into her face, she shook
...r eyes, raised with a sharp shiver
...embled all through her frame.
..." he said softly. "Think a moment. Are you
...ite determined?"
..." she cried wildly, shaking off his hand.
...Utterly determined, unalterably determined.
...nie must go — she must go. It must be done
...t once".
...ell," he answered. Then he got up slowly from
...s sofa. "It is very late," he went on. "Eric had
...tter go to bed. Shall I get you a candle?"
...o, Bertie," cried Mrs. Pierce. Lowering, in desperation
...r head and flinging out her hands to him: "for God's
...ake don't leave me".
...my dear, I don't leave you," he replied wearily.
...ou have been wonderfully kind to me, and
...have borne with me with a great deal of
...atience I must have been a most trying
...ery unpleasant companion. It would
...e intolerably ungrateful to leave you. — No, I
...have still to try to do what is right. — And
...erhaps now and then, perhaps it is also, as you
...ay, for God's best. — Only it is a little difficult
...ir me to take any optimistic view of God's motives
...r of the present. I can't help thinking of angels,
...ink, you know, — it is a tenderness inherent in
...human nature, we also have it in our degree,

saints

ā and runnen alōne'.
Lorlord ~~exhibited~~ drew ~~on~~ or, that grounds, and
turned his shoulders ~~as~~ as ~~Leporello~~ Lazy, helpless
as of pardon.
"Into sometimes Jane likes a living man's wounds
as corpse - it is not a graceful metaphor, but
= just expresses my sensations. Lately Heaven
has an unkind hope of getting rid from this
world - it's ~~Headstrong~~ tired this earth my self
and I tired this a little to death. I should
never get pass, never. What's matter ~~as~~ a man
a tiffle
unstable as this". - He ~~broadcast~~ glanced up
to her suddenly, ~~bewildered~~ with a kind of this
expression, and ~~gulped~~ down saliva. - "And this corpse
always", he said "right on to that end — and
that end, ~~not~~ unstable blank darkness and
nothing! Delightful company is not it?. Cheering
prospect for a healthy woman of this ~~age~~ and
twenty?"
~~Her noble~~ ~~sustain~~ misplaced in Mr. Peirce-Dawson.
He had a movement of ~~the~~ selfish magnanimity.
"A woman of honour is unentrammeled", she said, - and
she spoke as though ~~of~~ self was ~~present~~ to her
mind. "It is false. Go away; Bertie, go away out
of this ~~terrible~~ beautiful Baleful
world ~~pervaded~~ perverted by = go away and begin
all
over again".
And rose to her feet. She looked ~~at~~ almost
ageless in her dark stormy beauty, standing
there in front of him - Inkoos for this young man
had realized ~~the~~ the name of her
beauty as merely,
formula say. That he had ~~sacrificed~~ as sacrificium
to Venus is pretty certain; his ~~to~~ it is impossible
Should
for a woman to love as a man, ~~but~~ that he acquired, merely

2

... in a Stream and his ways. But Bertie knew was in his true generous and tenderful sentiments towards certain persons, who his standing has enriched or affected. He had avoided [illegible] in consideration for [illegible] and modestly. — At this moment however he was guilty of a ~~[illegible]~~ act of cruelty: this, from his determination of what act it must be allowed, proved him, that he was very ~~[illegible]~~ magnanimous at heart.

M. Pierre-Bonnard's ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ was ~~[illegible]~~ magnanimous, he answered smiling: —

"It is all very well, but how are we to find Dr. Whitaker's ~~[illegible]~~ address, how shall we ever be able to demand an explanation as well as an apology. You shall go to him yourself, my dear".

Pierre. Bonnard shrank back as if he had struck her. The glow of ~~[illegible]~~ generous enthusiasm had died out of her face leaving it stern and ~~[illegible]~~ hard. She did as if already, with her hand on the door of the room, she ~~[illegible]~~ resumed hastily, ~~[illegible]~~ filled with sudden compunction. "I forgot myself — I ought not to have said that. But don't, for heaven's sake, turn evil's advocate and tempt me. You know you're as safe as I do that that was a matter of honour — call it false and overstrained if you will — it was one thing that helped me from ~~[illegible]~~ yielding utterly to evil and gave me some remnant of self-respect. Still it would be very wrong of me to ~~[illegible]~~ act as I have now while there is any chance of it. — I may be superstitious, but I don't think any false step would be very successful which began with the intention of that sort of thing ~~[illegible]~~ ever afterwards".

Eleanor

Eleanor
[illegible], was silent. Petite went on with her
work, lifted a [illegible] face to the
warden candles standing on the mantel. Table
by the door, [illegible] and brought it to her. Swords crossed
[illegible] must be supplied and weak civilities come:
Maids with eyes blue [illegible] human hearts are
true and bleeding. The [illegible] civilizations take
notes of this mirthful entertainment.
Petite blew out the candles and the
lights of it [illegible], her face
was turned with compassion to warder Lee.
"Poor little Petite, Bernie" he said kindly.
A friendly solicitude was [illegible] Eleanor
to bear them no difference. [illegible]
felt it - she was childish enough, though the
night was warm. She, too, was bound - she found -
bound hard and fast, and embarkingly to the
corpse of a dead love.
"I am tired", she answered, hopelessly - tired of
my life".
He smiled at her kindly again, and raised his
hands with a deprecating gesture.
"And I envy Bob", he said, abominably tired
of it. But you and I are cultivated persons, aren't
we, we won't take any violent measures to
rid ourselves of that fatiguing personage, will we?..
He faces of the blank darkness [illegible] to give it new
[illegible] it might
[illegible] he as mistake: — "She" he became all mad
desperate during a highly respectable
barbarian like our friends the new Colonel.
— Good night — made my dear to him as the
[illegible] Then flew [illegible] like [illegible] outside".

XII

Episodes in the life of a negative Saint.

~~Zacharias, Evagatarianism~~

and

M. Inner Road said of her, Cecilia Parrell was never, Dead a positive quality during her death. More still could not be deduced about her. That her temperament was neither consciously artistic or consciously original me. Make the above comment was without reluctance movement of hesitancy and as Faithful of the inner man; for that word Duty was come to be the Philosophy of Positivism the virtuous English in its eminent degree that any person using it lightly and with an application of possible limits to its extreme use and value, even the risk of finding himself written down as somewhat dangerous and disreputable character.

Indeed the Carnia grace of Duty was seen so clouded, so warped and twisted when misinterpreted that to now it surely must be applied above all fear of detraction. It is the peculiar of the Anglo-Saxon might. We all steer by it — or by what we reckon to be it - and demand that others shall steer by it too. It appears to be set for above, in heaven, immovable everlasting. It is a name to conjure with. A fetish

2

pleasure. A city of refuge when argument threatens to fail. And, besides, there is an ~~[illegible]~~ engaging naïveté about the same ideas of duty in that every-body can look at it from their own point of view, use it as a cover ~~[illegible]~~ in support of their own cause, invoke ~~[illegible]~~ the mystic benefit of its name in the most opposite cases. One may even go one step further, and admit frankly that the ~~[illegible]~~ great practi-cal use of such a ~~[illegible]~~ recognized watch-word as Duty is that ~~[illegible]~~ the ~~[illegible]~~ name of it (alone) is sufficient, & that having ~~[illegible]~~ used it you are (then) agreeably free to do what you please. ~~[illegible]~~ Cerberus has got his sop. So on your way rejoicing. ~~[illegible]~~ By the majority nothing further will be required of you.

Now and then will you come across some sincere and simple soul, who having been indoctrinated with the conception of Duty takes it home to his or her heart, and tries faithfully to work it out in daily life — a somewhat silly and inno-cent proceeding no doubt, founded on an absence of the power of observation and generalization. This simplicity of mind, however is becoming more and more infrequent. It takes its rise in an abnormal development of the conscience, and may be described as a ~~[illegible]~~ sense of universal obligation to the disagreeable. It is the occasion of much tyranny in unscrupulous persons, and affords but a limited source of joy to the possessor of it, since he is always struggling to conform to a shifting ideal of con-duct prescribed by others. It induces a spirit as far away from the strong inward compelling of the artist, or the harmonious calm of the philosopher as

duplicity very well can. It distinguishes and confuses the colors, and mixes them all. The sharp edges of the individuality. It takes away all the primitive reserve and leaves the poor soul wandering through the world. The stuff of circumstance and of mass but never entirely creates. And the old, old desire, (true?) as the test of reality is the idea of Duty?. It never will give us great poets, great artists, great men of letters, or even great statesmen: but it gives us men and women to be reverenced ~~and~~ even when crushed at, and those failures are their more noble than their victories.

~~It was favorable, Rhoda~~ It was the ancients of Cecilia Dell, Rhoda, that she believed to their rare, admirable and somewhat depressing type of humanity. Her over-mastering sense of duty had caused her to see this poor fish of one person and that of another. It had inevitably (her abandoning Lucy, Neely to any one emotion it had held her in a constant attitude of self-restraint and self-repression. Life had ~~always~~ been but an ~~ex~~ attenuated and dutiful-whimsical affair to her. She had ~~never~~ habitually come to rely for the second-best, for meager satisfaction and poor cheer were for (penury) us full-blooded ~~men~~ as women should be. Both her pain and pleasure had been set in a low key. Some women would have found a very sufficient opportunity in Rhoda's drama in paraging of Cecilia's career. But in her care, poor dear, conscience was supreme, and its ~~poor~~ action was paralyzing. She question of what she ought to feel, instead of what she actually did feel, and cast a dreary blight over all the ~~her~~ her emotions.

in.

Lady Queensberry was very fond of it, and she was a generous little patroness. Lord Harvey's wife, Lady Elizabeth, was also a society at large. Perhaps Cecil was referred to her with especial admiration and condemnation, with reflexions on "poor Cecilia". Mrs. Barrett knew this, she was deeply pained: she, in this mood, was not to grow to accept this admiration unreservedly. She became "poor Cecilia" to herself; and this was with a unique sense of entire mental self-pity - this adjective had still a touch of approbation in it. She felt that she was now far from being a success; that she was a slight inconvenient addition to her own and to her husband's families - a person who never had quite or was likely to quite cause an exuberant congratulation.

Lord Lady Queensberry had died her spirits began to worry Philip Sidney. It had consulted her at her mother's request to accept Eugene Barrett. To accept was only to honourable pen-friend Mrs. Murray, with such lively self-glorification was to accept also, his many debts, his uncertain humours, his cavalier wanderings from one foreign watering-place to another, invariably in search of "plein". Pity had made her ignore as a very undeniable amount of indifference, real but exactly, not unnoticed by his heart - his Eugene Barrett was not as wholly pleased at Lucien to his wife. It made her "get over" this tender sorrow caused by death of this little baby. She also this bitter experience of the dark hill, joyful like of this planet, decided to leave it for a more peace-

ful

...ceptible and congenials atmosphere. It made ...er dislike Lear for Eugene Parnell's so much the ...ame principles as had driven them further ...ver long ago. Finally it made her lose her ...patience under Mrs. Murray's not very ...light or easy yoke, and they finally ...ir a few unfurnished materials left well. Learned and still vigorous old woman.

Mr. Pierce-Murray had said, Cecilia always ...as more of help to Ivor, and as Mrs. Lear had ...lived, she was indispensable as good one. ...arnell's income had never been so large one, and ...er husband's entire and amusements naturally ...ook first in their list of necessary expenses. There ...something lonesome to a woman of gentle-bred and ...ined feeling in driving quite around town ...ers and foreign servants — where respect ...s carefully regulated by the size of your rooms ...and their part they are situated in. At the time ...when Cecil was Parnell met Colonel Loder at the ...little rod Villas. Her ever had a more anxious moder- ...ate many difficulties and provocations of ...her lot. Her complexion was by no means good; her ...hair had lost also trace of youthful bright ness and ...was nearly bleached white. Her features, always ...large, had lost the softness of youth and had be- ...come distinctly emphasized. Her whole face ...had emphatized into an habitual expression of ...resigned discontent — indescribable however with ...perfect calm. Many well-read English women — and ...Cecilia had read history — could have learnt to ...even good. Reduced in her father's circumstances, at all events — ...and [illegible] a singularly unembarrassed young ...lady pupils. Mrs. Parnell, with her usual head,

[illegible] Lucia Lucilder [illegible]
[illegible] but it was, and generally agreed so, generously [illegible] precisely reminded one of one of Miss Lady. Like Mr somewhat distasteful Irving bride. You enquired what fact that she was a good woman and what is technically described as a lady: viz., one had as [illegible] that the essential is solemn self-confidence kind friendly manner of women either to little above or as little below her in the social scale.

You learn [illegible] that Cecilia Farrell married life was not as even [illegible] happy one, and that her sense and conduct [illegible] were devoid; still it [illegible] only fair to add that possibly the fault was not exclusively on Regina's side. Cecilia's virtues were not of the order calculated to make her [illegible] lively and sparkling companion, and Mr Farrell was [illegible] a gentleman of many moods one of them almost regrettably lively. It is a melancholy admission, yet [illegible] helpmeet would probably have had more power over Regina Farrell. Like many excellent women, Cecilia's sense of humour was radically defective; she was to be like Ward and unlikely — was almost equally alarmed by her husband's [illegible] of depression [illegible] by his [illegible] or gaiety. She [illegible] grew to [illegible] his imitation, a weariness to her light-hearted [illegible] lord and master. She retreated [illegible] the virtues [illegible] of life to him. In short [illegible] humbly [illegible] to us.

Many greetings [illegible] to the gardens of the Palais Royale.

Love

eighteen months after his marriage a higher career is Eugene Marsh. He had gone through as painful scenes with his wife that night after making some certainly very ridiculous discoveries in her own subject of recent dress at Rouge et Noir. His summer began with the leaves of the little plane tree and was made more with the burning whiteness of the 'bonne' white days. Dust and miscellaneous breads of papers whirled up in a purposeless curl of the warm gravel and then sank to rest again. Eugene Marsh curled up the ends of his fair moustache, watched as misery through the couple of retiring children, [illegible] heated a. round, small man person with remarkably high-heeled boots in a somewhat comprehensive stare at the paper, infinitely, and then smiled and clapped his thigh, gently as though he had arrived at the solution of a difficult problem.

"Oh dear me, my dear," he said, "it's quite not unnecessary. She shall return to the condition of primitive woman. She has all the making of a splendid heart of burden in her. She shall wash and mend and cook. Oh and the rest."

And he rose to his feet, and began forthwith to put his bright ideas into execution. It caused him a lot of trouble, it is true; yet it may be questioned whether it made Cecilia a much happier woman. Eugene is better man.

It was also from the cause of her Mr. Marsh's

matrimonial

[illegible] matrimonial ~~[illegible]~~ infelicities in Italy. Perhaps it is as [illegible]
[illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] The parent.
[illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ of the date, [illegible] and
[illegible], [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ (than he expected him to be) [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ requisite
~~[illegible]~~ quantity of [illegible], — and, since the
[illegible] of [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ through
[illegible], become very valuable to her, willingly,
spend herself as a part of burden to her mother and
her son.

The morning following his [illegible]
[illegible] Tournay, [illegible] Parnell
[illegible] out
[illegible] door at ~~an early hr~~ a comparatively early hour.
[illegible]
[illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible]
[illegible] entrance of Mrs. Tournay's toilette. The boy
wanted, he said, to go down to the beach; ~~and~~ [illegible]
[illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ of course, [illegible]
[illegible] to [illegible] his dress. He was a pretty child,
with a round head, bright brown hair, and ~~to~~ rather
pale features — quick, eager, light-hearted, ~~[illegible]~~
like his father. His disposition was good, as ~~[illegible]~~ his
[illegible] yet [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ mother told [illegible] twenty times
a day. Whether it was likely to be improved by
[illegible] worship and absence of discipline, was
a question she did not ask. Probably at six
years old Angus Parnell's disposition had been
[illegible].

[illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ wished to ~~to~~ be
taken down on the beach till he got into the
little garden, and then he suddenly changed his
mind. The Grand Hotel at ~~[illegible]~~ Deutzia was new in those
days, and its garden was of very humble
constitution. — A square ~~[illegible]~~ plot of ground
~~front~~ with

with the [illegible] building round three sides of the [illegible] was divided by high ~~walls~~ walls and ~~walls~~ walls with railings. Two large raised beds, bounded with palms and ~~flowers~~ bordered with flowers; a couple of stone fountains on opposite sides ~~of the~~ each, made with the broad basins, [illegible] appeared to be of white marble, [illegible] with ~~water~~ gravel paths, ~~and~~ lawns, and ~~as~~ with numerable ~~statues~~ statues of [illegible] were ~~at~~ in long lines ~~at~~ bordering the paths. Ways and waiting - usually ~~empty~~ empty - by occupants. Behind the flat roofed, painted hotel with its wide balcony, rose of yellow ~~flowers~~ flowers, and red and grey awnings. The hills ~~rose up~~ rose up, ~~with the~~ ~~palms~~ ~~covered~~ (many with trees) ~~with~~ against the deep blue of the sky.

Mr. Farello and her boy came with the garden ~~chairs~~ chairs it was ~~a~~ ~~group~~ ~~chairs~~ ~~assistant~~ ~~assistant~~ ~~in~~ with numbers, ~~some~~ ~~where~~ the left wing of the building cast a ~~long~~ ~~shadow~~ ~~chair~~ ~~chair~~ ~~dark~~ dark-edged blue shadow on to the ground. The long ~~lines~~ lines of the palms rattled in the ~~wind~~ wind, above with the roar of the mountains and the sea. The windows of the restaurant ~~were~~ ~~open~~ on the ground floor stood wide open. ~~Inside~~ There was an invigorating crispness, ~~spring~~ and freshness in the morning.

Mrs. Farello ~~ran~~ ran to the three barons of the fountains ~~quite~~ right: the long ~~avenue~~ alley to the beach.

"Oh Christian, we'll be an hour here," he announced ~~authoritatively~~. "I'm sail to boat. It's better ~~in~~ my boat than the sea. There ~~plenty~~ plenty of ~~waves~~

warm and nothing are ~~so~~ so nice ~~[illegible]~~ you know, and then you're always bothering about my getting wet'.

Mrs. Farrell dragged ~~one~~ a yellow cane chair out of the house into the cool shade and sat down submissively. She had tucked up her petticoats pretty high, with the deadly if ungraceful instinct of an English-woman when going for a walk. She had also put on thick boots, ~~[illegible]~~ — the upper leathers of which were somewhat crumpled across the toes — and a large turned-down hat surrounded by a brown arrangement in green gauze veils. Her countenance presented a black drop, and her natural modesty ... over jacket of the (articles) somewhat limp in substance and ~~un~~ uncertain in cut. In her hands she held a large white covered umbrella, the outward parts of which had suffered considerably from the action of rain and from contact with various miscellaneous objects. Undoubtedly at this moment, Mrs. Farrell's (inappearance) outraged completely the modern idea of the holiday-maker and sojourner. She looked pre-eminently not at home.

The best part of the morning Johnnie was completely absorbed in the voyage of his ~~little~~ boats across the clear water ~~[illegible]~~, under the nose of the vicious-looking dolphin. His mother sat watching him, ~~too~~ throwing in a word of warning now and again, as he leaned dangerously far over the outer lip of the stone basin. Moments such as these were quite the happiest of her life. She had her boy all to herself. She ~~too~~ was ~~[illegible]~~ half ~~[illegible]~~ ashamed of her own ~~[illegible]~~ delight in watching his neat little figure and active movements. On this particular morning

he

e English specially ~~[illegible]~~ badmanners engaging in
s flannel blue and white linen suit and ~~broad~~-
a broad-brimmed hat. Cecilia leaned back
in her yellow wicker chair; life for the moment
was sweet, it was uncomplicated.

Master Johnnie speedily tired of his boats and
began to search for fresh fields for entertain-
ment.

My Mother", he cried suddenly, "there's the
man who was up at Jerry's last night. He's
gone to have his breakfast in the window just
behind you. I shall go and have a chat with
him".

Cecilia's ~~[illegible]~~ gracious
ease of the sweet ways of life passed away with
a flash! ~~[illegible]~~

Johnnie, don't", she ~~said~~ answered quite sharply. "I don't
wish you to".

~~Little~~ boy stared for a moment at his mother. He
was unaccustomed to such peremptory prohibitions.
"mamma says I ~~must~~ to talk to waiters
because they ~~[illegible]~~ (are not) gentlemen. Isn't he a gentle-
man"? he enquired, after a moment's reflection.
The high treble tones of the child's voice ~~was~~ were
very audible, and the open window of the
restaurant was directly behind her. Poor
Cecilia moved nervously on her chair, and her
thin face went crimson.

"Oh, hush", she answered. "We'll go away now.
We'll go down to the beach. You'd like to go down
to the beach now wouldn't you, darling"?

The darling, unfortunately, was possessed of an
enquiring mind.

"I want to know why I may not go and talk to that
man

repeated
and "he ~~misbehaved~~. He stood up front of
children with his feet planted well apart, his
hands (well) on his back of his ~~misbehaved~~ and
an abominable expression of elevated pi on his usually
pleasant face. "He reminds me a very civil sort of fellow",
I added with a little critical air, which I would
have withdrawn had my eye met his own
fascination. Mr.

"Oh, Johnnie, how could getting up on a cricket
pitch ~~on~~ somewhere! You're a very naughty
~~boy~~ girl."

"I'm not", he ~~answered~~ pouted. "It wasn't
a real naughty. It was only a bad one of
the sort. I know it's done either".

Uncle Edward's attempt at the moral ended
in a fog. He was trying to find right, from where
he could command a full view of the window and
his ~~daughters~~ sister on Uncle Sally was sitting
sitting on Colonel Sudeley's headstone.

"Hullo, Joan, good morning". He called out
to Col. Sudeley, who ~~was~~ stood with his back
to the window ~~and~~ in a - rather rumpled - to
his credit - mind to his clothes. "Just now I'm
~~in~~ no use, but I may ~~say~~ I ought to speak
to you".

"Well, Johnnie, why are you so naughty? Pray
now don't", exclaimed Mrs. Arnold, red, pitiful,
and distracted.

Sudeley had come down to breakfast feeling very
far from cheerful. He had a considerable cut, done
out the delicate ~~of~~ to the ~~sort~~ right, and yet his
~~attitude~~ ~~of~~ ~~mental~~ attitude was by no means
self-congratulatory. He was suffering from the moral
shame which almost invariably follows on sitting

moral

[illegible] that. He was not to make [illegible] to regret [illegible] action to go back on what he had done, [illegible] with visits as [illegible] of a matter and indifference. [illegible] was [illegible] had gone out of [illegible], it had turned dull and leaden, heavy, [illegible] burden, unpitying. Yesterday the world had [illegible]. Robin Sadler [illegible] then touched with [illegible] poetry. [illegible] Sir Poetry was [illegible] gone, [illegible] and [illegible] had become [illegible] commonplaces and [illegible] mechanical. Even so, the prospect of [illegible] interview with Mr. Murray was far from [illegible] to him. [illegible] Robin had not [illegible] to analyse Sir Geraldine's motives in [illegible] with Cecilia, but he was very well aware that Lord Altair was [illegible] unforgiving and unremorseful. Known as [illegible] was as good-natured a fellow as ever lived, Mr. Jacks. In fact he had [illegible] heart warmed towards Lord [illegible] and his unhappy country. He [illegible] he was tired [illegible] excitement of the last few days, he longed to get back to his private and more normal [illegible] feeling and surroundings. He was in the act of framing an excuse by which, a few days hence, he might dissolve his partnership with Mr. Drake — when he was [illegible] by the [illegible] of Sparks [illegible] announcing the [illegible] — and forcing back to the [illegible] chairman [illegible] monstrous of Ralph Darcy, whose little [illegible] Ronald's thirtieth birthday caused him to turn suddenly to the window.

"good-morning, young man", he said kindly. "I wish we could help feeling a certain interest in

the

the child. "You are not afraid of me, are you, my young friend?"

"I'm not," answered the boy with a slight disquiet. "I'm not so silly as to be afraid of anything by daylight."

Decidedly, the unfamiliar, was suffering a small set-back. She was conscious that added to wonder, she had won a first of reverence for the great white figure that must needs be. She had moved a little aside, and stood in the full blaze of the risible sunshine, delighting her huge nostrils in the warm, and humming to herself dreamily and drowsily. Presently, as if suddenly stepped out into the unknown, holding out his hand to the little boy.

"Is Gabriel the said—" smiling — never, to be afraid of anything in the daylight."

Gabriel impulse of "Even the Cherubs" Mr. Wildly there then rushed in speech. "Please don't let Johnnie 'ear you," she began. "You were just going to 'ear Gabriel — don't let 'im 'ear you. We are going down to the sea. It is quite a fine morning, that I thought 'im out early. He was very quiet of you to 'ummie to go and see my mother. She will be so glad to see you. She visits 'er real a any time after half past eleven — at least I believe she visits 'er daily by then. I am afraid I may not be in: but the number of our sitting-room is 46 — on the right — no, on the left. I mean of the stairs: second".

Gabriel, understanding generally as

you

very spectacle. It was ~~a~~ terrible sight. She had never seen a very effective picture at any time; and as constant carrying & exposing pain and tears. Poor Dad by no means increased her power & taking this stage well.

Lily Pinderby was disobedient. It pained him to see ~~[illegible]~~ any woman, and especially this particular woman, at a disadvantage.

"Mother, Dad's find my wax" he answered. Then added kindly, "Mummy dear at this table, by. "Come now & have breakfast dear Mabel. Dad had longer this young gentleman and Lily make. Let's acquaintance - I dare say he should find a bit & an & each Then.— I'm afraid I presented myself, & him in a rather disagreeable light last night".

He was very quiet last night, began

Parnell, catching wildly at suggest

had been planning all this time with him.

Miss Pinderby Sunday quickly. I don't quite & & going out on Sunday. We might

not as well have stayed in Cowes yesterday and gone to see the Prince. Barnum's today. But my

dear mother to go yesterday, and so, of course, spoiled our plans.

Mrs Dad made this emphasis a little undesirable

already seem invited Mrs Pinderby was

little on edge. Parnell as movement

to attain.

Mabel consulted Miss Pinderby's inclinations before

Mr Parnell" he said.

"Miss Pinderby, this young" interrupted Johnnie,

" Dad" Mabel's maid

"Jennie's - do you see Mistress?. I don't like her. She talked me to his Lordship quite badly, reminding me of my position and I'm not to blame, am I for Mistress?"

"Very well Parker, ~~[illegible]~~ I'll send him the car. The conductor, he is down at the pleat house and will wait while waiting as he is paying for some groceries at the delicatessen. Then Mr. Price. Downey merged from his hotel, quite [illegible] conductor as royal was of how in panic, gathering her black mantle tight down over her [illegible] hurt and shoulders, swept in as she was going up the road gravel drive in the middle of the hotel garden.

"Say Mistress, if that maid of Jennie's is coming here, I don't go. I shall go down to the beach right slick off, you know."

The Johnnie Fanelli, in the centre of his wanderings about the entrance of Europe had acquired as friendship of visitation and as power of expulsion decidedly beyond his years.

Eleanor was extremely well as she stood up in the garden. There was an entire indifference to observation, and a certain concentration of purpose in her whole appearance which was distinctly surprising.

"Mistress Jet" is down to the beach" said the child, walking gratefully at his Mistress's knee side.

Eleanor, who was really opposite to the group by the entrance window, suddenly turned her head.

"You are Tess", she exclaimed quickly, coming towards

Colonel

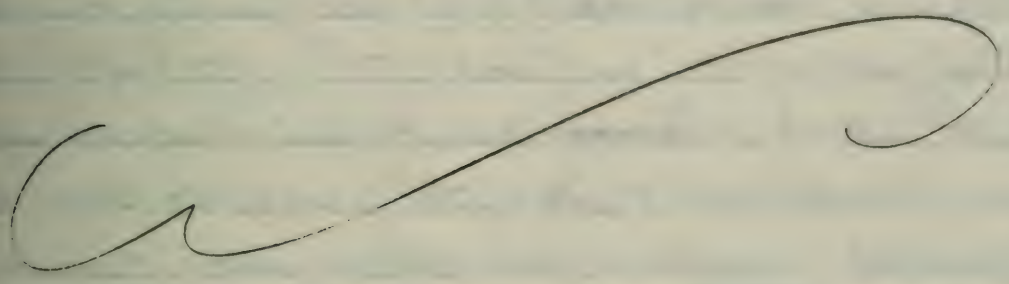
Colonel Sudeley. Her face was pale, almost ashen, and her brown eyes ~~looked dead~~ seemed sunk, and there were dark circles round them. She looked worn and aged. Mr. Farrell, with a woman's quick reading of the inward sign of trouble, said to her: "Why, she was seen on ship" "I'll see you at once, Colonel Sudeley. But I'd like to say — I have something important to say", Mr. Price-Dawson went on as the cause nearer to him. She hardly noticed Cecilia Farrell. "Surely, you know she was, it had her heart" remarked the little boy. Eleanor Imagel her dear child, again!" ~~she said~~ ~~said~~ "I am quite at your service", Philip returned courteously. He looked, the knight, looked capable of developing tremendous energy if she was held waiting. He did not care very much about his heart trouble — neither did he care very much for Mr. Price-Dawson's visit (either) to Mrs. Mallet. He had declined his ultimatum, she wanted to get away, he did not in the least know what to do with the question — and what on earth could she want with him? It was a nuisance her surging down upon him in this violent (sort of) way. But then everything was a disturbing nuisance this morning. Standing ~~in the sunshine~~ talking, or rather (in his case) talking, to Mr. Farrell, in the sunshine without his hat was a nuisance of the first water. You will observe that Colonel Sudeley was by no means in an heroic frame of mind.

"So, Johnnie", said Cecilia. She was rather pale at least. The Colonel's hard face does seemed to

triply

ply something of a reproach, — and she was
ever, particularly susceptible to reproaches.
She disliked Mr. Percy Dawson: Dawson, Dwight, I suppose,
because she was afraid of her. She would get
quite of Hetta [illegible] said 'as alone with her
son.

Meanwhile, Hetta, as table d'hote, in
the centre of the hotel garden.
Hetta: "Shall I speak alone?", said Mr. Percy Dawson.
Father you remember, and sit down and
wait. Pah." she added, "miserably stupid every body is today". What
extreme terrible of Mr. Parelli's is not coming
back Hetta? — "We will go inside here, Ethel
suddenly. You can have your breakfast and
Hetta talk to you. It is [illegible] simply [illegible], out of
door."



XX

VI

Two ways of true-love.

~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~

. . . .

~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~

[...]nce Trevenay sat down ~~[illegible]~~ just opposite to Colonel Tredelly [?] at the other side of the table on which his breakfast was laid in the window of the restaurant. She untied the ribbon of her mantle at the neck and flung ~~[illegible]~~ it impatiently off her shoulders. She unbuttoned her long Suède gloves and drawing them off, threw them down on the table before her. Then pushed her chair ~~back~~ a little back into the soft shadow of the white curtained casement.

"[...]n – eat", she said, imperatively, looking across to her companion. "I can talk to you just as well, and it will look ~~[illegible]~~ more natural if [yo]u read [?] your paper".

It is very well to say "Go on [?] – eat", but how can a man of ordinary sensibility, ~~[illegible]~~ — ~~[illegible]~~ still more a man suffering reaction after considerable mental excitement — how is he calmly to dissect a nicely ~~[illegible]~~ browned sole, and inquire into the inner mysteries of a new-laid egg [?], when a woman with such an ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] picture and tragic ~~[illegible]~~ countenance is sitting opposite to and watching him?

"Really

"I'll never forget Ronald Tredelyn, with a delicious mischievous twinkle in his eye, whispering: — "Ronald Tredelyn you would find it very convenient to be in the salon. You know what I mean".

"Answered quickly", I replied. Just as I was about to offer him my hand, I caught up appearances. Did he ask me to be his wife, I asked myself. Was it true, "as I feared".

He gave her a cup of coffee and went down again. Then with his mouth full of food he said: "Well, Clara, you are looking very pretty".

Thanks, I replied. Eleanor did not look pretty, but I said her head, as she glanced up at me quickly, then under her long lashes. She was a bit of her own private property. She was looking at me with

positive.

curiosity. Her sister was shocked to command, but that wonder was increased to amount of her wonder. She was evidently in this world to [illegible] keep herself in hand. Only a question or reproof to her ever put this certain of her hands restrained her wisdom opinion.

Would we have wished to our own opinion in this matter", she continued, "without giving Philip time to make any rejoinder." But another [illegible] Philip or Edw — and that decided was to come to you. You must remember I have already warned you that foreign ways are different to English ones — that must be my excuse for speaking to you plainly and without fear [illegible] circumlocution. We may be mistaken in our reasons. For that case you have only to tell me so. I shall not resent, I assure you, certainly expect it".

Eleanor paused. Philip understood well both in this visit and [illegible]. He knew both in this dress. She knew quite well what she was going to say, [illegible] against this queer [illegible] perplexing circumstance that had happened to him before — which would be remedied on this day of his first visit to Miss Morelli — to be postponed of course. It was disappointing, yet he could not speak away from it. His wish seemed in a state of [illegible] suspension. He must let her speak, and what would happen, happen. He was powerless alike to hasten or prevent the course of events. said Mr. Pierce. Eleanor, resuming her eyes fixed on that one of her letters. cup", it [illegible] Edwards

Indeed"

Suddenly, you have any peculiar ~~so~~ visitors
in our step-daughter, if you please her — Oh,
how stale? put it? — if — with your pardon
my saying it' ~~Martha~~ Martha? — I've one in
here with her, don't go away. Stay - I've
some my reasons to do so. There is no use on
earth to shun trouble more willingly than
some than you".

Up ~~rushed~~ leapt him ~~to~~ elbow on the table and
rested his face with his hands. He stood ~~towards~~
~~staring~~ steaming, working desire - that had hit=
in bar = right to ~~[illegible]~~ : and
anger - rushed with his blood again. He was as white
as snow, but ~~her~~ (snow like a leaf) ~~[illegible]~~ : still moved.
Peace. Faraway sat up. She watched him keenly
and suspiciously. Then as his words she spoke again
in her same low voice.

Her friend, believed me, to do me duty by my
husband's child: but as time has come when
it would be better - far better - for both of us,
that she should help with stranger and safer
keeping than mine. And in that keeping
would she be so safe as with your - her
father's and own best friend? — And
dear, really, it is very fair hint to offer any
harm?. She is very lovely, and gay, and sweet.
and ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~. She is very
winning, she never to carry. Then suddenly it
with her smile. Her dress and bright hair
to her own — it she has an fault, "Mr Peace.
Faraway, went on slowly, "they are of my making.
I have not always been very wise with her,
poor child".

Suddenly looked at his companion as she said

Then

She sat leaning in front of her

there last few words. Her face was very sad.
Edward observation, as the hansom and his friend of
her telling towards home, during the part
near, came to her mind. There had been moments
when she had come near absolutely hating the
young girl. She was still wanting to know her
visitor with Bertie Lower of the night before.
She had come to [illegible] the school that
morning in a storm of jealousy, of revenge, of
wounded self-love, and of genuine fear too: —
the wanted to save Ernie, [illegible] quite as
urgently as she wanted to save herself. [illegible]
[illegible].

She had reached a half-hour in which silence, on
which were no longer possible to Philip Sudeley.
It had to face the situation and admit it.
"Mrs. Percie Dauncey", he said at last
rather and quickly; "can you answer by one
fear: Was the picture finished for the beautiful
ib of Beauty?". Was eight and ninety — every year
it makes me terribly older. Was not as
one time; Was not a brilliant picture to open
exhibition. My picture does not, it is absolutely
new — unique even, even of the modern school
is constantly forward in any exhibition, and we
had fashioned ourselves pretty well out of it —
Was practically no career before me. Was
there any right to go to a woman, in the first
flush of her youth and beauty, who has so
much to give — as to her life's true mission
and duty [illegible]"?

Eleanor turned to him quickly. There was
met.

...e. She looked into his face.
...no loves her — yet", she said.
...Suddenly Rudolph broke away and got up
...rose had a peculiar shrewd look in his
...lip suddenly took a long deep breath. He pushed
...way his chair and stood up. A peculiar air
...assurance was upon him. Just then the door
...opened and Mrs Vetch looked in:
...Mrs Vetch's manner of self-confidence
...and the assurance returned in addition to the
...large light room flooding the dusk where he stood.
...Something more than usually light
...seemed to shine on Rudolph's face at the moment.
...was radiant with the flame of a great and
...beautiful passion. His eyes were misty with tears.
...her?" he cried, with a strange hurt laugh.
...love her?... How her letters, God forgive me, mean
...nothing in reason or earth".
...ke. Tansay sat still in the shadow. She
...ttered her mantle hastily up over her shoulders again.
...e was aware of a sudden chill.
...e is a very fortunate girl", she murmured.
...ose she rose and began slowly putting on
...er gloves.
...wish not go now, I enjoin, Colonel Rudolph?"
...he enquired archly, with
...nd with playful as faint spice of malice in
...er tone.
..." I mean that:" he answered. "Indeed say
...et. You seem wonderfully good to me.
...e I must consider it all. For bidden
...

wait

9r

It would be his wisdom it has sacrificed herself through ignorance, through want of experience. "[illegible]
might wait, might study it out". end Fee
vice. Dawson came as few days to see him.
He went on about Futurities Everything. She
told us how at Colonel Sudeley, but there was
certain reluctance in her voice as she spoke
that was unusual hesitation.
Here — Egypt and Italy and Greece Etc
seem now as impossible as Africa — Time
time seems that [illegible] last days slip
through one's fingers, half-noticed & unaware:
after about year one wonders how on
the little red villa. Sometimes will happen". —
She paused a moment. — "Went into Jerusalem
Sunday Went up to see dear night. She has
creep in to her hands clasped under her pretty
curly head. She was smiling, and her beauty
came on [illegible] go little bobs. Robert at her —
it's — it's — "longed" [illegible]
"ruin" cried Philip [illegible] stern. "Here
is Things you mean not say and Not
now not be sad. — There it down", he went on
more gently: — "You don't know quite
what you are saying, You are excited and
ill. Let me go and call your maid to you".
me", said Mrs. Price. Dawson. — close up
at down again as he herself sat by way. Her
hands lay idly in her lap and she gazed out at nothing,
the dry tired eyes. His her thoughts and courage
and help her. She not Time was all gone and
gone help, while the sunshine flooded in the little

gay

...ow hand'ed now, and the sunshine sparkled in
...hi's curdens out side, and the palm leaves
rattled against the cage and the mina or
...iser and the ~~parrot~~ cockatoo sounded in from
the nursery shadow during the heat. ~~heard.~~

...ith his imperial head and pale unpolished face,
...as in white and he sat at breakfast with
...isdom his children and Philip watched him
...patiently and anxiously.

"I have such very low, dreadful moods." But
~~you shan't have any more~~ any thing and nerviness, Edmund
replied. "If you knew what I have suffered you would
not blame me very much".

"Was it that dreadful dream you told me?" he
asked quietly.

"No dear it is all over. I have asked my heart my
whole inmost life, day and night to give me peace
with myself. And I had nobody to speak
to, nobody to help me. Dear, dear Edmund, I had
to pray myself, how to control them, to recognise it
calmly, to hide up all the ugly pain, to rest the
whole thing. — I have quite an everything by
prayer, all my foolish wild dreams, all my
dreadful dreams, every thing — and what is it? —
for a man who does not love me. I have
neglected my old friends, hindered my old
pursuits, and miserable. He has touched me out
of shadow all of them, with his gentle little
morning smiles and his sweet voice".

"Yes", said Philip suddenly, ~~with a shadow~~
under his breath.

"I am drawn me with a new delight, unselfish. It
is even comes between me and my husband's
child, this most horrible deceptations have come

arrived

wailed me - His Heart seem on the edge of
mortal sin. And yet I cared for him": - God
added." God help me! I care for nothing else. -
What is this thing love, which men praise,
and behead, and crucify on the glory and
shame of life?. It seem to me a very
cute and devil's gift. What does it do but break
a, humbler us, drive us crazy, for evil all that
is purest and best in us with one mad over-mastering
desire"?.

He suddenly shuddered. The words were terrible to
him coming just at this moment. His own love
was deep enough, but it was of a very different sort:
less evil. It made him giddy to look into the
frightful depths of this woman's heart. Her entire
disregard of conventionality, the indifference of her
nature, scorn and the fierce way of her passion
were overwhelming to him. He had no words
to meet her with, no consolation to offer.
He felt some one, she went on, bursting up
into sudden bursts of anger: - had.
He she enough, pray, with her radiant
health and youth, and beauty, with all the
adoration which society was ready to lavish
upon her, but she must have this man's love,
also? . Ah! These bright, innocent young creatures
are so cruel, so very cruel. Their wounds are never
all enough, they delight at everything in their
power to help bleeding hearts. They leave
nothing, nothing but an aching void. They won't
draw on the reserve sufficient to fill a multitude.
: in this dull story of the rich man, who with all
his riches and wealth must still have his poor
neighbour's

[illegible] Lane. Had it the
[illegible] already, they would it the [illegible]
[illegible] mans ?.

"Perhaps [illegible]" interrupted Philip hoarsely.
"Miss Peirce" — added Mr. Peirce. "Darcy
[illegible]." "If you care for her please you buy for
[illegible] and let it stay at your
[illegible]!" — But remember", she
added standing up, and speaking very clearly
and carefully — "remember it is all my fault.
It was I blame her, and I have no right to blame
her. I think she would always [illegible]. We first
encouraged [illegible] by flattery. Only tonight
[illegible] talking [illegible] pale pleasantly to her.
[illegible] Carlile in a moment of [illegible]
[illegible] the unpardonable error of [illegible]
[illegible] in the [illegible] of [illegible] material
[illegible]. Please [illegible] as fools, and one [illegible]
[illegible] lightly his folly in their world. — Mr. Lane
or Colonel Pendir, for pity's sake take her —
[illegible] to [illegible] hide her head or [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] at least with [illegible]
[illegible] with [illegible]. "Yes I like you, and she is an
[illegible] an a summer's day. Take her, before,
[illegible] me: —
[illegible] voices had risen almost to [illegible]
[illegible] exclamation. There was a sound of feet.
[illegible] the [illegible] gravel of the garden path
[illegible] outside, and the window was suddenly
[illegible] by an awful female figure. The
Peirces and Mr. Peirce. Darcy [illegible]
[illegible] turned back [illegible] round, and moved as
[illegible] or his own.

"pardon me", said Mr. Murray, [illegible] from one

ii

the other middle-aged acquaintance. "Dear friend Eleanor visiting the Tower for the very first time, Colonel Frederick. Tower so afraid of disgrace you. Mystified Princess Victoria, was known, was known, [illegible] made me. Died not known dear Mrs Percie-Dawson was here to. Shuddered at mere existence of Eleanors widespread Court was not quite as pleasant-looking old lady. Never ever were small and tiny things; like the brave Paris-Hill surprisingly unfaded - as waxed and puffed out over her ears. There was one [illegible] dirge-eyed rivid colour upon her veins and thin lips. She was extremely gracious and kind-hearted, but was quite delighted as Lady [illegible] and watchful self and cardinal behaved her usual manner. Red. Riding. Hood's grandmother must have looked as good as dead as Mr. Murray did at moments, Then she was busy mighty, with [illegible] mighty-cap tied so neatly under the long lower jaw, making comforting creature to [illegible] multitudinous [illegible] but tireless little [illegible] maiden. Eleanor [illegible] gallant and heroic to gallant in a minute. She regarded her usual fine manner, and looked very handsome - if a little [illegible] - as she bowed and slowly retired her modest little place, with sundry dainty patting and mustings. She was pale still, and the dark hair round her ever sad grave almost livid. But the elder lady's presence seemed to galvanize her with calm self-control with a marvellous promptitude.

"See I'm in the Tower now", Mr. Murray continued.

"Don't

"I pray let me wish you joy. I should never forgive myself if I withheld it".

"Don't interrupt us, Selina", responded Eleanor, "this dangerous sweet self. I was just going".

"Oh, I am delighted, really delighted", cried the Bishop, beaming from one to the other with unfeigned pleasure - under which, it must be owned, Edward Philip's addressed delight. "But I am sorry we are not to have Eleanor and our nearest too. I was hoping you, and should have so enjoyed missing Selina's sudden, altogether".

"Not go", said Mrs. Percie-Dawson. "Please call Father, Selina's sudden. You write find her waiting in the hall. "I'll go down" to the gate and stop the team".

As Selina the event out of the window, past Mrs. Murray, and into the glare of the sunlight her eyes many garden.

"My dear Mrs. Percie-Dawson" cried Mrs. Murray after her — one moment. I have so wishing to explain our case of your sudden visit: — the Bishop addressed walked straight on, her head erect, her arms folded, her full crisp skirts swaying behind her over the gravel. Mrs. Murray's words died away. The geniality, too, died out of her countenance.

She wished to be impertinent, I wonder", she said half aloud.

Sudden, followed by Father, timidly across the path after Mrs. Percie-Dawson to the gate. She came up, she hurried to him with a courageous smile. Philip ended not help admiring her.

There

[illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] about Ronnie
Frederick Ronnie
[illegible] at all.

[illegible] is [illegible]. How [illegible]. Just at [illegible]
[illegible] moment — as and [illegible] Parker".

She paused a moment: and looked steadily
at the Colonel.

"Will not go to Persia as he said. does Ronnie?
she said as she held out her hand to him.

Strong & true women and will to [illegible] he
is for this unhappy woman got into Philip's
house ever as he answered: —

"He [illegible], "I remain here. I shall
not go to Persia".

Eleanor
"So you - God help you", said said Ronnie Ronney,
tenderly — there was a ask in her voice. She put
up her hand, and drew her veil down over her face,
and then made [illegible] (him) a charming
little gesture of farewell as she stepped up into
her brougham-car.

Philip, astonished many things in his mind, walked
back [illegible] from the gate. Mrs. Mowbray Dent's sister.
[illegible], [illegible], [illegible], camp-stool in hand, met
him.

"Is he arrested at [illegible] mistaken upon you"
she said. "And Eleanor Dent you were engaged,
I believe, I should [illegible] have come. It was stupid of
the [illegible] not to tell me.

"Oh yes, Mrs. Mowbray Suspected Colonel Frederick is a
minute and searching question. "Dear me, how he
has surprised!" [illegible] this thought to herself.
And they say he has money. Can he be [illegible]
[illegible] occupied with that [illegible] widow?—
Now if Cecilia had only any spirit: — but Cecilia's
good-parent was only too well aware that her

daughter

daughter had the very smallest possible amount
of truth!..
cinda was not disposed to be gracious.
u don't apologise" he replied stiffly. "Mrs. Pierce-
Murray was just leaving".
anted immensely to get away and be alone; but,
ith Mrs. Murray drawn up so squarely in front of him,
was not quite easy to manage.
's a remarkable likeness, isn't it," observed that
dy, hesitatively. "Of course it is rather a delicate
atter to touch upon — but it does seem a pity that
he encourages my nephew so much, you know. It
as alienated him from the rest of his family, in
way we all regret; I can't deny that. Dear
ettie was always such a favourite".
p did not answer.
large family, like ours, such things are natur-
ally talked over, you know, Colonel Endeby. His
lations see so little of him now. I have thrown my
ind about it more than once. I was determined
come here, and see for myself. Cecilia was
ather unwilling, but I just set before her as a
uty."
ecilia's obedience was always notable, I remember",
erved Philip.
Murray winced.
ow dear Cecilia, how much she has gone
rough!" she exclaimed piously. "We all in the
ily — ~~Hil~~ sometimes I have reproached myself
n her account" —
Murray gently ~~shook~~ shook her head and closed
r eyes, as one whose thoughts lie far too deep for
ords. But Colonel Endeby made no response; so
Mrs. Murray re-opened her eyes after a few seconds
and

...nds returned from her abysmals deep of
...thoughts with a sort of jerk.
...cause you", she said majestically.
..., I'm afraid I must go indoors, it will
...give me" [illegible] smiled. I have a comfortable
...round house order I gave last night".
...de "Lady's face became rapidly overcast again.
...ses with a big all the. Delightful kid". she exclaimed
...ith a deep little sort of enthusiasm.
...Enderby felt compelled to answer, though he
...was but "least sympathetic to such actions as
...Murray's approval.
...Is it a few days yet" [illegible]. And
...I'm a little not sure he passed with the house."

Ind Jane

The Colonel clasps hands with his Fate.

~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~

[On] the eastern side of Genoa, but still within the limits of the city, there is a secluded and unfrequented road. [It] has none of the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~modern~~ [?] attractions [common] to the famous streets with their long facades of splendid palaces and their swarming thronging human crowds, and to those tortuous narrow, melodramatic-looking by-lanes and passages, which with gloomy door-ways opening into dusky pavements and scarcely barred windows high up in the ~~[illegible]~~ melancholy stone-walls, form the less fashionable quarter of the brilliant city. — Mysterious looking places, these are, where many a sword, and ancient smells stagnate from year's end to year's end, and where you almost break your neck in the effort to catch a glimpse of the ribbon of radiant blue sky, that palpitates between the ~~[illegible]~~ untidied lines of the high repellant houses far above. ~~[illegible]~~

One side of the road in question, is bounded by a sea-wall, against which the waters of the Mediterranean ~~[illegible]~~ gurgle and ~~[illegible]~~ murmur hoarsely some fifteen feet below. On the other sides are earth-works over-grown with weeds and coarse grasses, in which shine the black burnished sides of cannon, their gloomy mouths pointing out sea-ward. Beyond, the

ground

[illegible] in the picturesque garden of a
[illegible]arming village, bounded by a high wall on the
[illegible] marked with flowering creeper and near the edge
[illegible] the water stair of ~~[illegible]~~ (drawing room) ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~. Looking westwards you
[illegible] round the water sweep [illegible] of the River – with its
[illegible] ships, and glittering blue water, – framed
in the (broad) crescent of stately painted houses, that rise
~~[illegible]~~ up the sloping hill-sides towards lustrous
gardens and (shimmering) ~~[illegible]~~ olive mounds, ~~[illegible]~~ guarded above
[illegible] of the [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~
(and in) ~~[illegible]~~ ring of pale [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ fortifications
~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] keen and clear against
the sky.

~~[illegible]~~

[illegible] o'clock in the afternoon, (following) ~~[illegible]~~ his
~~[illegible]~~ critical conversation with Mr.
[illegible], Philip Sudely ~~[illegible]~~
[illegible] of the sand-way, [illegible] in a
[illegible] of ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] (knight's) ~~[illegible]~~. He had
[illegible] with [illegible] on business, he had wandered rather
aimlessly through the city, till he found himself
[illegible] in this comparatively retired spot. It seemed
a good place to rest in for a while and try to arrive
at conclusions.

[illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ (on) the left, where the ~~[illegible]~~ earth works ended,
a quantity of shot was piled, – each dark ball of
metal giving off and iridescent dazzle of light ~~[illegible]~~ as
the sunshine touched it. A sentry ~~[illegible]~~ with his ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ carbine on his shoulder, paced ~~up a~~ backwards
and forwards, in front of ~~a low~~ the low grey window-
[illegible] building of a powder-magazine. The man was
[illegible] looking fellow. His ~~[illegible]~~ handsome
[illegible] face showed dark and (ruddy) ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~
above ~~[illegible]~~

[illegible]
dressed in blue serge uniform, under ~~the white~~
in white linen covered képi, and in white gaiters
buttoned in the ~~[illegible]~~, ~~[illegible]~~ glancing lightly
as he moved. The regular tramp of the sentry's feet
and in full straight figures were very pleasant,
rather, to Colonel Pedder. ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ He leaned back against the road sea-wall
and proceeded to light a cigar in a leisurely and
detached manner.

[illegible]ted, he was quite calm and perfectly decided, to go straight
[through the] whole matter from beginning to end. First there
was his love for Jinnie — Philip did not waste much
time on that point. In the last twenty-four hours it
had become much too vital a part of him to need
any questioning or careful scrutiny. Next there was
the situation. Under the circumstances, he was
justified in declaring his love to her, in
using his utmost to win the young girl. Mr. Pierce.
Duncan's wild words — some of them Philip tried
to forget and put away from him: "the poor thing", was
half mad, he thought — had revealed to
him a horrible and perilous condition of things
at the Villa Mortelli. The pity and misery of the
situation moved some of the deepest and finest
chords in his nature. It was frightful to think of that fair
innocent child and the bitter war of conflicting feeling
that was waged round her all day long; frightful
to think of her habitually breathing ~~[illegible]~~ an
atmosphere poisoned with the fumes of ~~[illegible]~~ fruitless
passion. Philip suddenly thought and thought. Weighed
~~[illegible]~~ his own disabilities against the ~~[illegible]~~
girl's danger, tried to look on into the future and

[illegible]

...g. in ~~that~~ his relative weight a ideas of love
...ing would go — of married life for himself, in Jersey,
...the temptations, difficulties, that might arise and
...must be guarded against; there to set some notion
...the whole new untried world of emotion and
...ience that lay before him. Counted too, the
...ks of ~~to~~ refusal. — The disappointment would be terrible.
...ut night it seemed painful enough. What would
... be ~~[illegible]~~ if it came some weeks
...ence, when the ~~thought~~ sight of the ~~[illegible]~~ girl's beauty
...nd charm had become a habit ~~and~~ daily necessity?
...ly paced on in the hot stillness of sunshine,
... beautiful city lay glittering between the
...le mountains and the sea. Philip Rudolph
...ried, ~~[illegible]~~ and looked away
...the far southern horizon. He felt the critical
...ment had come, the moment ~~[illegible]~~, of final decision ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ which would colour — in joy or sorrow — his
...hole ~~[illegible]~~ future existence. They were voices in the
...den above, a sound coming from the open window
...the villa, a train of mules clattering with a mighty
...bells about their fantastic harness, the sea
~~[illegible]~~ curled up ~~against the rough~~
...er the points of rock, and splashed gently against
...e rough bases of the narrow ~~[illegible]~~, and the even
...ead of the soldier beat out things in all the
...st ~~[illegible]~~ with an almost fateful
...ateness and regularity. Philip Rudolph's whole
...ul it was shaken with unknown fears and
~~deep~~ strong ~~[illegible]~~ unutterable resolve. ~~[illegible]~~ He
...as ready to take all risks. If God would give him
...e exquisite gift of this young girl's love, he would
~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ dedicate himself thenceforth to her service,
... would keep himself pure and spotless for her
sake

he, he would say no word, harbour no thought ~~[illegible]~~ that he need fear to tell her of. By kindness, by constant care, by absolute devotion he would make her happy. He would live for her, and her only:—"live and die for her too if that should seem best", he added suddenly, half aloud.

In a brief ^interval ~~[illegible]~~ a great wave of sadness rolled over him, a swift dread of coming pain and disaster. But it passed as suddenly as it had come, and hope, hosts of good things ~~[illegible]~~ gracious, tender, and lovely things ahead there in the coming days, was dominant in Philip suddenly as he made ^this way back through the ~~[illegible]~~ Severe side that evening.

Contrary perhaps to his better judgment ~~at~~ the [illegible] game way. Cynical persons will smile and remind us that ~~[illegible]~~ instances ~~are~~ ^are but rare of successful resistances to a certain stage of emotion. Worldly-minded persons will maintain that there is a ~~[illegible]~~ savour of credulity ~~[illegible]~~ and contemptible silliness in our hero's ^readiness ~~[illegible]~~ to take a young lady so obviously thrown at his head. For myself, I venture to ~~[illegible]~~ ^hold my own opinions concerning my friend's conduct at this ~~[illegible]~~ juncture, and I cry after him as he ~~[illegible]~~ goes away filled with the joy of love and promise:— Good luck to you, true heart! Heaven send you pleasant dreams and no rude awakening."

XVII

VIII

2. 7 3.

~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor then to rejoin the chair.

Meanwhile, poor Mrs. Price-Bourne had passed a sufficiently wretched day after her ~~[illegible]~~ violent expedition of the morning. She had lain on her bed, half blinded with nervous head-ache, through the past evening. Whether her *démarche* had been a wise or a foolish one, — only aware of active physical misery, as one long hour dragged in after another through the burning afternoon. That willing person, Parker, — within whose flat ungenerous-looking bosom beat a warm and faithful heart — shifted the pillows for her over and over again, and bathed the ~~throbbing~~ racked and throbbing head. Parker did not ask to have things explained to her. She ~~[illegible]~~ entertained an ~~[illegible]~~ unalterable conviction that the ~~act~~ action of some man was ~~[illegible]~~ at the bottom of every woman's troubles; and on that basis was invariably ready to build up a super-structure of practical help and ~~silent~~ tenderness. This stern, hard-featured ~~person~~ woman, notwithstanding her uninviting face and didactic manner, was full of ~~strong~~ maternal instincts, which were bound to find their outward expression, silently but very strikingly in the tending of her handsome over-excitable

er. [illegible] quiplets.

e "Tis sure which comfort Jessie in life" Stiles
alter all's cause to her. "You're always" Stiles
to talk back when I cannot get along
without one to talk back upon".

e would [replying with] a somewhat pardonic
mile. Yes did it always Stiles her mistress
u wise: but, "why Ma, this cannot be her more
ui help on Stiles account. Jessie Tis sure
ubtedly is sensible of a strong of
ch-confidence in Everything Tis alone attain
- Tis "relieved" the punishment. We sure value
ourselves above [illegible] Stiles [illegible] for one thing,
at Jessie, or our society would become
ritually [reduces] even if Tis [illegible] sure
Lunatic-minded of in, Stiles.

d Jessie paused as dear very anxiety to her
Tis silliness. Sue had been alone, and to be alone
as one of their young ladyes severest trials.
Stiles Jessie had gone out, to Swiss, quite early.
e had only seen Lui at breakfast, when he had
said very little, and stared at her once or twice
it to ever as profitably marvellous as Malvolio's.
er Sister was seen invisible, and Father
ad been invisible. To, — a fact which Jessie
Tis felt regretted as she seldom minded Tis at
o to workaway's weight very cubicuitis. [illegible]
Sister Tis's seat was still in England,
Uncle returns was indefinite to Jessie's mind. Uncle
Charley was gone.

wandered about [illegible] deliciously. Her trouble
as, dark-like, of minds Tis cause or day at Tis
: as Lui's kisses, Tis Tis kind nothing and
ssy, "I love my Tis"; and Tis Tis mere glamour

tively

all over the world of its wonderful energy.
It, through the history cause of discomfort
bear as a very trivial matter to some learned
the training statements after a great and
universal good, it is exceedingly true and
curious to the history itself, that in its very
initiation of its nature such
cases it disappears at so slight moment to
the after-mentioned learned and, necessarily making
it recall quick the more urgent and better
under the little creature to bear. We see
so out "a visit: that through the whole of
this and of shallow nature did the world
said, there the or this
all of, very simply we degree. A time would may
be fully to overthrown as well as the mighty
river that submerges a world of continent.
A charming face was wonderful. The
first to enlist surely in a number different ways we
Prima Donna out a it is supposedly. Some persons
cause as necessity for spectator it the one to
bear their part, even with wonderful every-day
matter, satisfactorily to themselves. He took the
world out of doors, sanctified up with the
mighty words with her red mother, and watched
pleasant making part the river to their wonderful
other, where the wind from Niagara + Duke
in young wife, with an orange with Chamberlain
first over the black of hair and a real old
wife in her eyes, sat on an marble bench
there in, nursing her brown face dimpled baby —
a very incarnation of nothing, ruminant content.
Just their birth (idyllic) scene was the serenely domestic to
different the epic to be, and the most dissyllabically
barbarous

sacks to the silent villa. Mr. Percival Pannay
and Lord Wardlaw were to ride to
Athenry with dinner; so poor little Jenia sat her
distant alone and at the early hour usual
in this house in bed. The cold dreary
death, and dreams were usually ominous. Why
was the Lady Ellen home when she ought
not to be? — She would wear white
with the tiger [illegible] to-morrow! —
Late that evening Eleanor came
back from dining. Her room had become miserable,
for the [illegible] was still walking
about her head and shoulders, and
pain in the temples. At dinner on the
next evening the Pelhams arrived. She remembered:
only one fragrant cup of tea might ease
the pain in her aching head. She sat still
[illegible] in a condition of
mental vacuity, conscious only that she was
physically ill and that her head ached,
that life was an unendurable
pain.

At the Pelhams was [illegible] the
same hot stifling evening as the carriage drove
down the [illegible] Eleanor immediately
recognized. She remained [illegible] quiet, hoping
the Mr. Lees might go in the time, until
[illegible] Eleanor [illegible] immediately
[illegible] quiet, hoping
[illegible] Mr. Lees might go in the time, until
[illegible] Eleanor
[illegible] at the arbour
[illegible]. She
felt very weak and [illegible] Lady [illegible]

[illegible]

containing a part in a dialogue of an intimate and possibly painful character.

The man paused for a moment. There had been [illegible] in the faint luminous shimmer of his [illegible] white [illegible]. He came straight along the terrace, and stood a few paces from her.

"Is it you, Eleanor"? he inquired.

She answered reluctantly.

It was too dark for either to see the other.

Mrs. Price-Darnay shifted her position slightly and sighed. She was frightened, somehow, apparently. Butler spoke again: —

"Sudeley has not gone yet, I find. I had the privilege of seeing him for a few minutes this evening. I am not conceited enough to suppose that he wishes to pick a quarrel with me — I am not sufficiently important for that. But I must say his manner was hardly what I should define as conciliatory".

The young man waited after he had spoken. His silence seemed to compel an answer.

"I knew already that Colonel Sudeley had decided to stay on a little longer", said Mrs. Price-Darnay.

"Indeed"! observed Mr. Innes.

There was another silence.

"[illegible]", said Mrs. Price-Darnay at last, with a certain tremor in her voice; — "would you mind very much going away for a week or so"?..

"Yes, cousin Nell", he replied; "I quite appreciate the excellence of your intention in making that proposal. But I don't think I quite see my way to leaving

carrying Perfect just now. There is my dear aunt, Mr. Murray, for one thing, who has come here [illegible] to see me for dinner — so the situation is clear. Then, you know, I don't care about [illegible] but I can't very well do this you ask at a few hours notice".

[illegible]

Night it would [illegible] be better for everyone" he said, humbly. "Night it might [illegible] some".

Caroline did a little.

He ~~returned~~ quite ~~appeared~~ [illegible] "as it was decided on the victim last night, ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor. ~~[illegible]~~ dear I rely yourself about me. I assure you I shall [illegible] quite interested in letting my powers of endurance. I have an enthusiasm for self-torture worthy of an Indian fakir just at the present moment".

Peace. Townsend said more hastily while he ~~[illegible]~~ was already and walked towards the door. On the door way she turned round, the light from without fell on her young man's shoulders ~~[illegible]~~ She curves of hair critically from [illegible] to toe; there was a shade of contempt in the [illegible] of her chin.

"You are still a little ~~[illegible]~~ an Indian fakir" she said. "You help admirably for the part. There is a little of exquisite reticence in your bearing. — You are like the fakirs, in this to, that you appear supremely indifferent to the part that your experiments

in —

is self-righteous man present and intensely disagreeable
Medicales is these "people".
His lower parts his own business.
"Really," he said, "this demonstration appears
to me as little uncalled for. You have got your
own way in all essentials — as I predicted — won't
that suffice?"
He took off his hat, arranged and glossed
it with much gravity and composure, and
placed his curious hair, his curious manner
with the whole. Hanged the hall. He turned her
into her head. Then back, leaning against the
wall just at the top of the stairs.
"Heaven, Bessie, what is the matter? You
look as white as a sheet; he fainted.
Pierce. Downing's lips were trembling, she had
difficulty in breathing.
"I am afraid, sir, I did as it should not get up
again alone. I'm very sorry to trouble you, Bertie,
sir, I'm afraid I must ask you to go round
at Parker for me."
Bailey returned a great part that Mrs. Amer had
meddled in matrimonial questions so hopelessly,
in many ways she would have made an
unsuitable husband. He had all the instincts of
a first rate nurse, he was observant, endlessly
patient, and delightful hands, and as
he quickly afforded in that sight of physical
suffering as the most well-bred of
women.
"I help you into bed, Miss Parker," he
answered. "Here, let me come this side of you.
Now take hold of the bannisters with your
left hand. Put "this" foot over your groove.
There:" —

Then :—

she threw her left arm round Eleanor's waist and carried rather than led her upstairs.

and Agatha

was then passed to rest in a minute : she was sick and dizzy and miserably weak. Whilst she could or no, she leaned heavily her whole weight upon Mary's encircling arm.

"Let us quarrel, Nell", he said, scarcely in a low voice. "We have never done that yet you know. It would not be quite like us, somehow ; it would give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. Several of the words look wise and say 'They had always said. Look it, and rejoice with evil rejoicing, if you find I were known to have fallen out. I am afraid I said some detestable thing last night ; but I believe I was in a condition of temporary (insanity) quarrel with you would be quite the worst disobeying thing that could befall me — now".

He hurried the last words gently.

Peace. Faraway fully realized the significance of that gentle emphasis. It is her words had implied in them of as hard, and she, poor soul, was absorbed in almost abject need of mine just now.

"I shall go on, Bertie" she answered, very miserable :— "If I am so shocked up that it I talk, I'm afraid I shall begin to cry".

The other. Head Parker met them.

"Do you you were fit to go out, ma'am", he remarked with some severity,— [Even the wisest hearted person denies as certain pleasure on the fulfilment of their or our dismal

prophecies.

[illegible] Mr. Pierce. It was the question whether [illegible] would not have pursuaded as much [illegible] ~~damnable~~ comfortable hope [illegible] contemporaries [illegible] State [illegible] did, if [illegible] ~~dainous~~ heart. Reading [illegible] qualifications regarding [illegible] captivity had [illegible] ~~bowed~~ proved, in the end, illusory. —

[illegible] Mr. Pierce [illegible] considerable [illegible] and suspicion.

Mr. Pierce. Do you wish to rise up and [illegible] to right: rise" she ~~demanded~~ said to [illegible] map.]

[illegible] reply not, my dear Mr. Parkin" replied [illegible] Parkman, with [illegible] amusement [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] dear, your [illegible], and I can't [illegible] what you have [illegible] to her ~~meanwhile~~ meanwhile". Parker smiled. It was her way of expressing [illegible] [illegible] and without using [illegible] the frauds, prevarications, manners, morals and general [illegible] of the male sex.

"Pendragon named 'the Dragon'".

[illegible] regarded the estate that Philip Sidney owned near Penshurst. Barnaby was captivated with Elizabethan ideas of the life of the country gentleman. He had acquired, in addition to his knowledge of Latin and Greek, the right to hunt deer, to look at her, to admire her. He had the right to let himself go — and on more than one occasion, that is why he was in the Queen's service. Penshurst was a pleasantly placid estate. He returned, and the manifold graduations of his nature, radiant, dawned on us. He was, indeed, unmistakably right and true.

That was the beginning of the Queen's lady's elevation to the above achievements of the period. And yet Spenser was well aware of it. Of course it is enough to cover, or try to cover, the fact that women in the world of the Elizabethan and his all. It is not to be expected to write in the definition because there is a certain stability in the subject of it. But in the case of such a person, and they are rare enough, as Penshurst, the dream of others deserves consideration. But fact that it is always new, always appealing with another

Voice

with the delicate inquisitiveness, always shifting and changing with the hours and reflecting lights and shadows, — the picture [illegible] is an ever-varying quality about it, constantly suggesting incongruities — [illegible] true, [illegible] was it divine over and over again to note the [illegible] of mood and passion of feeling, was undoubtedly as [illegible] being created to be [illegible] with. For, notwithstanding the momentary suggestions and free-casting of possibilities in Dorian Gray was an entirely [illegible] personality. It would seem ridiculously unnatural to expect any of our [illegible] available [illegible] sympathy in [illegible].

Harry, [illegible] was exhibiting [illegible] all the virtues proper to the appropriate to the period of [illegible] with the [illegible] and engaging form, really as far more [illegible] to my [illegible] than Philip Sidney, with [illegible] of heroism and poetic instinct.

Gray was a nice [illegible] young man; and that is [illegible] considered, is a terribly distinguishing thing. Dignified, [illegible] beauty young men are [illegible] commonplace [illegible] and again. They are [illegible] of their own [illegible] — Dorian was possibly, with [illegible] state of being — and that is [illegible] as fine and sufficient one [illegible] need not doubt. But, after [illegible] manner, [illegible] world, [illegible] applied [illegible]: [illegible] distinguish to awaken all possible satisfaction

of

of the surface of life, she was carefully rooted in the materialistic order of things, there was only grasping at vulgar and transitory advantages. There could little doubt have been reward too. But, good heaven! what a muddy stomach-ache sort of reward it promised to be!.. We will read Isaiah, bitter yet proud, over our heroes if you will: but, in Pity's name, let us keep as far away from the humble dish of disappointment of pure starving wretches.

Murray had his many years, redoubtable yet human: ably to make a friend of the Mammon of Unrighteousness. But, so far, Evelyne, she had not seen very much in conciliating that popular deity, since she was still hunching about the world on a limited income with no visible means of speedy realization in the ultimate enchanting well-appointed habitation. She put out intrinsic worldly value on wealth, or social position, on the painting of women even & in the hands of God's queer and uneven dealings. It seemed to her a very crown glorifying thing that people should have occasion to say of one: — "Oh, dear Mrs Go-and-, she was one of the Darbies, don't you know, and her mother was an Antrobus". Cecilia's marriage had been a very nice and full-bodied glorification to her, because it united a string of nobilities with the family. But now that her income had been gathered to her fathers, leaving her widow little enough beyond her debts and that precious ring to her name, Mr. Murray began

anyone to think it was about time to turn out in something which in the way of beauty might come. Cecilia, it was true, was sadly waiting in vain: yet, as Mrs. Murray cried her eyes over her surprisingly white and even tearful, she rather feared Cecil might not be capable, she had still hardly sunk in to him.

The moment she met Cecil suddenly on that critical Sunday evening, she had planned a campaign. The check which the event caused from the very first of his intended departure only served to stimulate her activity, — was, as all as little disposed to over-value the worth of as vanishing good. — Now that the hazard he really pursued to stay on, the dear lads lady set herself gallantly to battle away, beat the war. Like drums and fifes in Aurora life in your Cecilia's meek ears! Not loudly and openly of course, but with unmistakable hints, suggestions, touching reminiscences of early loves, and well-marshalled fears for your, darling, little Johnnie, left, alas! nearly without the healthy moral and social influences of a father's presence. Ah, if pain, says the proverb, in love and in war. What, then, can possibly be unfair where love and war so obviously go along hand in hand?.. "is a high spirited child, Cecilia", she said one evening, "a high spirited child" having at last seen unsigned & unsealed, the two ladies were spending the evening together in their little salon.

"I am always very thankful in it", answered Mrs. Farrell. "I think it does lie in reality". Murray dried the white bone needle in her

slip

strip of velvet, ~~and folded~~ crossed her hands on what had formerly been her waist, and prepared for action. She was taking her ease, good lady, in her own, arrayed in a purple and black striped dressing gown and [illegible] a easy red slippers. She had slumbered, too, a little after dinner — ~~to~~ a habit that grows upon even the most vigilant of ~~us~~ us with age — and her white lace cap had slipped away ~~at~~ during the ~~soft~~ sweet abandonment of sleep, and inclined to the left in a somewhat lax and ill-regulated manner. But what did that matter?.. Even in undress uniform Mrs. Murray felt equal to attacking and successfully routing her daughter.

"Well you can look at it in that way, Cecilia, if you like" she said gravely. "But, it seems to me a great pity you should be so agitated about that poor child; it can't be for his good. And it often obliges me to put things before you, and say things which I'd far rather not".

"What is the matter? Has Johnnie done wrong?" hastily inquired Mrs. Farrell.

"That's just like you, Cecilia — flaring up in a moment before one has time to explain oneself. It is impossible ever to talk over anything quickly with you".

"Well." [illegible] ~~and said~~ [illegible] — an anxious harassed expression developed itself very sensibly ~~in her~~ ~~countenance~~ in her worn and faded countenance.

"Twenty-eight", murmured Mrs. Murray. "You spoil Johnnie, and it makes me dreadfully nervous at times. Nervous for you both. You have no head, you know, Cecilia; you never look forward.

you

Mr. Murray picked up her crochet and worked diligently for a minute or two. She knew her daughter so completely as a rule that she knew when she had played on their poor human sentiments enough, and so accurately as to know how to produce the effect desired.

Mabel raised eyes and fixed them on her mother's. Their returned the salute and her bedroom. It was then passed for a few seconds to listen to the restless of her child. "We might make this a pleasant, parenthetical body.

Her hands worked on in silence.

"I have any thing to complain of in Johnnie's conduct Edward he would tell you" — resumed Mr. Powell. "I know how interested you are in him. I always value your advice," said

"Twenty, twenty-one" counted Mr. Murray. "Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four. So Johnny Cecilia — he at the same time I observe generally accepts my advice pretty well by then it's for it is my. Twenty-five, twenty-six. Pray don't dear boy, in love — remember how wretchedly this Miss Freigh walks are".

Mabel sat: knee nearer to the table. She was accustomed to mental activity. Just the auxiliary expression developed itself very quickly in her knee and [illegible] mother.

"Twenty-eight", murmured Mr. Murray. "You spoil your eyes and it makes me dreadfully nervous to hear. You're so fidgety. You have no head, you know, Cecilia; you never look forward,

you

merely stuck up for the child in the morning moment. — "Mr. if poor Eugene had only been spared it would have been as great a boy as his father".

Dora sent down and plucked the little bit of pulp and dust off the table-cloth with a trembling finger.

"I said to say Eugene would not make as good a man" she said slowly, in a low voice.

"Cecilia, you are entirely wrong", cried Mr. Murray, with energy. "You really have the most detestable memory. Certainly I said that." It would be a new train of unwarrantable thing to say, and I hope - I do hope - that I always weigh my words. That we recognized poor Eugene's good qualities - he was very fond of children - Eugene was very affectionate. A man is, almost invariably, more delightful for his children than for himself. I repeat, Eugene would have been the greatest blessing that might have been". Mr. Murray kicked up the pocket again. "Thirty-one, thirty-two", she murmured with dignity.

My words, at times one is tempted to think them becoming, long-suffering, humble-minded individuals who have a great deal to answer for some day. May give so much opportunity for sinning on the part of others. Whether the interests of public morality are in any degree served by their knowing of this check to the quarter which will present itself to come now and again. It would be a question for Shakespeare for Mr. Murray, surely it is never to manifest how [illegible] that she was not [illegible] violent & the tyrant, and not [illegible] her to [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. Cecilia Darnell did not think of
[illegible] said. She was still, as he helped her to fasten
[illegible] knew was coming, and, with her patience
[illegible] Griselda, she waited for it.
[illegible] wanted us now", said Mrs. Mirvan, after as
[illegible] we are vacuous here". He needed a drink
[illegible] Mirvan, for Cecilia. "Do we seem: but, then,
[illegible] listen to the advice of our own brain. Dumb
[illegible] woman listens me"?..
[illegible] wayward and shocked, as little.
[illegible] sure, Mirvan, I always try to do what is
[illegible] right", murmured Cecilia timidly.
[illegible] Darnell are wilful, all very wild", resumed the
[illegible] her body. "Obviously I alter after our father's
[illegible] family. He wills quiet you as best of human beings yet,
[illegible] dear, and you're not equal to it. — Dame
[illegible] should to double myself, to you as long as I live.
[illegible] whatever it costs me, I will never leave you.
[illegible] it, how can I?.. Come and sit down with
[illegible] me. He called away at a moment's notice —
[illegible] and then: —.

Darnell [illegible] was quite moved. She got
[illegible] went to her mother's side and knelt down
[illegible] her. "You don't feel ill"? she said.
[illegible] me, no — not in the least. Why do you ask
[illegible] Cecilia, in that sudden way of hers?.. Am not
[illegible] looking ever me?! — you don't see anything
[illegible] odd about me, my dear?"
[illegible] It was, that thing of all others: she dreaded.
[illegible] Sudden death [illegible] to
[illegible] it up as a bogey, in dramatic surroundings: not
[illegible] the Dufrêne's régime of advancing middle-age
[illegible] in good health and world's honours still of [illegible] parts. Mrs.

Mr

[illegible] never [illegible]. She was very [illegible]
[illegible] her embarrassment however pretty quickly.
[illegible] it's now; "it, I may [illegible] any day.
[illegible] awake at [illegible] night thinking of you and
[illegible] Johnnie. Mr. Wells" —

"Indeed", said Mrs. Powell, coldly.

"... was not as good husband to you Cecilia",
[illegible] glanced up at her daughter quickly. "Perhaps
[illegible] did you [illegible] an injury. I dare [illegible] to repair
[illegible]. I [illegible] say to everybody - 'Cecilia and I are
[illegible], I will never leave her'. — But seeing
[illegible] suddenly again I was reminded [illegible] of
[illegible] my duty".

[illegible] shrunk. She did not answer, as she
[illegible] usually, by [illegible] way by her mother's
[illegible]. "Cecilia's carriage always was unpleasantly
[illegible]" thought Mrs. Powell.

[illegible] talk of "trials, pleasures", - Mrs Powell's
[illegible] to a sense of "heritation." It was all over long
[illegible] ago.

[illegible] not to see of that. You know I never pushed
[illegible], Cecilia. I never ask for your confidences
[illegible] you offer it to me. I am very reluctant
[illegible] appearing at all officious. [illegible] But [illegible] I dare
[illegible] delicate in these private matters: —
[illegible], I am not blind, you know, and I do not at
[illegible] very much that it was all over long ago".

Murray stood her ever and [illegible] nodded
[illegible] emphatically, [illegible] by causing her cap
[illegible] her ear, as little fur [illegible] in the direction of
[illegible] her. "It seems to me that our meeting with
[illegible] Underby was distinctly providential." — "I am
[illegible] applied [illegible], thoughtfully, to counting her crochet
[illegible].

"I don't

ward

m: Think Louise understand you. Sudden
warned ~~Mr~~ Cecilia quickly, after a few moments
ure.
was cleared her throat: with a rasping noise.
His all her devotion to her daughter's welfare ~~flattered~~
~~seemed~~ she was unduly perplexed to buy her
a woodly at Truer. However ~~he~~ she managed to
muniate the business of her invitation.
ar. Sudeley, Cecilia; you always under.
stand yourself. — Edward Sudeley was going. He
t you in the hardest way: wanting a ~~wife~~
housekeeper and immediately decided to
be".
t was nothing to do with me. He didn't use Clara
at he was going. It was after Mr. Pierce-Dawney,
ri: he changed his mind".
Frowned and shook. "Yes". — she said.
She had reviewed a check. "Mr. Pierce-Dawney
i a bold, scheming woman", she told me". I
was n't any to much opinion of her character.
Edward Sudeley ought to be warned".
ia, Do you think you had better write Lucia"?
ed "Mr. Powell, in a ~~disdainful~~ (slightly) voice.
r, Lucia, sir — she pause — How you do catch me
p Cecilia's. Did Lucia say Edward Sudeley?..
rit it a person of my age and with my experience
ow of human nature Lucia is keen as Edward creature
ing making mistakes it is said. Poor Philip
udeley. — never see Lucia's true sort of
woman. — Mr. you what as husband and
what he would be ~~a~~ I should see you married
Philip Sudeley I should — yes, I should — and
your little Lucia — I should die happy".
ellent: Lady had become absent minded

Her

[illegible] voice was broken and its usually clear [illegible] to
[illegible] words were [illegible]
[illegible] her cheeks. But they [illegible]
[illegible] vitality – [illegible] became [illegible]
[illegible] concealed
[illegible] never felt.
[illegible] was quite overcome by this exhibition of
[illegible] made her reply
[illegible]
[illegible] companion.
[illegible] "Nonsense," she said; [illegible]
[illegible] is quite out of the question. [illegible]
[illegible] enough and [illegible]
[illegible] certain [illegible]
[illegible] can make without a [illegible] of [illegible]
absolute anguish." [illegible] man will
[illegible] of me in that sort of way again.
[illegible]
[illegible]," she said [illegible]; "you are talking like
[illegible] silly sentimental girl of seventeen, instead of
[illegible] a reasonable being of over thirty. You know
it as well as I do that a woman must meet
[illegible] man half way. Of course, if she stands up
against the wall and waits till he comes
[illegible] of his own accord to ask her, she may
[illegible] up against the wall forever. Some of that
[illegible] may be taught in boarding-schools to keep
the girls out of mischief; but, it is not
[illegible] anywhere else in the world as far as
[illegible] know. — Fiddle-de-dee!" cried Mrs. Murray, snapping
[illegible] finger herself — "do try to exert a little common
sense, instead of maundering about your age and
[illegible]. You must make the best of yourself.

You

every man's

description.
...ition ~~[illegible]~~. [illegible]. [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible]
...aven, that here and there [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ have
the good luck to meet with a reader of the old
sort, who will be good enough to get down off
the box, wait too, and entrusting himself graciously
to some humbler vehicle, trundles with me a little
of the way.

...o tells a true story it can hardly fail to
...d ~~[illegible]~~ but drearily. Say that should ~~[illegible]~~ we
...n on so terribly towards a [illegible] conclusion?
...[illegible] is happy enough making love,
in ~~[illegible]~~ his quiet [illegible] manner, at this moment;
... with [illegible]-eyed smiling Fanny is happy enough
receiving this homage. And, if the other members
of the company are sulky or [illegible] mean:
while, [illegible] I don't care a rap. They were
... pretty much the authors of their own dis:
...ht so far as I can see, and may therefore
...y quite suffer a little longer: while I take a
...st for a while and rest my wrist which gets
...ed and stiff enough with such long handling
of the whip and the ribbons.

Mr. Murray decided to have done
her job.

Mr. Murray, as this pleasant episode showed, became increasingly convinced that it was the wonderful duty of Philip Sudden-in-ever to shield the weak pleased to devote as "Mr. Perier Murray's other characters".

Many persons who it would be the words to designate this is the wounding name of Lisa, Mr. Murray had two needs more vivid scenes of this misfortunes than her own ends, than of this misfortunes of strict truth. The truth is big enough, after all, to take care of itself. That was the work made have to do it to the best after ourselves. She hitherto cannot be doubts, with this end this battle is to this thing: her own pleasure as well as hard fight of it at times, we must struggle with certain violences of their initiation to existence.

Only Mr. Murray under-rated this thing to it's enemy. That was executable enough; many moved commanders who with ancient and modern history have done the same. She had [illegible] for regarded Philip with a degree of contempt, than as a comrade that was and experience-de with had first moved Cecilia. Mr. Murray was pleased

up

to certain point; beyond that point her
[illegible] fall into error of judgement
[illegible] over-reach herself. It was even said
that Satan [illegible] himself, in that high state. — But the
writer is decided to write as resemblance
between a certain old Indian tale & our
Fairy called Rainbow & Prince Darkness.
This was a venture to [illegible] admit the
possibility of a mixture in the ancestry of
the children given, since one recognizes
both distinct traits in the case of "our human
beings who may be described as "not quite nice".
The Woman could not shake off the impression
that the Colonel was more or less of an old
fox. He was in State days, no doubt, as fitly
expressed into our fine English: but, the Fairies
be world do rise to an artificial pitch of vain common
sense. So the old lady did not even dare ask
about retired Anglo Indian officials &
surprises. The was said Colonel Sudden is also available
even in [illegible] this Mansion for solidly
in front of the old drawing room & door.
The praised her daughter, the mirrored over her
wonderful son, the sensibles that [illegible] congenital
tendency to wander withdrew on the part of the Parents,
the attended tactfully to the part, the even went
down on to the knit of the burdened conscience, and at a
favourable time to separation.
Now when the [illegible] & on Christ it [illegible] over with
[illegible]" The Woman said to "herself" over the
tea: and the many visits paid to [illegible] & on
this side quite was in a [illegible] degree. It was
that with to [illegible] sincere communication in the Parents
[illegible] & on [illegible] during the two months. The

Colonel

bonds rarely permitted himself to say hard
things specially of a woman: but when one
morning, in the privacy of his own room, he found
himself referring to Mrs. Murray as "an abominable,
minded, old harridan", his conscience did not
anywhere accuse him of having committed a grave
impropriety. In point of fact, he repeated the
opprobrious ~~[illegible]~~ epithet more than once and
found sincerely ~~[illegible]~~ relief
in relief in so doing.
Mrs. Murray could not flatter herself that her
visit was interesting either to his ~~[illegible]~~ wishes or
his efforts. She saw a little of Colonel Frederic, after
... He was always up at the Villa Portelli.
... when she reached the point of exasperation she
decided to follow him up to the little red villa, and
... carry the war into the enemy's country.
... was not to the point of health itself. In the
middle of getting a little air from the sea the
whole party sat out on the loggia under a great
red and white striped awning stretched ~~out~~ from the
... wall above the window of the drawing-room
... forming a pretty effective shelter from the
... of the afternoon sun. The land and sea seemed ...
... in the ~~[illegible]~~ palpitating heat mist.
Perhaps it was the heat, perhaps there was an
intuitive sense of coming irritation and dismay among
the little group of people assembled on the loggia —
in any way the conversation had an inclination to run
on damp-weather topics. Mr. Percy Darrow was a little
... Bertie a little too cynical, Seilwa Varelli
... abnormally limp and languid. Mrs. Murray
... under a fine assumption of geniality,
... Colonel's somewhat ~~little~~ over stiff and dignified. Jerrie, who at
times

[illegible] seemed to have a sense of perception, hardly human, of coming storms whether spiritual or physical, which about her[?] ...

She had been arranging some great jars of flowers standing on a table within the open window of the drawing-room. Her charming figure showed to great advantage as she stretched up to set the graceful flowering boughs in their place, and moved back a step or two to judge the general effect of her handiwork. Philip Underly had sat and watched her. He found it a remarkably interesting occupation. For she rested just opposite to him on the arm of one of the chairs on the loggia, twisting the sprigs of lace and blossom that remained over into a dainty little wreath. Philip still watched her. Her small white hands with their rounded rosy fingers were wonderfully pretty as she twisted and arranged the flowers.

"Dear Pettie," Mrs. Murray was saying in the air which strove to be absolutely disengaged. "You are an authority on hotels and even things domestic — I want you to give darling Cecilia and me the benefit of your experience".

"I've never looked on hotels as exactly domestic institutions," returned Mr. Aner in his soft rich voice. "But my experience is at everybody's service. It is neatly comprehended in one phrase — all hotels are more or less beastly and all hotel keepers are more or less swindlers. Does that help you much dear aunt?" —

Mrs. Murray indulged in a sharp-edged smile.

"You advise an apartment then?" she said.

Lord Underly leant a little forward towards the young

same girl.

[illegible] making [illegible] her. [illegible]
[illegible] her [illegible] her face with her usual
[illegible] good.

"— [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] Bertie,
[illegible] you [illegible] like. [illegible]
[illegible]. [illegible]
[illegible] so nice. [illegible] — and
[illegible] in his hand.
[illegible] and Bertie [illegible]
[illegible] an unnecessary [illegible]. [illegible]
[illegible] in his long cane chair, and ~~[illegible]~~
[illegible] elaborately. "I always recommend
[illegible] do exactly what they want to do. Advice
is superfluity. Ninety-nine times out of a
hundred people don't take it. The hundredth
[illegible] do take it — with a reservation — then if
it turns out badly they think you
an idiot and never forgive you."

[illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ yesterday at Mrs. Price. [illegible]
[illegible]. She ~~[illegible]~~ ben~~ding~~ over a large piece
of canvas on which she was working a kind
[illegible] in wool. That piece of canvas ~~[illegible]~~ had become an
institution; it had appeared at intervals for
[illegible] years, much to Jennie's irritation. Mrs. Price.
[illegible] possessed ~~[illegible]~~ but a limited capacity for small
industries; her stitches had a curious habit of
[illegible] at [illegible] and at all
~~[illegible]~~ inexplicable angles. To Jennie, whose quick concrete mind
seized immediately on the ~~[illegible]~~ right way
of doing a thing and whose deft fingers seemed
incapable of awkwardness, this bungling over
needlework on the part of her stepmother
was an incomprehensible stupidity. — As Mrs.

Jones

[illegible] Mrs. Peirce. Pearson glanced up at [illegible]. Her husband was contemplating his [illegible] face, with wholesome frowns as though struggling to [illegible] in suppressed disapproval. "Why, you're [illegible] dear [illegible] ever could [illegible] you. [illegible]. "I think you're quite well, Bertie," she said [illegible]. "Have you got neuralgia again?" Pearson looked disapproval from one of the [illegible] to the other. She had laid up from [illegible] and it had been exceedingly warm. The portion of elderly ladies patronizing rouge and [illegible] under the dreadful [illegible] of the tropical [illegible]. Mrs. Murray's cheeks were [illegible] pleasantly above her large mottled cheeks. "I was a girl," she remarked, "you were not [illegible] neuralgia". [illegible] Bertie answered [illegible]: "But you see [illegible] the members of the medical profession have stamped out all the [illegible] and quality patronized in your youth, dear Aunt, [illegible] Mrs. Brewer as fashionable of their specialty [illegible] of patients altogether. So they immediately set to work and discovered a number of nervous diseases — nice convenient things which the tailors [illegible] the services of you, to speak [illegible] and don't get [illegible] as vulgar as it is. Pearson [illegible] creates [illegible], and the power of fashion is unlimited. [illegible] as the idle people were assured of the [illegible] of never [illegible] to suffer from them. Nature [illegible] an endless power of adjusting herself. No things were to get [illegible] good, as Sweet Indeed would put it. — In fact care it

was

was mainly in the form of the dictionary —
so you think' she said, 'isn't it?'.

Alice. 'I suppose so' her voice sounded particularly
flat as [highly amused] [puzzled] she noted.

'My sister would be cooler in dress, she
said." Alice, with her go and clean it up".

Elizabeth up her" Pierre reluctantly.
Surveying is of values as peculiar 'mind", Patty
was went on calmly. Sisters [illegible] Eunice
Philip Sudely and addressing [illegible] most
amusing mariti. [illegible]. "It was pursed
Philip to many skilled physicians. Continue
Gilpin' highest table at Sister'. Sweet Berries really
understands the cares better than any one else
believes. She is afraid on medical matter, you
know — she decided that in connection [illegible] with
Eunice that marriage of many
Sisters sweet. She subscribed to an excellent
little society — I wonder if you've any of the
stories in your Belgrie?. — Their were delightful
children; — a little society for reading [illegible] English
at of middle-age and in mid-evening
would be overjoyed the harem. It was an under-
standing — Swan mentions, in the way — that
the Sadies of Sedds should see distinctly plain.
Miskelton it was as remarkably interesting
scheme. But somehow [illegible] husband
and Valerie's did not agree to see it.
Pray: —

Alice - Pierre got up hastily.

"Yes, you are absurd, you are intolerable", she
said.

"?" he enquired blandly. "I am so sorry. I was
under the impression that I was agreeable. The

conversation

mention seemed to languish. Presently
in humble heart to entertain your gue
... lady as he does.
... also drink the sacred carrot ... iderou
insulting to Mr. Price. Damian's ~~was~~ ...
floral piece of needle work.
... "Do as you like", she answered
of temper.
... as just going to tell you, Colonel Lindley
... ned into much confidence: "there ...
interrupted me, about my neuralgia. ...
good enough to interest herself very much
subject. We have ~~...~~ talked it ...
of times — our quiet life here, stimulat...
you know, it would be a little ...
We have arrived at the conclusion ...
is rather serious — that is due ...
of the heart. It is a dangerous affection
been known, at times, partially to ...
reason.
... Lindley was standing up too. He
... is the young man's handsome ...
... nounced: —
... on my word, then I should do my bes...
... comes at once ~~...~~, I ... you. ...
life wasn't be worth much, ...
as he does live. There can be no questio...

udely, — if he liked them - That was the
ware, I think? — and go and play to us. It is
ecess to me we all require nothing."
turned from him with a slightly petulant
itude. Then she looked round at the rest of
the company.
are all really coming in?" she asked. "I don't
like being alone. I play much better if I know
people are listening."
invariably ready to come and listen, Gerrie," ~~said~~
Bertie ~~said~~ mildly.
"You are all very well" the girl answered, looking
down and fingering her little bracelet: "but you are
not quite enough, Bertie, to be inspiring by yourself,
you know."
"We'll all come", cried Mr. Price-Dauncey
quickly. She moved a step or two aside with a
~~rustling~~ sweep of silk crisp skirts and turning to
Mr. Vanelle smiled and motioned her to pass in first
at the open window.
Mrs. Murray essayed to rise: but her chair was ~~very~~
low and she was not always very agile in these days.
"Shall I help you, Mother?" asked Cecilia, coming towards
her.
Mrs. Murray paused a moment before replying. Then
she said: —
"No, my dear, I think on the whole I'll remain
where I am. You will excuse my not coming in with
you"? ~~[illegible]~~.
"Most certainly — pray don't move", responded
Mr. Price-Dauncey, with considerable alacrity.
"Bertie Rudely, you'll stay with me now won't
you"? Mrs. Murray went on. "I have not seen you
these two days past, for more than a ~~minute~~ at a time. And

these

[illegible] nothing, it seems, as to which Lucy and Mr. Murray are quite at one. It was good, they knew, and deserved all the praise [illegible] — but how should Cecilia have said it? Really well — more of that, perhaps, and light, sparkle, sometimes take away a touch of monotony: it was a good conversation. It reminded me of the art of talking Lucy accustomed to hear and Mr. Murray to like. We lived in a world of political society there, Lucy knew. It was [illegible] good talker, and Philip, who could command a conversation [illegible] speechless, was delighted to be his companion. Her manner, not to say her [illegible], flattered me, sufficiently to take Philip's part. Her mother, Mr. Murray, [illegible] as Mr. Lucy [illegible] writing, in very little to Jemima [illegible] there. Still he could hardly [illegible] Mr. Murray all her late address. Philip's [illegible] good manners demanded certain sacrifices to him, and he made them, as a rule, without [illegible].

"Cecilia," said Mr. Murray in a low confidential tone, shutting her eyes, and raising her right hand with a dropping it again into her little lap as before — "her, I think, is royal. Catherine Hardy, she what a difference! When I see my dear Cecilia and our little Hardy I [illegible] I [illegible] a great deal, you know — at any age what [illegible] is there [illegible] to me to do, but to

Queen

[illegible] and [illegible] to help us to the new and true?
[illegible] accurate silent & again. What
can we call the say?.. The difference was
[illegible] marked, and was; and not the
[illegible] contrary. Indeed I: was called us:
and it was very curious to hear Mr. Darwin:
true.

What every one would say. Mr. Murray continued
in an air of remarkable candour. — "What was
[illegible] and also what is I: think, now, then
[illegible] in that was. But I here below this curious,
[illegible] my dear Gabriel — and [illegible] this difference
[illegible] this women in heart, in letter, in
[illegible], in real devotion, in qualities [illegible] very nearly
[illegible] the difference."

[illegible] Jervis had begun Parsifal. The [illegible] girl
[illegible] selection somewhat [illegible] dramatic and
[illegible] music. Her part was not in any measure
[illegible], either in her duties of pieces or manner
[illegible] rendering them, [illegible] by the ordinary English
[illegible] room standard. There was a dearth of melody
[illegible] and instrumentals in her selection of Parsifal
[illegible] had been known, before now, to exist not
[illegible] in entire [illegible] in this [illegible] of [illegible]
[illegible] audition. Certain wanting parts, in instances,
[illegible] [illegible] energies [illegible] concentrated
[illegible] superfluous energies in the causes of the
[illegible] scenes, were the part of scandalized
[illegible] Jervis musical festivities; and had left
Mr. Pierce Dawson [illegible] appointment in Florence,
[illegible] have been a occasion in the Stein case
[illegible] and an irreconcilable schism that
[illegible] had been avoided & at sometime & little part
[illegible] can reckoned up in the way of sound. Jane

not

prepared to maintain that even Philip Lidderdale himself was not startled at moments. By this unmistakable passion which the slender, dainty, innocent maiden continued to stir within her bosom. If she had been a sweet girl in that the same old-fashioned fashion, he would have been disinclined to take it to heart but unmindful: the Colonel's critical faculties were sharpened where this individual girl was concerned. Jessie stood alone in his mind and could no longer be subjected to the petty measuring rules of ordinary mortals. There is love — a dear, old-fashioned simple love well enough found now, dear, which swallowed its beloved object whole, so to speak: — which ignored blemishes, over-looked defects, refused to admit the most patent of facts in their threatened to detract in ever so slight a degree from the absolute perfection of the loved one. Philip Lidderdale's love was of this order — call it foolish if you will, it is also, perhaps, very sadly beautiful.

As Mrs. Duncan concluded her speech concerning the desirability of remembering that fair without sometimes foul within, Jessie Pierce-Dauncey stopped playing abruptly. The air still vibrated with the storm of sound that had gone before. She turned and glanced round the room.

"Where is Colonel Lidderdale?" she asked in her clear detached tones. "Didn't he come in?"

"Detained the Duggins and my dear Aunt's society." It was Bertie Ames who answered. Jessie opened her big grey eyes very wide. Then seeing Philip standing at her side: — "Colonel Lidderdale, do you

really prefers it?" she cried, looking at
him and smiling.
Upon this Mrs. Murray reached
herself up and at her low chair and
said "Jacob" her customary fashion Philip
slowly & and this often would particularly
arouse him.
"Go on, dear girl. We hear you charmingly
up here. Delightful music, don't stop," I
he cried, waving her hand in an encouraging
& dignified manner.
Jacob laughed softly & musically. He leaned down
over, the girl's fair head, and said
softly and whispered: —
"You are as rude as my aunt Mrs. Murray with
all her to get your own way as well as she does".
He stroked her hands fiercely, at random,
the key board; her head was drawn with
& one angry frown.
"That it's entirely odd manners", she
said, [illegible] with her little white teeth
hard & gleam. "And you know me Bertie, with
your odious assertions."
Jacob left his elbow on the & of the piano
considered the girl thoughtfully for a minute
or. He had never seen her in quite the humour
she and it puzzled him.
"me." she he murmured." I wonder just how
she will act".
He as Jerry hands were cold and
again Mrs. Murray feared round upon Philip.
. There was as [illegible] challenge in her
bearing. She knew she had ventured pretty far.
"My dear Colonel, we have go on with our [illegible].
talk. [illegible]

...in the peace. Just as she said.
...the Colonel, that time had wrought her...
...her. It seemed to Mr. Murray that Mr. Murray...
...put herself outside the situation for her own...
...was it found it new refuge and diminished stature.
...in his visitation of weakness as once, but he was
...ed to hear her little heresy.
..."In my words Mr Murray," she replied, "Dame Nature
...ds us that peace is calm".
..."Oh, yes, that is in the Latin and you
...ld Britain," she said. "But Nature that wonder
...the sea song is serene.
...hesitated. She ~~contemplated~~ mind
...ures of their common war anxiety.
..."Naturally, for we inherit Britain" — he
...ended, looking her straight in the face and
...ly noting the end of his moustache.
...Still grave of body, Mr. Murray, ~~standing~~ stunned
...the metals she was made of. She put her
...d boldly through Philip Sudeley's arms and held
...m.
..."If you must Britain, Colonel Sudeley", she cried.
...ave a deeper word for country to say to
...u. Come with me to the other end of the loggia".
...d, to young back under their employment
...physical pieces would have seen ridiculous,
...eemly, clearly undignified and out of the
...ertain, — so he went.
...ray took her ~~arm~~ amiable way to the back
...the loggia, from where a little flight of stairs
...ded to the rose garden at the top of the
...ld. She left up against the
...ly railings of the stairs, which offered
...m a safe edge of support to her broad back, and
...rmed

...med herself with her pocket-handkerchief. ~~She~~
~~[illegible]~~ Mrs. Murray ~~[illegible]~~ felt it was a sadly common ~~rather a degrading~~
thing to do; but, poor soul, she was so painfully
... with real trouble and anxiety.
"Dear Colonel Crederly," she began in a pleading
voice, "I know you must think my behaviour
most extraordinary."
His tone stiff, unresponsive, ~~[illegible]~~ his ... uninvitingly
discouraging.
"It — was extraordinary. But then you know, you
must understand the feelings of a mother — no
one can do that. We mothers are very bitter when
the happiness of ~~of~~ our children is imperilled.
My love is my darling, excellent, faithful Cecilia
is my excuse. I cannot" cried Mrs. Murray, with
fervour— "I cannot, Colonel Crederly, see you
neglecting a golden opportunity and rushing headlong
into, what I may call, the very pit of destruction,
knowing what I do ~~know~~ know — knowing the
contrast between these two women — without
opening your eyes, without saying a warning
word, without imploring you to." —
The beginning of this impassioned address ~~Colonel~~
Philip had simply stared, but as the meaning
of Mrs. Murray's words ~~[illegible]~~ revealed itself, as
he began to perceive what she was driving
at, he gave a hasty ejaculation of repudiation
and ~~[illegible]~~ anger.
"No, don't be misled," she ~~[illegible]~~ cried
vehemently. "I can't stand by and see you going
away under the artful fascinations of this heartless
woman — using that ~~poor~~ wretched little girl's prettiness
as a stalking horse to ~~[illegible]~~ compass her own
vile ends — I can't stand by silent, when I know

my

[illegible] declared child's [illegible] welfare is
[illegible]. — That woman's devoid [illegible] conquest is
[illegible] insatiable — Poor [illegible]. He can't
[illegible] woman alone, she must have every re-
[illegible] medy & anguish after her. — Look at poor Bertie
[illegible] ruined his family, his own self-respect,
[illegible] ruining his career, reducing her parents
[illegible] ruining her life. It's mother was blush worse to see such
[illegible]." She cried, overcome with remorse:
[illegible]. "I rude not [illegible] you & to be rude to
[illegible]. Did I have [illegible] drawers & you ever? Emi-
[illegible], I'll be your secretary [illegible] & never
[illegible]". She'd filled her home with every kind
[illegible] of gift: watches, necklaces, rare perfumes, — heaven
[illegible] knows what. For Eugene Aram was [illegible] really
[illegible] right, & one [illegible], with Cecilia at
[illegible] neglected, miserable, sitting up for him
[illegible] & don't know what now. Why did she come
[illegible] to this dull little hole of a place? — because
[illegible] he was weak, would not consider anyone but himself.
[illegible] Because: ——

[illegible] stood with a gasp — that was heartless.
[illegible]. Nothing, indeed, but physical incapacity
[illegible] had caused Eugene's treatment of her eloquence
[illegible] at that moment.

[illegible] with tears in her eyes & words of wrath.
"Murray," he said darkly, "I call it a vile and
unmanly thing to come to a woman's house
& treat & speak of her as you have just
been of Mrs. Peirce. You are * [illegible]
[illegible]. Absolutely I do not believe
a word you say".

Murray was somewhat cowed.

"It is you are giving me to her," she said vindictively.

"You

s are always here. "I can't deny that — of course it does n't suit you to believe what I s you about her".

e laboured under a constant misconception r matter," Colonel ~~Ashton~~ answered. "My opinion s adverse to hers: but he owed it to his brother ar to himself to be explicit." "I have a great ect for Mr. Pierce-Dawson: but we ~~are not~~ ~~to be~~ & are merely friends — she would be the person to assure you of that fact".

Murray looked up deeply. There was something in ~~Colonel Ashton~~ her companion's explanation which r her no doubt: but that he was speaking the th. The desire to know more was absolutely ntrollable in her at that moment. Her eyes d'ted with hard curiosity. She decided ~~to change~~ to make her ask.

ust we meet? as to answer you as you answered e just now," she said," and "do you roundly? t believe you. I have my daughter's happiness heart, Colonel Ashton — in her name, "your dear ld, ~~I will have an~~ I humble myself — a woman es put her pride in her pocket for ~~the sake of~~ her ld. — But just listen here. ~~Colonel Ashton~~ You are going away next day, then we meet (you) last day. Immediately after our meeting you ranged your minds suddenly. We have met for (may have been) ly once. A certain conduct ~~is~~ upon your conduct, you know. For my daughter's e I have as right to ask, ~~you Colonel Ashton~~ ~~what~~ what made you stay? — y did you stay for?"

Murray folded her hands and dried her thin ed lips tightly. It was decently done, she felt as

she

e as Vee glanced at Philip. She was shifted
~~expression~~ the point of her attack in a masterly
manner. Some shaft might be sold hardly
chose to answer her.

Philip ~~looked~~ was not at all at ease and
distinguished. Finding himself in an awkward
case, he took the shortest and most direct way
getting out of it. ~~He looked at Miss Murray~~
~~and said~~

~~"~~ed" he replied with quiet dignity, "because I am
close with Miss Percie Dauncey. I am about to ask
r to be my wife".

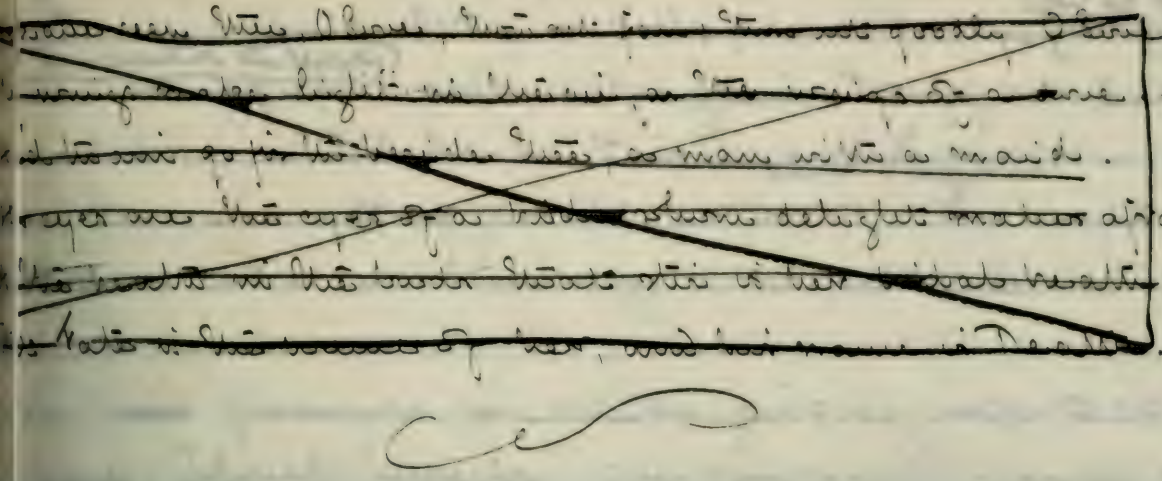
The life of her Mrs. Murray could not restrain a
sh cry. Then she burst out laughing — it was
ery unpleasant old fashioned sort of laugh.
"Little minx! this of a school girl", she
aid. "Why, you are as great a simpleton, Philip
Studley
today, as you were then I saw you first, five and
enty years ago"!

minutes more she was standing before her
fire absorbed in the large faded drawing-
om. Her face looked very hard and old.
Cecilia" she said shortly, "we'll go back to the
el. There may be letters waiting for us. —
no? - no thanks you. I am ~~going~~
my dinner at 6.0 o'clock, and I don't care
about it".

Murray laughed again. One must allow, poor lady,
at point Miss Vee appeared supremely unattractive.

Bk IV

Question and answer



Philip Sidney died. When we [illegible] Mr. Norman Douglas: "Mr. Norman was only one [illegible]. She hardly touched his hand. I could perhaps no longer, we must [illegible] Mr. right card at once. Rhoda yet he would have seen very glad to wait as little, to make sure we began "Yes" just it is his proof, to write or [illegible] it all." He hardly dared Miss's whole it would be to have gone now. Mr. Norman's [illegible] and his eyes; Miss/as he hardly took Steen [illegible] in his eyes in which she had spoken [illegible]. She felt as if we [illegible] to Miss - That was natural enough — we [illegible] in his hope of seeing [illegible] returns. Then gone across to his [illegible] window. She carried [illegible] with steam hat in one hand and her [illegible] in his other. She was [illegible] was sitting low in the West, and it's level rays streamed [illegible] under the [illegible] awning, and lighted up [illegible] skirt: [illegible] of. She felt as she stood framed [illegible] in the open window, with the [illegible] back. round of the [illegible] dim drawing-room behind her.

Philip

Philip looked at her in a few seconds in silence. He was very young. She was almost painfully pretty. "Impossible", he thought to himself. "How could anyone (had as sweet a voice) ~~knocked on the head~~ [illegible] and not be again surprise. Why would have liked more".

Her face was not as placid as usual. Her mouth was a little, and there was a delicate line between her brown eyebrows.

"Is [illegible] you did not as well as I can here, Cousin Audrey," she said. "I played very badly.—Her cause—on with the yellow glare of the [illegible] and Betty says inconvenient thing. It is very to be pleasant and happy; I can't think why people need ever be anything else".

"Yes," said the Colonel, gently," we go away to a little and forget the [illegible] and the inconvenient people. Will you come with me with me [illegible] and see the sunset?.

[illegible] was not without a "a grain of [illegible] [illegible]: but it was difficult to be original at this junction.

"Mr. Philip, what's the matter? Will you go and look at the sunset or not, whether you really prefer staying out here with Mr. Murray, to walking with the rest of us"? the girl asked.

"I merely [illegible] staying out here", Philip replied with some warmth of feeling. "I stayed simply because I could not help myself".

[illegible]

Her face lighted up.

"We will go to our little walk," she said. "I want to get out. I feel queer and ill; perhaps it will

be

wicker up there.
In the wood, this ~~wood~~ evening the view ~~above~~
is beyond the Villas Parkeli is as delectable
as. It is thick with scrub oaks, ilex and ~~pines~~
pines here, ~~pines~~ among a tangled under-
growth of thick beech and ~~evergreen~~ myrtle.
~~It~~ A quaint suggestion lies the wood, fringed along
its edge of it with gray and wild flowers, and
spelling a number of narrow paths - open
ones and there with rusted roots, or with
with a brown layer of fir needles - Birds sing
first and wind in and out this stem makes the
small spaces seem quite (part 2) mysterious.
The effect was of approaching the pleasant
Aldenham, as it path along the level top of some
wards above the river to the left, then at right
angles under some old dried beer up a narrow
dale gully ~~of~~ where tall corner grow, and
after their hard stem and ~~bare leaves~~ long leaves
across with a shaft of wood in the ~~same~~ room:
and beyond a park like old ~~same~~ reservoir where
is ~~deep~~ reach up tiers of decayed stalks - and then
again a thicker of more open wood, ~~through~~ dotted
with clumps of beech. ~~Through~~ which one sees
more and more and then - to enter the wood from
the rear. A path leads on right through it to the
house: point of the ~~hill~~ hill, where stand a walk
under of thick ~~arches~~ beeches. — ~~arches~~
dilapidated thing ~~arches~~ in which
upper room carpet and on which hideous brown
paper, patches ~~of~~ letters with ~~ancient bits of~~
~~old~~ slate and scraps of ancient canvas, remnants
of ~~old~~ some Roman ~~torn~~ torn paper. The open
space is shaded by some pines and a couple of
oak trees

the Tiber, ~~and down and~~ this tender heart and
this wanderer out over the rocks of the rear
mid. He commands the same view as the villa
does: but the expanse is wider, the horizon higher,
the range of pasture and wildness more complete.
Presiding genius of this sylvan retreat was
the age over the Villa Medici ~~was~~ has been placed
set up on a table covered fedestal a marble
image of Pan, with his hoofed feet, shaggy
thighs, horns, and ~~pointed~~ prick ears. — But
now, alas! has deranged sadly since. Those
days of early days, when as a stranger and
this presence — the godhead mysteriously joined
this mute heart — in the warm twilight of
summer morning he crossed the dewy Arcadian
lands among the sleeping sheep-folds, or wandered
on the mountain caverns ~~in~~ and fragrant
mountain marbles to the reed-beds by the water.
courses in the fertile plain below, and "moved his god
dess to the wild Arcadian hunter, and wounded
his heart of Arcadian youth and maiden with
the piercing sweetness of his oaten pipe. Yes,
now has deranged, and for the worse. Under
the hands of the Italian artist the often
intellectual rude it touches, Pan was
not the godhead. Pan is chiefly heart now,
and his heart, heart bound to a degraded
manhood. He has looked on the gorgeous lust of
the flesh, and the pride of life, on the gorgeous
mystic of Imperial and Papal Rome. He knows
it as creatures of a monstrous birth, and the
knowledge has made him foul. — While the sharp
fine shadows of the oak leaves and fir-needles
played over his marble limbs in the evening

sunshine

Suddenly there was something almost devilish in the image of Pan keeping watch on the hill-top above the little red villa. His wide, full lips parted in a wicked smile. There was an evil droop in his heavy eye-lids and a leer in his right half eye. The beating rain had left ~~streaks~~ ugly stains and smudges upon him; and his pipes and his hands which held them were brown and defaced.

Suddenly and Jessie came up silently through the wood. The girl was still under the dominion of unusual influences, that had by no means gained their ordinary gay, light-hearted ~~ease~~ bearing. And Philip was too fully preoccupied with the thought of the thing he must say to her, to have any wealth to attend.

Jessie hastily drew on one of the wet-grown gloves and pulled off her hat. She ~~was~~ was deeply moved and excited.

"Come to this place", she said, looking away over the broad landscape. "It is always the same - except that sometimes it is rainy. Nothing ever happens, one day is just like another. — And in all the years of all the different countries, I have never seen, and the great cities, and all the beautiful, full, quiet, wide life that is going on there, where I can not reach it, and I only cry with pain and longing. - Why does Mamma keep me like a bird in a cage — with that horrible Mr. Murray too, coming and staying at the house to see! — and give me nothing to do but hop up and down, and take my grain of seed and drop of water?.. I want to go away, away, away.

way: anywhere, everywhere, seen it and
seen it all. You have moved about you have
wandered, don't you understand?.. Feel like the
walkers in the spring trees, there they should
in the long swift voice and go northward. Oh!
mind tied to death of this place. How can I
~~unaccomplished~~ leave it for ever?".

Up straightened, turned up. The cri-cri had come
to rouse Diana as it had expected it. Their wild
mode of fancies gave him as higher hope, as relief
from by Diana's world more hopeless. Yet still
was difficult to speak. ~~Impossible~~ The night of his own
~~was almost terrible to him~~ as he looked at the lovely upturned face
of this girl, ~~abandoned~~ Pure-minded mean, there they
no way to love & do it as somewhat the meanders
of sin. He gathered thoughts of their man-hood,
purpose and unwanted, rather for him as a flood of
worship and desire.

She said, at last, very gently, "There is one way
should you may leave the city, that you are to
do of, behind you and begin a new life".
Then in the hall of Colonel Sudbury's voice arrested
the girl attention sharply. She rose up tall and
straight in front of him, while the sunset reddened
her bright curly head, and looked deep into his
eyes with a wondering, questioning expression.
"Theodore
it way?" she asked.
Adam is ashamed to tell you", he answered: "[illegible] Swiss
we have so much to give and Diana so little to
offer in return. — Diana as a very beggar before
you. That there is only this one way in which I can
help you. Please you, Jenie, love you in his my whole
soul.

world. I lay my heart at your feet — take it because it is your will, it ~~words~~ mine be your always, just this once. — But take it, darling" he said, "take it, and then come away with me as my wife".

She was waiting in a flare of white light behind a pair of purple paper and tread boards. The wings were lay already in dim shadow; only the window frame, standing pallid (pillar) there and there, among the rich woods and garden caught the level rays and it was of window, and glared in as if it were of flame. The shadows lay like dark across the floor and under the trees, and the marble Pan stood from his pedestal, and smiled softly as he laid his curved lips to the holes in his reed pipe. Then she was dispersed suddenly and the West grew pale, and the dim shadows crept up quickly, stealthily over the high sides and in ~~trees~~; over the waiting lover and his mistress. Then the birds of the ~~shadow~~ hangars and seemed to gleam with a weird unearthly light of their own in the dusk, the world became grey, now the kindly sun was gone.

"Answer me", cried Philip suddenly, hysterically. "Can you care for me? Can you trust me? — will you come?"

She hid her head, in a moment, as the twilight dusk and the chill shadow ~~crept~~ came up over her. She gave a little shudder. Then she looked up at the Colonel.

She answered softly: "I will come".

He took her hand in his and then stepped back ~~holding~~ her at arm's length. He let his eyes rest steadily on her lovely face, on every line and curve of her graceful figure. He looked at

her.

love
turn and carefully, and behold! the was new
face (Fitzcrew pale.)
with the thing which would have quite made
white at that moment and startled about. It
as it passed, too wonderful. He felt as though
it would within him must break within love.
God help me, he said. And Lee
it very awful this desire of this self-surrender,
this madness wild worship. This madness of
burning towards this thing we love. It has deadened
down our more gratifications of the senses. Philosophy
has called it hard names and rightly split this
round over it, tying to solve the problem, tying to
bridge. The chasm, between the me and the not-me,
the subject and the object, the noumenon and
phenomenon — across it by what cradle. Jawed
words you with. The thing is the existence. But
the lover, of all men, denies all of the relations
must falsities and deceptions, when the thing each has
life down bloodily at his mistress feet. For, a bar.
The chasm can never be bridged. The limits of
our natures as set, and we can never enter them.
Human life pulse life never so fondly, and hand
clasp hand never so closely, and minds meet mind
in the fullest communication of friendship, there is
still as measureable distance between them. Instant
in the union, though men in all eager haste rush
to persuade themselves that it is. Body comes (nerves)
pain, the anguish, the exquisite bitterness of
their loss.
In with some vague knowledge of all this
subtle tenderly hushed at the very quiver of life between him
and that long silent communion and mute exclamation
affected her painfully. Her discomfort face grew
troubled, and the corners of her pretty mouth began

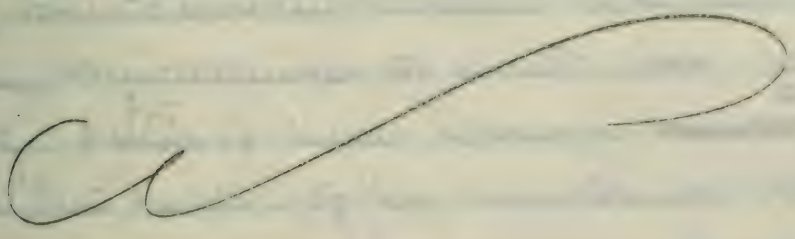
to

was done and became extremely tender.
"What have we done?" she said, trying to draw
away her hands. "Dane frightened".
His expression changed. He grew strong again,
was filled with a delicious right of protection.
"Nothing," he answered, "there is nothing to be
afraid of. You have done the sweetest and
most gracious deed a woman can do. — Only
are you too well, Jenie, and I don't know how to
tell you about it. Would you give me right hands
have you five minutes longer or do you want, and
I'll tell you. — We men are awkward,
unbelieving, tongue-tied when we, most
we cannot express the tithe of what we feel".
Joyful hand at this for a minute or so, and
his countenance the most delightful smile began
again on her face.
"Do really love me so very much?" she asked.
"Believe it with all her very pleasant, bright-and
eyes — only feel a little strange just at first.
Either is dreadfully serious. I do not like things
if too very serious, you know".
paused and then [illegible] came a little
nearer to him. She colour deepened in her eyes and
cheek, but she glanced up quite fearlessly
in his face.
"Don't you like to kiss me"? she said.
Dane looked on. [illegible] In that dreadful dusk as
it was quiet and [illegible] as ever his finger came
on quiet and [illegible] since the world began. —
But will be quiet and [illegible], disappear like
[illegible] innumerable ages heaven the dramas
possibly existence is played out at last, and every

created

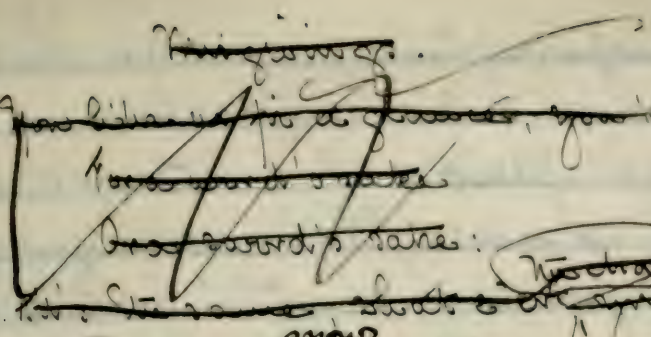
realised that they turned back again into the
unbearable silences and mystery, more out of reach
at that time, it seemed. But the good old days
had rounded themselves with the years, as always
had come over the sights and the memories, and
life would never be quite the same again.
Mrs Price's letter. Tomorrow came quickly
to the drawing-room door. Mrs Price. The
letter dashed up to her step-mother and at
once to her. She held her hands quite as Mrs Price.
Tomorrow and walked up to her side.
"Little Mamma," she said; "Some afraid?
Very bad."
Eleanor
Mrs Price answered to the ~~Mrs Price~~
as if she felt guilty" actions and in her address. It as
the she avoided the answer, and made no sudden
appeals of like said to her step-mother's
explain. ~~Mrs Price~~ Eleanor looked at her closely.
"I heard you speak, my child," she said. "Has
~~explained her mother~~ papa? — are you sick?"
Tudor had planned ~~to~~ ~~guess~~ ~~that~~ "I
and Rosie ~~up~~ seen up the hill to gillies
look at the sunset," he said. There was an
uneasy resonance in her voice.
Price. Tomorrow on the changed at once.
said to her-self: — "She has changed — has
quite grown. He is extinguished.
shrunk. "man". — Then she had a sudden
perception of what had happened.
She said, drawing to her hand to gillies: — "You
were upset."
Tudor put back his head and smiled, there
was wonderful light in his eyes.
"Very happy" he said, simply. "Jenny sweet
Ten

tells you why
Lucy Ingleby called at the little red Villa. The
conversation was very brilliant
throughout, and yet perhaps
Mrs. Ingleby was delightful as
usual. Jessie was quiet and subdued, she kept
rather close to her step-mother: Mr. Ingleby
lying back in her corner. She went down with
Mrs Ingleby, when she left, at last, and then
the fragrance and coolness struck Mrs Ingleby
right in the face. Philip Audley was gone very early
the little, after all, when he called himself back up.

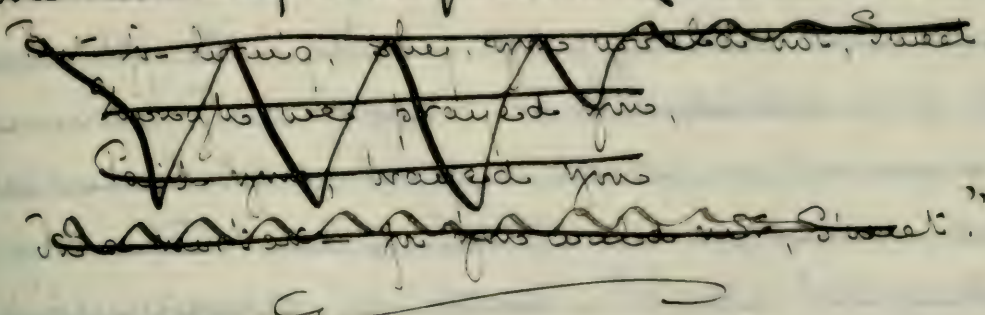


He proposed to carry off the charming bride-
elect and Mrs. Percie. Dawson
was not displeased to give one of his daughters
in the way of the distinguished of his dearest.
one Lucy whom she was as right to be jealous
of, to be rivalled and unthankfully
deserted in every social affair. Jessie Percie.
Dawson made the most of her privileges in this
matter. She was warmly interested in the preparations
for her wedding. Her trousseau was in no measure too great
to appreciate the fascinations of new dresses and
millinery. She did not make any attempt to
conceal her pleasure in receiving presents; nor to
disguise in trivial Trust diamonds are a duty when
compared with the words of the lover who offers
them. Very Scottish-minded girl is she of the
materialist

II



Mrs Peirce. Dauncey grows suspicious of her own handy work.



one evening, Wendell Rudolph was introduced as being divisible of writing Italy which interested modern life and some what reminding reminiscences of ancient Rome. minded intriguing. A fit of humor. nicknamed caused us in the midst of our round table talk. Miss the young girl she wanted to get away. He proposed singing of his charming bride. as soon as might be, and Mrs. Peirce. Dauncey was not disposed to put any obstacles in the way of the fulfilment of her desires. as Miss Peirce was as right to be training politics, to be visible and responsibly involved in every social affair. Ferris Peirce. Dauncey made the most of her privilege in this matter. She was warmly interested in the preparations of her wedding. Her work was in no means too great to appreciate the fascinations of new dresses and millinery. She did not make any attempt to conceal her pleasure in receiving presents; nor the trivialing trait diamonds are as duly shown enclosed with the words of the lover who offers them. Very Healthy. minded girl is a bit of a materialist

attitude, attitudes, and postures as very beautiful for their more subtle manifestations of feeling connected in society. Words and visible signs are valuable as symbols of words and spiritual graces, as theirs are the sacred matter; and as a rule, are only employed to convey exaggerated and fantastic colourings. But Jennie's materialism — if it must so be called by so ~~her~~ tenderness a name — was as graceful and dainty an affair as any fairy's dispensation over lovers. She was the nature in the world to receive her teacher, to catch her sparkling pleasures at their birth. Philip was humbled and delighted by her childish power of enjoyment. He gave praise in the light of her smiles and in the sound of her laughter. Early and late the knight [illegible] her perfect time.

[illegible] knew believed any wife during the time which existed between that memorable evening in the little wood behind the red villa and Jennie's marriage wedding. He spared himself no pains to frequent visits to friends in Devon, and to Mr. Vivian — who under the pleas that the time could [illegible] at Tellingsport he was not to be ready for her, lingered on [illegible] at Torquay. He really manifested more praiseworthy power of endurance. Indeed from the moment the engagement was publicly announced he grew [illegible] that [illegible] began to fancy she had over-estimated the delights of the coming honeymoon. And this fancy gave her new hope and courage. She grew [illegible] in the situation: —

Emplied.

...sited ~~[struck]~~ friends from Florence to be present at the wedding. (Lowther) supplied with money and energy upon the ~~[struck]~~ girl's trousseau, and made arrangements ~~[struck]~~ with a somewhat regal ~~[struck]~~ magnificence with the manager of the Hotel Parle in Genoa. For many reasons it seemed undesirable that the wedding should not take place there in the country. The party from the Villa Mortelli would meet their guests in Genoa the day before the wedding — Mrs. Price-Darnay promised heartily that it should be quite brilliant little affair.

...thing, in short, seemed to be going of ~~[struck]~~ admirably ...then an unexpected stumbling block and ...ck of offence turned up in the shape of that ~~[struck]~~ excellent and devoted waiting-woman, Parker.

"...ow, ma'am", she said, one evening as she laid Mrs. Price-Darnay's dinner dress out on ...er bed, and pinched the lace ruffles on the ...er of it with shapes: — "I don't think I shall be able to go with you on Tuesday. That new maid of Miss Jones's ~~[struck]~~ can manage ~~too very~~ well for you with this one night. I shall stay here till you come back".

...Price-Darnay turned round ~~at~~ upon her ...artily: —

"...lly, Parker, ~~[struck]~~, at times you ...re extremely irritating. It isn't at all kind or ...ice of you to make difficulties just now. Why on ...rth don't you ~~[struck]~~ come?"

...er stooped down and arranged some trimming on the front of the dress, which had got a trifle astray, with the utmost composure and precision.

"...feeling is against it, ma'am." ~~[struck]~~

Here

[illegible] you know better words you'd better keep dear of if you want to have ~~an~~ ~~one~~ your minds easy when you ~~[illegible]~~ say your prayers or a night".

Miss Tawney flushed quickly.

"I, mine simply miserable. I'm sure all it's all about my mind and so on - ~~[illegible]~~ you are dreadfully jealous of Ernest's mind. You want to make us hopelessly unconscious just because you know you are so absolutely indispensible". ~~[illegible]~~ bitterly, ~~[illegible]~~ replied Father quietly. "Only pray Gwendolen don't make us any [illegible] scenes".

"No, I'm going all over, may'am, jealousy or no jealousy".

She left the room hastily and carefully put the ball's cheek evening dress. ~~[illegible]~~ On doing so, she frowned: ~~[illegible]~~

There is one as painful word of thing is quite as more dibbs like her own is a man is do what he likes. I don't want to see her married, you thing - no, nor Miss Eistree. There's no saying [illegible] she'll be all head is pride Eistree of Eistree. I don't [illegible] a funeral now. It's unpitiable mi ~~[illegible]~~ as say; you know it's all over and finished and you mustn't be head accountable. But I don't care about that".— Father rose to her feet.— "You're a heart pain enough out may'am — no, there can't be, to that left.— "Not Miss what I with very well of Edward Sudeley, as mean go", she added, rather inconsequently.

Her manner, ~~[illegible]~~ followed up her speech with a swift ~~[illegible]~~ glance at the mantelpiece to see if her admirer, Mr Roger, had left his own opinions even at last

OK

[illegible] could not see [illegible] very far.
Fraser, [illegible] consulted as to what
[illegible] was in [illegible] conversation
[illegible] friend. He had travelled back from
Paris, [illegible] — Hubbles, after lunch and
quite help waiting for the Colonel at Mexico; he
had relations himself — to act the part of
host — man at the coming ceremony. M.S. Fraser
(Under ordinary conditions)
[illegible] was naturally pleasant. [illegible] his
society of some history or twenty [illegible] agreeable
couple, with an infinite capacity of talking
well about nothing in particular, would have
put him in the highest good humour.
His [illegible] the presence of Mr. Peace-Dawson's
party, gathered together in the large [illegible] hotel,
did not have any depressing effect upon him. His
natural cheerfulness appeared to be [illegible]
[illegible] eclipse.

"It seems wonderfully funny, you know, Audrey"
he said, when he got Phillis alone for [illegible]
moment." Of course you know your own mind and
are the best sort of thing, and I have no earthly
mind [illegible] upon an opinion on that subject. I
know that. And, of course that is the wonderful
safety — that's to make one nervous except in
society at home. — Tom is the angel, my dear
fellow. If you will marry a young lady of a
thousand, you must make up your mind to
a little of that sort of thing, you know. But
in the course I took it was a very different line
for me to assume as you may say — if you take
my own view and so on, it would be different".
As the Colonel began to manifest [illegible]
signs of impatience, or to say anger, he cried
out: —

said:— "Dear Miss Grey, you pardon Miss Grey over it Nance annoyed you. Of course it's all perfectly right. Only, upon my word:— Mr. Tracy turned away and blew his nose energetically— "Confound it all," Eleanor he said, "I am so awfully attached to you, Audley, you know."

Eleanor was not in the habit of receiving visits within her step-daughter's apartments. She was very well aware that their relations were not satisfactory, nor in public, Nance under the pressure and initiative influence of a tête-à-tête. But on this last night Audley's husband's child over his Philip Audley's reclining, she had a strong reception upon her to see and talk with this young girl, once more alone. Her naturally generous nature blended with strangely undisciplined came to the aid, and made her feel very tender towards Jessie at this particular moment. Jessie, too, the elder woman was not without a sense of her own short-coming. Very strong was growing well, surprising well — and yet, she knew she would be more comfortable, that her conscience would more certainly acquit her of part error if the more cordial and affectionate words passed between her and her step-daughter now on the eve of their parting.

He had bidden, all her guests good night and it was growing late when Mrs. Pierce Tracy walked up the long, bare, glaring passage of the Fenwick Hotel, and knocked softly at the girl's closed door. There was no pause before any response came from within. Mrs. Pierce Tracy

had

ad a sense of constraint almost of timidity,
s she waited.
nswer came, at last and ~~[illegible]~~ she went in. ~~[illegible]~~
ina was standing in the middle of the room. She
ad taken off her gown, her arms were bare,
nd her curly hair hung in a luminous cloud
bout her charming face and shoulders. The
oom was encumbered with trunks and boxes,
nd with all that indescribable ~~[illegible]~~ litter
hich goes with a great and important packing.
pread out over an arm chair in ~~[illegible]~~ one corner,
ay the rich soft folds of the girl's white
wedding dress, which she had been trying on
arlier in the evening. The night was warm, and
ne of the tall muslin-curtained windows stood
pen; ~~[illegible]~~ behind the wooden lattice of the
losed shutters, letting in ~~the~~ a thick continuous hum
f voices and patter of foot-steps from the great
iazza below. Genoa was still awake and moving
estlessly about her ~~[illegible]~~ wide squares and
treets of palaces.
rice. Tanoway's dramatic ~~[illegible]~~ instinct was stirring.
e sight of this solitary girlish figure in the
ge quiet room with the signs of her marriage
d coming departure about her, and the urgent
n and restless life of the great city surging
 through the ~~[illegible]~~ open window, affected her
owerfully. She forgot all the ~~[illegible]~~ the differences
hich had arisen ~~[illegible]~~ between them, all the
~~[illegible]~~ opposing of interests which had set
hem in to such disastrous antagonism, and
wiftly yearned, in wholesome womanly love and
~~kindness~~ kindliness, towards this fair young creature setting
ut so gaily on the perilous voyage of ~~[illegible]~~ matrimony.

Jenie,

Jennie, dearest child" she said, ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~: — "Tell Ronald not to be disturbed
Milton: coming to look at you once more." Suddenly
Eleanor-Ronald "It's not quite a hand with her
and make her turn round to look at the light of
the gas jet above that marble. Upon a toilet table
right full on her face. Then Eleanor-Ronald:
as Jennie, I see it her and wipe her wide mouth
with.

Lois very sweet", she said. "See here, dear
child," she went on, earnestly — "I want you truly
and honestly to answer me one question. You
no. on Mrs Eyre of a practical understanding, of perhaps
the most important event that can happen
in a woman's life. — Tell me, Jennie, are you
quite & sure you are happy?".

She moved a step away and looked back at her
intently mysteriously. There was no shadow
of trouble or misgiving in her ~~[illegible]~~
pretty eyes.

"What is it you like you, little Mamma", she said
smiling. "You are in fond of answers. Certainly
I am quite happy. Why should I be anything
else?.. Some mysteriously mysterious. Think it all
delightful."

and she might have carried conjecture nicely to
her limit; and ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor-Ronald wanted
nothing more. She felt, as she had often felt before
in, that there was some thing baffling, something
curiously difficult to grasp in that brilliant young
personality. If that she had asked herself whether
in her daughter's character was the most
perfectly natural, or the most consummately
artificial woman she had ever met with.

"For

But tell me, Jessie", she said at last: — "don't mind telling me — remember I am your friend as well as your cousin and feeling — really we may speak freely to each other, it was not like ~~that~~ me ever to be reserved at all, — are you sure you really are not ill?"

Still I face grew crimson.

"I am quite understand what people mean when they say all sorts things about being in love", she continued. "Then seem to me that ~~there~~ it is ~~some~~ a mysterious and extraordinary condition-~~change~~. I never have understood for why we want to. It must rather unexplicable and crazy. — But I like him very much. I like being with him. He is very pleasant — he is beautifully kind to me". — She smiled ~~shakingly~~ and drew away her hand which Mr. Peirce. Dawson was holding with an apologetic little cough. "Pardon me, but your hands are so very cold, little Mama" he said; and then added, after a moment's reflection. "I don't quite see why you should be unhappy this ~~morning~~ afternoon to-night. ~~It seems~~. I thought you granted you were satisfied, and had meant it all to help you as from that fact".

A shadow with perfect ~~indifference~~ open neglige and good temper, ~~which~~ making the most of circumstances: ~~nevertheless~~. But to Mr. Peirce Dawson it would come ~~with~~ as violent ~~shock~~. ~~Incomprehensible~~ It was as little discreet in a to hear something which you have known yet tried not to know, not acknowledged even ~~to~~ in secret to yourself, exclaimed clearly, concisely, and without the smallest ~~hint~~ of confusion by another person.

Mr.

voice. Eleanor felt it a moment unfortunate that it did, not to arrive. She had a ~~warning~~ misgiving revulsion of sentiment against her marriage & her own making — a revulsion against ~~a sudden~~ some sudden realization for Jervis, his. She was addicted to prompt and daring action, ~~slightly~~ desperate attempts at making things ~~short~~ straight and rough places plain: but, in this case, denied it her the right, prompt and daring action was out of the question. The whole matter was beyond her control. There was no help, there was no wedding-gift, there were her trichinosis-ridden ~~gloves~~ and ~~hat~~, there was the toilette she planned the evening ~~of~~ with her lover had given her a mean ~~end~~ to murder. In the face of these ~~facts~~ impossibilities ~~of~~ the position Eleanor saw ~~Rosie~~ she was powerless. In ~~her~~ picturing of chance was after all, not kind: ness. She recalled Philip suddenly, ~~some~~ Lord when he had bidden her good night an hour ~~ago~~. They were certainly those of a man ~~who~~ confident of the good manners of his ~~inferiors~~ inferiors.

An attaching and exaggerated importance to Jervis's words", she "thought. "Putting a false construction on them, perhaps. I always read between the lines so clearly, and worry myself when there is no real cause for it". ~~During~~ While Eleanor meanwhile had turned back to the looking-glass, and was engaged in coiling up her bright hair.

"Getting so sleepy, little mamma", she ~~remarked~~ said in a plaintive voice.

She

Eleanor

Her remark [struck] "[illegible]" to [illegible] quick decision.

[illegible]. The determined "I speak a good word for [illegible]" Philip Sudeley [illegible] her step-daughter.

"I won't keep you any longer, dear child" she said. "Sleep well, and look your prettiest to-morrow. — Only remember, Venia, Colonel Sudeley loves you [deeply] — more than you can measure. Don't disappoint him. Don't under-value his love. Such affection is a great responsibility in any woman: it is sensitive, it is easily wounded. Be careful, dear. You will try to please him always and be devoted to him, won't you, won't you?"

She pressed her hand as [illegible] a mother could have done.

"Yes, of course I shall, Mamma. I should be horribly displeased to disappoint him."

It was all very [illegible] Mrs. Venice Dauncey had to endure lately.

[signature]

Ayden

In which Malvolio does the honours
& the Villa Frascati.

trivially the miraculous pic nic on the subject
marriage. Alfred & Pauline — do
not obtain at all miraculously, Ernest
quite as large gathering, in the little black and
white dress which is the Vicar's
sex: Fine woman. Aunt wedding are victorious
and the particular wedding was mu:
commonly so. It had as halo of romance. Francis
Ernest it, a savour of the unexpected and
improbable. The bride was so young and so ravishing:
in fact. The bridegroom on the other hand
was not at all young: he was somebody.
He had made a name for himself, he displayed
well, he looked an eminent gentleman.
People smiled and applauded good-humouredly.
Yes, it was romantic — did the bride love her groom made
love or no Paris? — Paris, probably, — it finished
miraculously, for it was a little punished in the
finances. The feasts were good, and how well
they looked against her fair skin; — just that
warm suggestion of tan the sun of which is so
lovely. All, more than, like Matt!
every body looked all wonderful
so well. with flowers, and wonderful — in the
step. with the war incontestably
very

striking person
was wondered whether
there might not be just a little something behind
an explanation you know, a dernier-dernier?
Indeed, Isidora was impatient to
see Miss Brides again, when she came down
for the breakfast, appointed for her
dinner. We turned parties under all the
ceremonials and publicity. Her starring, the
salute, the small compliments that had
to be amiably responded to, the general tone of
even the hero of a delightful
comedy
morning and popular entertainment was
exciting but agreeable to him. She looked so
she must and proud. We knew keenly & keenly
well, but he did not, in the least wish, to extend
this period of his present ordeal.
"We'll miss our train", he said at last to Jenni,
& she stood in the centre of a little
circle of friends in the large parlour of
the hotel.
Miss Young
Isidora repaired magnificently (well) at
that moment. She, Miss of demure red
in her delicate gray travelling gown and little
gray bonnet, and as little as symptom of dignity
in her manner, only brought her almost
ridiculous servants footmen with enormous
enormous mere tattoo effect. To Philip Prudent
she was (was) somehow adorable as
(finding) Miss Farrow her luna queer and
misbehaving at the present moment. It was necessary
consequence of that adventure he had the very
liveliest longing to get her away now she there
for she. It seemed to Philip like that of a postponed
visit any one but entirely dreadful vacation

r gave at her.

, it is getting late. You had certainly better
:ort", ~~she~~ drawled Petite Homer, "as mrs Hall
ind is expecting Christine to tea ~~to~~ down to the
shop at 6 o'clock." It would be a rather unlucky
: begin ~~to~~ to misunderstand to Louisa sometimes,
ne knew, — even if she was only just going to Milan.
"as Louisa can very well keep little ~~Christine~~ Gates".
: was thought this unreasonable hard. Gradually
ind with calmness and reservation.
le showed a unusual spirit in her step. mother.
:..., dear little Marian, like me next in England,
: left this England" she said mightily. Then the
is woman kissed each of them.
~~Then~~ Then ~~we~~ in Mr. Peace. Tomorrow: we are the
:ed friends to-day: hand in hand." — Mr. my
:d friend" she said, "I am sorry you must
: very soon". — Her explosion was spreading, and
ere was a fine ~~silence~~ silence in it.
: very sorry" she replied, ~~in~~ quietly, as she
ved over her clasped hands — "and I am
rateful to you".
ink you all."—
: said his dear wife Gladys gravely, the
ening you dance quite me very jealously. —
: know you dance only to command me at
his time it I am serve you".
Peace. Tomorrow made a rapid gesture of
ent. She ~~had~~ fallen mimmense honour and regard
: this moment, ~~exhausted~~.
is ~~dear~~ this duty at the door, ~~Christian~~ waiting a few
nes to part with his dear Gladys hand in mid.
e looked very languid, very gentlemanlike,
nd wore his invariable garden coat, along with
his

approached

[illegible] seller, hold your dearer. It was ~~improp~~ [illegible]
in Italy!"
[illegible] Ludovic's face was [illegible] as
he looked at her.
[illegible] of friends, [illegible]
the ~~too~~ [illegible] — [illegible]
[illegible] eight
[illegible] and gossip — [illegible] the wall [illegible]
[illegible] Jennie recovered her self quickly. She [illegible]
[illegible] regards his appearance. She passed out
the carriage triumphant, smiling and apparently
[illegible] as usual.
[illegible] a French chamber-maid to the
[illegible] near her: — "What young she is, and
how pretty! — ~~[illegible]~~ Wait a little, there
will be three to the ménage one of these days".
[illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ smiled blandly, ~~and~~
[illegible] out his hands with an air of wide and
[illegible] experience, and replied". —
[illegible] cannot [illegible]. They are English. [illegible]
"The English are extremely droles".
[illegible] of the [illegible] was destined to witness
[illegible] episode of a somewhat [illegible]
[illegible] before the close of [illegible] Ludovic's wedding
day.
[illegible] Price-Dawney had arranged to set out on her
[illegible] back to the Villa [illegible] about half
past five o'clock. By then her guests would have
[illegible] their several ways, and the [illegible] on the
[illegible] Road would be less heavy in the evening.
A little before the half-hour, she came down-
stairs. The glory of the day was over, and
Mrs. Price-Dawney had exchanged her wedding
[illegible] for one of her ordinary black dress, with

its

...many crisp readings and browsings. Over she more a long, ...ful-chained wait in presence her dollars home the dusty lemon of the highroad. The excitement not only of this day, but of the several months had come to an abrupt termination, and with Eleanor the reaction was already setting in. Her plans had prospered, everything had worked perfectly, she could assure herself — almost without a misgiving — that she had done the best for everybody, for Jerrie, for Philip indeed, and for Bertie Prior too, in the long run, though at present he might be a trifle slow to acknowledge it — people are so ridiculously blind, at times, to their own highest good. For herself, she had brought a solution of a difficult and perplexing situation to a happy close; she had extricated herself from a situation which had threatened to become actually tragic. On the face of it she had been reason for self-congratulation. with her. She should have folded her hands restfully, thanked a benignant providence for past favours, and looked towards the future with confidence and serenity. But in point of fact, poor Lady, she did none of these comfortable things, as she came slowly down stairs into the great cool hall with its plants and palms in green wooden tubs, and its small army of smiling porters and waiters, lounging about and staring good-humouredly at the stream of people coming and recrossing each other on the pavement outside, and at the crowded movement of the roads, sun-flecked squares.

Eleanor was tired. She was worried.
She was singularly incapable
in the smaller affairs of daily life – She had been
obliged to [illegible] her own [illegible] and values – Jenny's
[illegible] having departed alone with her
[illegible], – and this simple [illegible] had caused
her considerable embarrassment. She felt cross
with Father, surprised at her desertion. [illegible]
[illegible] She had never contemplated [illegible] during
this [illegible] space of time, [illegible] the old
[illegible] would be [illegible] and no new one would
[illegible] approach to take its place. [illegible].
Eleanor [illegible] since her visit when the fact
[illegible] she had looked on [illegible]. [illegible]
[illegible] Jenny's marriage. That had presented
itself, as the end to be attained, as the [illegible]
[illegible] of all alarms and difficulties. That
[illegible] later, she had but very vaguely
inquired. It must [illegible] go well, she supposed:
[illegible] she had [illegible] with a creditable instinct
[illegible] from exploring the possibilities
of the future even in thought. It was the
[illegible] of the woman to [illegible], with
[illegible] mystical reluctances in
[illegible] of a definite object,
disregarding con-
sequences, disregarding side issues with a
[illegible] inconsequence in [illegible], her object being
[illegible] the [illegible] herself;
[illegible] to face with that enigmatical future;
and at a moment too, when she felt particularly
[illegible] commonplace and acutely disturbed by
the vulgar details of existence.
[illegible] of uneasiness and disquiet [illegible]

hold

Rob on Mr. Peirce-Tramway as she waited for her carriage. She looked out at the night during intervals pacing to & fro in front of the window, and then sitting glanced towards the door of the entrance room, as the door opened for Mr. Turner, every moment, as one and join her. She walked down. She sit her hip and pulled her watch out: on the table there with a pencil.

Hôtel Manager, a respectable middle-aged Italian, - respectful to the check she face, clearly expected their hair and as air of considerable importance - came forward with a low bow, and bowing profusely.

Getting nervously that Madame during the waiting, but it still wanted some minutes of the hour she had named in her letter. Recalled never sufficiently quiet in attitude to Madame in her present agitated state. Hôtel Paris as a suitable habitation these nights. She accomplished the journey out of the morning. Mr. and he was, Mr. Turner, the gentleman she had at the Hôtel Paris. How a Rob to come out entirely of sight to letter to Madame, which he now did quickly the corner to prevent to her. On reaching it he had passed to ground on door, to deliver it to her immediately: as, the letter was had disappeared: the Madames room.

Eleanor, grew nearly as white as the table cloth under her feet, as she sit in the

the

it was that at the assembly, ~~~~ remarked
Adrian Veldon to her. It was time for her, as Goddess of Justice, to receive. But she looked tired. She sighed. She moved. Mr Parker gave his arm — Then away: went had been admirable in every particular they left nothing to be desired. — She was glad she did so. Still she could upon his withdrawal & Miss Brown and herself alone in the carriage at last, as Madame Verdun remarked. In Miss Brown's hand upon her baggage could be placed — or — now might have he in answer to anything to her to enter it?"

Mr walked out to the Miss carriage and ~~the~~ even made entire to make one of his suitable little speeches to Miss engaging Adrian by Miss way — which under the circumstances was little out of place. But her heart was at rest. She had no need to read Bertie Amer's letter — she knew quite well what was in it to read.

Peace. Tranquil days Miss magnificent scenes visit, — with their ~~~~ solemn splendour & solitude and their beauty, certainly & interest, ~~~~ times again — Enough the no ~~arid~~ acquaint subside ~~~~ ~~~~ beyond the habitation, and out into Miss dusty high. road ~~~~ ~~this~~ silence, this and night in Miss carriage ~~with~~ where Miss & Adrian seemed surrounded alone upon and secluded her. She read Miss letter rather you only up ~~beloved~~ acquaint Miss so. walk on Miss left: — ~~~~ Miss talk manor woodwarden and that market gardener, — and now in ~~the~~ shrouds of dusk Miss home with

with a deep-rooted war. Rivalry might be traced across all the various & under ~~different~~ and diverse and unsearchable & savage. Various lower and ~~unobservable~~ rights & duels, and ordeals & pain-cake on the high-road. Down here lying over the high walls on the right, and visible perhaps about three yards under the waters with glare green & their bodies waved sordour. Now and again there was a black & waggon or mule team, and the carriage drew up in a while, in the midst & a ~~thoroughly~~ tinging setting mass & dancing animals, and their various human beings. Ordinarily Mr. Peries. Dawson would have been exceedingly well aware of the beautiful and of the evil elements in her surroundings: but as it was, the raw and crowded ~~absolute~~ ~~relations~~. The real road stained at the first few hours & Bertie ~~unbearable~~ more & pain-well. Then, and as dawn, as self-conscious as ~~scathing~~ had overtaken her, that the dreams & real ends day, and sunset, & the contrast between the disgust and the brutality & the scene behind her, was all ~~pale~~ this and insignificant-coloured with the depth & her own emotion. Better are unpleasant things" — was Bertie was. He knew had death & them ahead & dear Louis ~~Peries~~ real, I venture to spare myself the pain & saying that others would be you. & course, I don't in any instance permit myself the impertinence & supposing you can't plate in remaining your guest after today. Perhaps ~~instances~~ ~~satisfied~~ "let ourselves". I am sure the kind is quite true my ~~engé~~, but I understand: —

Yours &c.

Eleanor read no further. Her calm exaggerated and unnatural even at moments such as she was the thing of romantic modesty still more and more absolute in this. She recoiled with passionate disgust and horror. Good heavens! What a man must be to have cause to say such things to her! — What she must have been so utterly blind and stupid, as in her mad desire to clear the way to get rid of the obstacle that seemed to rise between herself and the thing she longed after — to have ignored the obvious results of [illegible] mated herself. She had been, so self-deceived, she had played too high, and lost everything including her own self-respect — such in an agony of terror: she began to ask herself whether she might not have compared the ruin of others' lives besides her own? — Only safe thing after all is to leave events in the hands of fate or providence — call it which you will. Directly petty human purpose comes in, trying to meddle or wrest to its own uses the action of others, so soon does Nemesis rise up and follow at close on, on, on, with ever nearing footsteps, till the sound of her terrible tread is in our ears and we feel the awful gloom of her approaching presence. But she may pass us by? — Oh, yes; pass us the sinners, leave us in peace and comfort — pass us to crush to maim, to mutilate those who we used so thoroughly as tools and puppets. It is easy enough to set the great machine of individual destiny in motion: but once the great wheels are whirling, turning, spinning no mortal hand is strong enough to stay them again.

Chelsea again. End of June

The dusk was falling when the carriage drew up at the main door of the Villa Rinaldi. The house was open and deserted. A dull light was burning in the bare whole hall. The driver rattled the bell and shouted on the ~~mounds of~~ pannels of the ~~door~~ wall. Then, but the horses he made ~~astrid~~ started a new disturbance than as drawn ~~ever~~.

A woman, ~~frightened~~ and ~~ill~~ clad, showed Mr. Vivian Rainham off the carriage and went down. In the dim ~~light~~ of the hall she could ~~see~~ but the ~~tall~~ ~~slender~~ figure, the ~~pale~~ ~~face~~ of the ~~Italian~~ Italian, the black ~~hair~~ of Madame — ~~Madame~~ who ~~stood~~ ~~with~~ ~~her~~ ~~hands~~ ~~clasped~~ ~~in~~ ~~front~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~face~~ ~~was~~ ~~wrinkled~~ ~~with~~ ~~pain~~, ~~worn~~ ~~and~~ ~~haggard~~. In ~~Mrs Rainham~~ Eleanor came in at the door she crossed out the ~~room~~ ~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~long~~ ~~stride~~, ~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~quick~~ ~~weary~~ ~~lifting~~ of the eyelids and ~~a~~ ~~frown~~. He had on the little red tattered velvet ~~with~~ ~~which~~ Petit sometimes dressed him, ~~with~~ ~~which~~ ~~a~~ ~~woman~~ ~~wealthy~~ ~~while~~ on the ~~same~~ brown of it, ~~with~~ ~~its~~ ~~tiny~~ Italian ~~hands~~ ~~for~~ ~~drawing~~ ~~in~~ ~~gauntlets~~, had ~~pinned~~ a large bunch of orange flowers, tied ~~with~~ ~~it~~ as Marina ~~was~~ of white ~~with~~ ~~them~~. Even the monkey's quick instinct ~~would~~ ~~with~~ ~~him~~ ~~that~~ ~~he~~ ~~must~~ ~~not~~ ~~come~~ ~~home~~, ~~he~~ ~~turned~~ fiercely on ~~Mrs Rainham~~ Eleanor, ~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~growing~~ ~~chatter~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~with~~ ~~impotent~~ ~~malignity~~. There was a diabolical light in the creature's ~~face~~ eyes, and something

absolutely

absolutely ~~no~~ idea in his own private. Percy Dawson was ~~a~~ senior and he bear it. She called about in ~~a~~ and excitation and her voice rang up the cold thin staircase and through the empty silent rooms to the little red villa.

"Here all, all, gone," she cried, and ran here there in the humble place. He was taken aback everything that "here and now" she said vividly at the moment — "I was all I was left me"!..

Then, as ~~she~~ straight, grey figure came down quietly from the upper story.

"Help us," she said — "what's the matter? What was happened?"

Percy Dawson flung her arms round the thin woman's neck and burst into an hysterical sobbing.

"My dear, my poor dear lady," she murmured. "Is there none of them left to me to take care of you?.. Come away now, come away, you poor dear. Don't worry. Don't ~~worry~~ worry. Come up stairs with me and quietly to your room. — There, just what I always say can't put pendances on any man — that's better. Headed old Saunders, Antonio, promised me he'd ~~be~~ return here to meet you and take down the boys".

Chapter XVII

Feb. 30.

TV

Getting up late, & lunch, and so a Sunday evening.

"(~~Dinner at the Feasts~~,
~~Beautiful as ever but very expensive~~)"

It all turned out was warm and the high red brick walls, warm and grey and mossy lichened that encircled it, and the ~~orangery~~ orangery about 5. Sunday, with their ~~oranges~~ rows & rows round ~~them~~ shining leaves and delicate white flowers, their bad rooted ~~flowers~~ trees and their aroma the whole 5. was ~~all~~ warm & still ~~sick~~ massy. It was warm too, and the tall thick of scarlet in the ~~shadow~~, white roses. flower and ~~shade~~ summer shyness. ~~Sunday~~ in the road ~~flower~~ border with ~~yellow~~: — warm as the walls now 5. the trees low low warm. with its rough old-fashioned flowered walk - ~~ball~~, hidden ~~in~~ under dimbling roses — and it ~~was~~ wide gabled with its carved chap. boards & warm as the ~~brown~~ upwards of ~~ruddy~~ tiled roof, and the ~~sun~~ sun ever ~~more~~ ~~tiled~~ tiled chimney stacks above. Warm, warm finally, — ~~Sleepily~~ sleepily, ~~sleepily~~ sleepily warm as Philip suddenly, as he sat in the garden chair on the gravel walk with its mat of the ~~broad~~ wide flower border, with his leg ~~over~~ over, his hat tilted down over his eyes, and an ~~old~~ only real cigarette — the blue smoke rising

From D

of which curled lazily out and up in
the still air — between the fingers.
Next to this lay the level green expanse of a
tennis-lawn, with bright flower-beds on either
side ending in a gentle slope of grass, and a space
of rough untilled ground — such as our forefathers
would have termed a pleasaunce — planted with little
thickets of hawthorn, yew, lilac and laurel, over-topped
by several good oak-trees, a couple of feathery
birches and a tall dark fir
a little lop-sided from the force
of the westerly winds. On the right-left stood the
house, and on the right, across a sunk fence,
a good-sized meadow. A couple of old ... headed
Spanish chestnuts — whose thin-fingered leaves
fluttered loosely
to the ground — rose from mounds above the
level of rich deep grass. The elms in the hedgerow,
too, had been lightly touched by the golden
fingers of autumn — a yellow bough here and
there showing like a sudden leap of flame
amid the sombre dense uniform foliage. Away beyond
the meadow, between the trunks of the mighty
elm-trees, were stretches of rolling pasture and
gleaming cornland with here and there the
blue shadow of a wood, or the red roof of
a distant cottage or farmstead breaking the
long dark line of the
ridge. And over it all lingered the soft
magical haze of the summer September afternoon,
changing the midland
landscape into a land of mystery and enchant-
-ment; gilding the wings of the gnats as
they danced up and down, up and down,

a

of fortune, and the multitudes — in the two de-
mon shall, and hereditary the distance the pearly
~~gates~~ tower, or leaders or the dwellers on as divers
rear:

and there across the bourne, there divided over of the
teeming mile. which a ornament, on which — like
a cloud enthroned angels in as holy pictures, write a
difference - changing figures write the also her many
millions legs, it's as unable of which know a rider. Looking
the hill over wonders how he pair is entitled to rest
in ~~there~~ fancy. boat afloat on their oceans of
waves ~~and air~~? - But over moan/mist go on wondering in
~~the can answer the question~~
~~wonder beasts~~ - Only like some vivid epicureans, care
left alike of part and future, calm, and satisfied
with that only there expanse, the immediate
present, the little know of spider drifts ~~one~~ over
fevers and hill and mist fob hedge. now in the
present unlimited sunshine, the known not
whither.

negation of sense. reason, with their not this legs
and unhelpful ~~or~~ vulgar ~~large~~ figure, divided
~~at~~ each in and on of it's body as degree deserted of
walls & rest: under the sunny azure, amid ~~the~~
~~abstinence~~ much, more and pertinacious chatter.
Like above, on the opening of one of the hundreds
dunes, as respectable cock. starling, his beak
full of the multiplied remains of as large beetle,
~~his~~ this remaining horrible — anxiously desiring to
present: their appetising morsel to his next-fob of
drift ~~redbreast~~ children, thus squeaked to him
now as craving in the wide world there by, and yet
fearing to reveal their abroad y for the scorpion:
in dwelling place to the colonel quietly
musing his cigarette in the garden. ~~Then~~.

The

the whole scene was as peaceful and pleasant as ever; and Tess's pardon was quite as humane as death. It had an agreeable sense of mystical and spiritual welcoming. Over the visible fields gleaming at Barrett Down, Tess's mind's eye discerned, as from a hill-top, a far-off country where souls were washed white as day, and where joyful beings passed their time in celestial occupations. He felt that his dear had fallen to him in pleasant places. He was content; and, good reader! you were much the same. Her dear head lay on his breast, and her warm breath fanned his cheek. Like the Nile by night, her fearful past flowed past unnoticed. Tess's former blemishes, as affecting their happiness, were as if they had never been. Tess's sorrows were over. She was his absolutely. Was ever man so circumstanced before? Yes, thousands, probably; but not many, we may suppose, with exquisiteness.

Tess's mind was full of the strange days that were to follow, when they should have left behind them the present spot, which was doubly dear to them as the first scene of their love. They would walk hand in hand, speaking little, but thinking much, in the sun and the light breeze, across Egdon Heath to the remote corner of Wessex from whence they had originally come. They would traverse the tracts of country known to him in his darkest days, now transfigured by the radiance which was within them; they would thread the lanes and bridle-paths which he had trodden in his solitude, and picture to themselves the farm at which he would apply for work, the city in which they would reside. Perhaps they would settle in some

so

was his part was as unexplained as what explained the Earl's leaving the Assembly so suddenly and then so mysteriously and reported. How was it certain that Gabriel had gone the Lord Chancellor's occupation, — that, so was with all the moderation and reserve that characterized his manners, so his fortune and connexions, so the honour of his name, and so his hereditary and acquired claims upon the public regard, he was determined to persevere in — that, to the Indian Assembly and to British Canadians united; — that, in short, at the pomp and circumstances of our invisible British crown. It would seem that Gabriel Sudbury's marriage with Rosamund Dowsett was the immediate cause of the Earl's quitting the Assembly and returning to England. He declared as unexplainable longing to go home again, to settle quietly down among his old friends and to end his days accordingly. But these simple, easy measures the politic cannot be so easy of his execution.

A considerable [Walter] [Powell] [raised] [Philip] [Embody] amazement in the Province of Canada. His friends declared it was a fatal mistake, that Sudbury could still be a power there, if he would only take the trouble to get into it. Some persons in high places even considered his resignation wholly in the Queen's [and trustworthy]". Gabriel Sudbury was so [unanimously dependable] [illegible]. But Philip had taken the step between his teeth. There was no

rein

...ise or sentiment in him, such as makes even
...is most reasonable and modest of men at times
...inwardly indifferent to public opinion. He went
...solutely, wise people said obstinately, his own
way.
Philip ~~[illegible]~~ turned
his face homewards. He took the Manor house at
~~[illegible]~~ two miles out of Fullingworth, and
almost eighteen as the crow flies — from Barnett Darcy.
He rented a ~~bit~~ small farmstead and some eighty ~~[illegible]~~
acres ~~[illegible]~~ of ~~[illegible]~~ land; ~~he~~ bought a pair of
carriage horses for his wife, ~~and~~ prepared to get
a couple of hunters before the beginning of the
season, if he could afford it, and turned his attention
seriously to questions of Cotswold sheep, pig-styes
and foal-boxes. His brother, Jack Lindley, behaved
very nicely at this juncture.
"Farming's simply the most rotten business out,
my dear fellow," he said. "Believe me you might
just as ~~[illegible]~~ soon put your money ~~in~~ down the nearest ~~pond~~,
~~in~~ well or invest it in Egyptians. But if you
really mean to go in for that sort of thing, you
know, I've got a couple of first-rate short-horns
I could let you have. You'll want some good
dairy cows — they pay, you know, if you've got
your market handy. Pray don't say a word
about it: — 'pon my word, I want to get rid of
them — it's not the slightest favour, I assure you.
And there's a pretty little Alderney heifer too,
beautiful thing, with a head like a deer, and
splendid quarters: — you'd better just let me
throw her into the lot, she'd please your wife.
Ladies like that sort of fancy cow, you know,
short horns are a bit too solid for 'em."

Another

...ning dear, Mr. Jacks Sudeley made yet visites
...ere to wander this enfolding 5-o'clock.
...ge: some uncommonly good pigs, he said.
...ou must visit Isaac as soon as Theirs. Pure
...Yorkshire, you know, and what about a round
...of Theirs. Long and low, no leg of steak
...and as back like as dinner table — make
...mine bacon pigs. But 'Theirs' a regular
...gem: There his Theirs country. Can't get away
...from Theirs now, at Shorby, though he went
...for just three nights his honeymoon with Theirs,
...and round here, can't hold a candle to Theirs.
...Do send you over his or Theirs to try. — So, my dear
...fellow, for goodness sake don't thank me.
...Only do me a real favour in taking care
...of my hands".

...Said the Colonel, metallurgically speaking, beat
...a retreat in a hurry. Isaac and his words
...is a mummy. Nor: and so he sat basking
...satisfied That quaint drawing of That sunshine
...on That quiet Sunday afternoon, he was very
...far indeed from thinking That in a during he
...had made a terrible mistake. been guilty of a mistake.
...But The cards started — the usual merry debate
...over debate had decided in favour of a bold
...stroke and delivered over The remains of The
...table to his enemy certainly — when his hand
...made an irrevocable and bidding That Philip
...roused from his reverie heard
...in The see that was The matter.

...The unfortunate Duke's visit of The previous Easter
...seemed came to wander mind.
...Young Lad had changed his very disposition,
...during The five months That had elapsed since

her

her marriage. She had attended a number of new entertainments, and passed through a number of new experiences: her mind had raised it to some very definite views on the brilliant highly polished surface of her personality. She still expressed the same gay humour, the same irritable jealousy, the same ~~dot~~ captivating vanity, and Philip's wooden ~~stolid~~ stillness irritated her. He had not got his heart entirely in her thoughts as he had expected the latter of her first surrender: — an expectation which often ~~later~~ of the keen edge of man's interest in a woman. The girl was to him a bewilderment as ever. She provoked him with quick ~~hatred~~ twenty times a day. He watched her as he watches the flickering reflection of running water on some wall by a ~~river~~ side, ~~the~~ ~~light~~ endless changes with their ~~endless~~ ~~changes~~, and restless and joyous sparkle. It must not be supposed, however, that Philip was fatuous about his wife, or that he fell into the habit of praising her in season and out of season, of ~~saying~~ an embarking anyone in her honour and calling up her friends and relations to join in the chorus. He was both too reticent and too proud a man to do that, and his love for his wife was far too deep and ~~passionate~~ ~~tender~~ sentiment to have any ~~real~~ relation in kind to the jaws of ~~an~~ ~~ordinary~~ ordinary. The young girl's every word and look had an intrinsic, almost sacred value for him, and there was a vein of jealousy in his tenderness.

A cruel disease ~~was~~ ~~passed~~ over the land. In one hand she held her hat, and in

the

the train of her warm silk of bright coloured Indian embroidery, which trailed along the ground after her, — the end of it hotly pursued by a small black kitten. If the ~~the~~ kitten found satisfaction in this form of entertainment, so clearly did the young lady. She drew the long silk slowly behind her till the ~~kitten~~ ~~[illegible]~~ little creature was close upon it, and then with a sudden jerk whisked it ~~far~~ away out of reach, far above her head.

"Oh, Philip, look", she cried, in her clear sweet voice "how charmingly he jumps". — clearly the kitten, in a state of the wildest excitement, all ~~[illegible]~~ claws and tail jumping high into the air ~~of~~ after it, its ~~[illegible]~~ vanishing plaything.

Philip ~~[illegible]~~ got up ~~[illegible] as~~ when he ~~was~~ saw her coming, threw away the end of his cigarette, and stood watching her. He thought he had seldom seen anything much prettier than this fair graceful young woman, turning and twisting the silks and the glitter within the circles of the gold and crimson embroidered scarf, while the black and-white kitten leapt and darted ~~over~~ around her over the sunny grass.

The kitten gave out first. It retired ~~behind~~ one of the poles of the tennis-net, ~~and~~ sat down and began licking its black fur with a fine air of indifference as though nothing so trivial and transitory as the vagaries of a game of play had ever entered its small sooty head. Jessie cast ~~a~~ a quick glance at it ~~the kitten~~.

"Poor little thing", she said, "so soon to ~~get tired~~ be tired". Then she came on, and stood balancing herself

[illegible] on the edge of the [illegible]. where it bordered the gravel walk. There was a touch of romantic evening light and mystery. like the girl's appearance at dinner. Her face was deliciously warm as she looked up at her husband.

"What makes you say that, Philip"? she said.

He suddenly smiled boyishly. She was very irresistible in her quaint irresponsible gaiety, and suddenly reassuring.

"I don't you want to do?" he replied." Dance with a girl, I suppose".

She put her head a little on one side, and balanced herself daintily on the edge of the grass, swaying slightly from side to side. It rides like a bicycle it takes a little.

"What is not quite enough", she said." It will do to begin with. You must learn, you must practise".

"With one glove" he answered still smiling". Dance enough? must learn the waltz and dancing generally. Jenie, always seems better at carrying out plans than at giving them".

"Englishe Sunday is rather a trying affair" said the girl. "It leaves so little time to do with the exception — social exception. I mean. Here in the country they seem very old fashioned in some points, and of course one never will want to make oneself different to other people".

Philip laughed. He made a rapid mental survey of the excellent middle-aged [illegible] neighbours, contrasting them with the girl beside him, and approved.

"I

"I am afraid you are different to most people
at the same time, my dear little wife," Philip
answered.

Mildred turned away and began folding the letter
she had just finished reading over.
"I wish you would tell me," she said slowly: "that
was a perfect parable of this pagan spirit,
that power of most remarkable survival. It
made me feel as if we are remarkable sur-
vivals ourselves, if it is not that which makes
us different to most people, however. You are
all Elizabethans, Philip, and I am a sort of
reincarnation".

Philip did not like Mildred's tone at
all, but he only replied by a meditative
frown, for the mention of W. Dreiser's name irritated
him with antagonistic feeling.

"It is a waste," he said. "We go down over the
fields to the moor, and take a look at the
Archaeopteryx beasts in the lower meadow".

He put on his hat, and arranged her curley
hair under the brim of it.

"The same, it would be interesting to know
if they really are remarkable survivals",
he observed, quietly.

Philip came down to the gate.

"It calls itself queer names, Jervis", he said.

"I don't quite like it. Then," said Mildred,
"I was about to say something different to most
people, I am thinking about pagans, or
survivals, or any reborns of that kind:" —

"I quite see that it is interesting, you know", she
interrupted, glancing up at him quickly.

"It is", replied Philip, with a certain insistance.

"You

"we are very beautiful women, Jervis — and we
like to be admired that you are pretty
different to our people. But let us take ourselves
and life so, quietly and joyfully. Towards
Indian, without speculation about ourselves and
trying to find out what's hidden. It's a waste
of time. It makes people get all sorts of
early wrinkles round their head; and
then Time comes and takes hold of them
— never mind how virtuous they were at first
— Time seems to make them ugly, as
we of course all learn, in thinking so much about
them. They seem to grow into what they
pretend they were. — Put all that sort
of thing away, now, you see, it's danger:
..ous".

Jervis spoke about as he took of command. He
was a good deal moved. He found a new shy.
At face of our wise gallant Jervis
appeared as she finished to him. He had rarely
encountered the ridiculous of the accusing didactic.
"What else?" she enquired of, then he
paused.

He answered, after considerable groping
turned of his own eloquence: — "That is all. I beg
your pardon if preaching you at any time pray
excuse me this way".

was silent then. Jervis said. Unfeignedly. "It
will give me a little excited, you know, Philip.
It makes you ever so splendid older".

"Now", exclaimed Jervis kindly. He turned away, half
seconds, half embarrassed at his wife's remark.
He had always admired Clare his
personal appearance was by no means his strong
point.

front and any comment on it made him feel
~~[illegible]~~ self-conscious and awkward.
In some ways Philip Sinclair was almost
absurdly simple-hearted.

"It is so still," he said, after a moment's silence
between, looking directly at his wife. "Let us
go down over the pastures to the osier-beds, and
I'll get you some of those big reeds with gray tufts
to them that you wanted the other day for your
urn" — ~~don't you know~~?"

They wandered away together in the still warm
evening, over the ridge and furrow of the sloping
~~[illegible]~~ meadow-land towards the little stream.
Philip was very gentle with the young girl, very
anxious to please her. He got her an armful of
~~[illegible]~~ boughs, and reeds and flowers, and told her
about the different birds as they called back and
forth to each other ~~out~~ from the high branches of
the elm-trees, or skipped in and out of the shelter
of the thick hawthorn hedges. All living creatures
had a strange fascination for Jennie; they seemed
very near to her, somehow. She was never tired of
~~watching of~~ observing them. ~~Afterwards~~ Philip found himself
talking very readily — he had been more pleased,
perhaps, than he quite liked to owned to himself, by his
wife's little compliment; and the sense of pleasure
had unloosened his tongue; he was unusually
entertaining.

Going home again up the field-path, Jennie walked
in front, her soft pale draperies ~~[illegible]~~ brushing gently
as she moved against the ~~to~~ longer grass on either
side the way. Down in the West the ruddy orange
glow of the sunset lay along the horizon, promising
another still hot day tomorrow. In the East, above
the

usual
a week or ~~so~~ ago. I wonder if it is a fine
or dark brown wood. It ~~is~~ runs over large and
wide ~~bridge~~ bridges and down ~~to~~ the river ~~to~~
~~the~~ ~~river~~ ~~vapour~~.

It is one of the ~~most~~ ~~old~~ villages, ~~and~~ the girl
~~lives~~ and ~~married~~ round. The ~~girl~~ is one of
the ~~oldest~~, and ~~the~~ ~~oldest~~ ~~girl~~ ~~in~~ the ~~village~~ girl
~~reading~~ reads and ~~knows~~, ~~everybody~~ ~~knows~~
~~everybody~~ ~~knows~~ ~~all~~ ~~about~~ ~~her~~ ~~and~~ ~~her~~ ~~simple~~
~~ways~~ ~~and~~ ~~habits~~ ~~of~~ ~~life~~ ~~and~~ ~~everything~~ ~~else~~. The
~~whole~~ ~~village~~ ~~below~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~valley~~ ~~has~~ ~~now~~ ~~a~~ ~~red~~ ~~look~~
~~on~~ ~~it~~ ~~here~~. ~~She~~ ~~was~~ ~~very~~ ~~fair~~.

"~~I~~", ~~he~~ ~~said~~, "~~now~~ ~~do~~ ~~a~~ ~~sudden~~ ~~pressure~~", ~~and~~
~~you~~ ~~know~~?. ~~Has~~ ~~you~~ ~~ever~~ ~~seen~~ ~~one~~ ~~married~~
~~here~~, ~~and~~ ~~does~~ ~~anyone~~ ~~here~~ ~~in~~ ~~England~~?".
~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~laugh~~ ~~she~~ ~~said~~.

~~"~~ ~~and~~ ~~know~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~day~~ ~~is~~ ~~long~~", ~~she~~ ~~answered~~:
~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~days~~ ~~are~~ ~~a~~ ~~delightful~~ ~~long~~ ~~here~~ ~~in~~
~~England~~. ~~There~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~rises~~. ~~Shines~~ ~~in~~
~~morning~~ ~~and~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~sun~~ - ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~sun~~,
~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~sun~~ ~~sun~~, (nice) ~~sun~~, ~~sun~~ ~~and~~ ~~not~~ ~~the~~
~~sun~~ ~~you~~ ~~know~~. — ~~Now~~ ~~the~~ ~~week~~ ~~in~~ ~~distance~~ —
~~Philip~~ ~~what~~ ~~is~~ ~~programme~~. - ~~tomorrow~~ ~~I~~ ~~am~~ ~~to~~
~~in~~ ~~Nottingham~~ ~~early~~ ~~in~~ ~~morning~~ ~~and~~
~~and~~ ~~of~~ ~~shopping~~ — ~~a~~ ~~bat~~, 'Philip, ~~but~~ ~~a~~ ~~bat~~'. —
~~a~~ ~~mighty~~ ~~savoir~~ ~~vivre~~ ~~bat~~. ~~Then~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~afternoon~~
~~we~~ ~~drive~~ ~~on~~ ~~over~~ ~~to~~ ~~Melrose's~~ ~~Keeping~~ — ~~it~~ ~~will~~
~~be~~ ~~real~~ ~~nice~~ ~~that~~ ~~Peal~~ ~~garden~~ ~~party~~, ~~but~~ ~~Nettie~~ ~~is~~
~~always~~ ~~the~~ ~~bat~~, ~~a~~ ~~quando~~ ~~même~~. ~~Tuesday~~ ~~you~~
~~shall~~ ~~at~~ ~~Bournemouth~~ ~~Bournemouth~~ ~~Bournemouth~~ Bournemouth and
~~up~~ ~~to~~ ~~Tuesday~~. ~~Mr~~. ~~Manners~~'s ~~manners~~ are
~~delicious~~, ~~then~~ ~~more~~ ~~to~~ ~~dried~~ ~~roses~~ ~~leaves~~
~~and~~ ~~lavender~~ ~~like~~ ~~her~~ ~~sheets~~. ~~and~~ ~~then~~ ~~still~~ ~~garden~~.
~~and~~ ~~like~~ ~~then~~ ~~then~~ ~~bat~~.

Wednesday

"Edward, Edward, Edward something, even
the very thing Elizabeth had just now exactly
said". and Edward Saunders

Then back her head, and that dead cat her arms
struggle, letting the red ribbon and flowers fall
in the ground at her feet.

"Here, this dear world," she said. "Here is her
home, and yours. Perhaps there be multitudes days
and go on however, and Edward knew that it
was all pulp and decay. -Maybe, yet it did, not
on and on change. Surely Edward and even humble
died so it."

Then she her shoulders and turned up the
skirt of her heavy satin tunic. "We are bound to get
wet", she went on. "We are bound to get
wet over things after another. That all that cause
it is very sad; why can't what is pleasant
stay pleasant?. This must it always go on, and
on, and on in this dread life way?. She untied
a cord at the back and let down her hair,
it the bride with her eyes, and then that remain
in the house turned with poor drowning little beggar.
But Edward grew older and older; Edward got wet
to come in the summer and the sunshine, Edward
with her able to see around. And then at last
Edward knew to die, it must come" —
shying movement of pulse this love and suddenly Philip
down came up to Christ, put his arms round
her, and gathered her close up against his.
it, dearest," he said, "he said" his God's voice does talk
to her now. - [illegible] Christ
is his new world, Christ".
"Yes", she answered — "(yes), in Christ, really the
world; it will all then over soon and Edward
right

[illegible] about it. Dan = to [illegible] & what is terrible. horrible. Tobe comes it: how come was one like that existence is different and that one dare is to turn out of life and "end it all". Suicide is wicked, they used to say. "It is not fair".

Is it fair to nature, not fair & irrational brain. Can decent, and yet you have one decent & never is moderation, however much Dan may be: Dan is one about reason. And all the what do in run about it?. Dan reason never been this. What is reason is me?. I want life, this life inside run. Suicide as that go on living as animals, as they what: not, this inside, little this is not Dan altruism done on Dan crafty, Dan go over, overboard die, Dan = burn, — to do with self-murder."

Dan over Prince Philip Sidney.

It is dreadful, dreadful, the said.

It is dreadful", [illegible] said the Colonel, [illegible] hear one [illegible] speak in this wild way. Run dear child, run hurt this. I shall have gin ill". [illegible] an likely enough, — about it alarmed in the run, alarmed at what the said. Life and death, reason and [illegible] were matters inside her had always taken very simply and initially. He was particularly acquainted in his life with and had never seen the reason question Dan go in dies & the no wonder. To rebel against: the fundamental condition of living & living cancel is run life like dust & my run. Dan this makes on it reach & genie: nor [illegible] no [illegible] this in precedented, to shock & proud it her & generally gay light: reached being, that it

it

fairly confounded him.

"Come, darling", he said; "come home and try [to] think about something else. You are very young you know. When you ~~get~~ are older you'll get to take things more for granted — every body does".

She looked up with a queer little smile.

"Sure they do; and perhaps that's the worst of it."

She stooped down and gathered together ~~up~~ the fallen seeds and flowers — "Poor dears, we won't let them die before their time in vain", she said half theatrically. Then she turned her face ~~onwards~~ homewards. Philip walked beside her silently. This ~~sudden~~ resumption of her ordinary manner was hardly less confusing to him than her ~~vehement~~ violent and curious emotion.

"I don't know what made me think of all this to-night", she said presently, in her usual clear sweet tones. "It was singular. I rarely think of anything disagreeable."

As she spoke they reached the little gate leading into the ~~pasture~~ meadow ~~in~~ before the house with its garden. ~~Philip~~ The Colonel was busy with his thoughts, he did not find the latch ~~very~~ ~~easily~~ at once.

"How long you are"! cried the girl, a trifle peevishly.

~~Philip~~

Philip held back the gate for her to ~~pass~~ go through. As she passed him he looked at her ~~very~~ searchingly in the soft half light.

She turned to him with a smile as bright as morning morning.

"My dear Philip", she said; "you take things too seriously. Now I get over my troubles in no time.

time. They re-appeared, vanished — never to return probably. Reason to have endless dreaming days to remember. — Oh! Now it looks perfectly ridiculous, — it's all over! "Let us come in once more. Come in happy, I shall be so glad of my music!"

Her engagement was perfectly practical and reasonable and consequently depressing; but, also, Miss Philip did not quite regain her normal mood. The complete relief of her content had been taken. The milk-white garment no longer flaunted free, in happy unselfishness, through the commonplace business. It was caught by a dragging branch and held captive; while the poor frantic spider, her original voyage cut short, found herself unexpectedly called upon to reckon with the new and slightly incongruous facts. — Hilda yet, at the risk of seeming to speak in paradox, dared to assert that Jennie Enderby had never been nearer escaping from the miserable egotism of her nature and rising to a more active and higher spiritual level than in that moment of consequent, and to her husband, profoundly disturbing astonishment and emotion.

End Part One

Bk V

Ferrier answers ~~asks~~ the question.

..... ~~seems more likely~~
~~probable that regret the world~~".

Ward

~~I~~ my fair from the desire of the present writer to know what is true in the new movement, called by whatever name, and loudly proclaimed by writers and readers of our own generation. We owe us the latter those our failure, in some measure, we are probably a good deal worse. But, this seems the mighty enthusiasm that it is and we ourselves have to pay, entirely unsatisfactory, it is in the more important upon each one of us to gather up as few stray crumbs of comfort there ever we can find them. Even the writer ~~success~~ remains admit despair of deriving any universal ~~order~~ disorder; even grim of help darkness, perceive here and there a rift — through which we should be hopelessly parted and ~~disinterested~~ — to wander the wilderness of life.

Under the ~~disillusioned~~ ~~disillusioned~~ one: ~~intuitive~~ attitudes of ~~the~~ our generation; its ~~intolerance~~ clear rejection of dead, wanderlust of beauty, and ~~entirely~~ ability to take good care of itself. Here can romances is dead, the drama ~~is~~ ~~dead~~, the poets are ~~in~~ dumb. ~~Perhaps~~ ~~the~~ We have cast

down

mere mirage of [illegible], which they, deceived, had set up with so much hope and [illegible] scampering
and [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ in the [illegible] of their [illegible] and idle [illegible]. — Who of us is there, no doubt who can answer. Only one would like to ask, ~~[illegible]~~ then, after all, is the blame? — Ours of the last generation [illegible] in the [illegible], [illegible] care, ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] of duty to the men who come after, love, beauty, cultivated as scientific habit of mind, — and we obeyed you. We cared so [illegible] the [illegible], we put as [illegible] the elaborate edifice of [illegible] and [illegible], we tried to examine the grounds of our belief and deal with fact and not with appearance. With acute and patient accuracy we analyzed ~~[illegible]~~ your writing and paid a finger when it [illegible] and error. You misled us in the duty of tolerance of seeing wide-minded; and we are wide-minded to the point of doubting the difference between right and wrong. You begged us to ~~[illegible]~~ worship pure reason and cultivate the intelligence; and we have cultivated it to the point of universal confusion — until, in part only "authenticated ideas", of them marvellously there are still a very large proportion left, [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] of guiding them. Women were encouraged to be strong and fearless. They are both; and, because "help us", what a graceful and engaging spectacle they are in a fair way now to present. Men were to abjure their native brutality. In some cases they have done so, and stand fixed as mild mothers

race

race. but dutifully capable of fulfilling the command delivered to our first parents, to replenish the earth and subdue it". have obeyed orders; and also. to there. thus gave ~~in~~ the result never has been so happy as. Yet even here, the soldier is permitted, if ever righteous may strike generous spirits of light. The individual as an individual, ~~was~~ independent of his profession, has become more respected. The distance has narrowed between class and class. Beauty and pleasure are recognized as the rights of the many, instead of the exclusive heritage of the few. The so-called malefactor begins to be taken seriously. Instead of being ~~abhorred~~ pandered to in public and in private treated as a joke. Here then, we have gained, surely, a greater ~~appreciation~~ ~~solidarity~~ love of and absolute act. In our help of respect for privileged persons, in the pomp and show of privileged humanity, every human being has gained in value. We have, each of us, only a certain capacity of reverence and sympathy; and if this is squandered on the pompous poor and quick — contributable enough over, above all, in the greater number of cases — of illustrious princes and very glorious heroes, there can be none left ~~for~~ over for the divine common ~~population~~ population", — for the hero in the hustling crowd, or white slop and corduroy, for all the finders and losers and ordinary plain-headed folks, who suffer but never rise ~~from the ranks~~ from the ranks, whose heart's heart, who agonizes, who dies and go out in the great unknown darkness without

any

my own: mourning or black border is too
daily paper.
Have decided to, now or - as said enough
on the subject all. — That is, read no novels
or tales, no fine speeches, nothing of mine
a real dramatic effect: but, that the cover
and dull is guaranteed every place, with down
to unobtainable with ordered to alter, avoid extremes,
in mourning, quiet in not indiscreet, minimal,
to the average & to the average [illegible] man
in woman. If in not recognise the act existed above
or, if be ramshackle or unfashionable, [illegible] make
to [illegible] anxiety. — The part generation
may it is remove, let the fine and that, was
undoubtedly minister and self-conscious over
new: decided it perceived as divine minimum
in non-commercial: replied on visit, under at
[illegible] original
seeing selected as a country object: for the character:
result of the heavenly rod.
Hence, more of the subjective emotion,
minimalist. The, of: the is use as more
that of needs services or a principal publication
to the [illegible] trouble. If was grown as little to
common in the [illegible] and, never the more grown
to quiet in detecting it [illegible] national
reserves. It is distributed to make needs pity
now it: of Unity the spirit [illegible] or of pain
more the lot dead and [illegible] because
is more at moment an almost [illegible] over
more [illegible] able of it's fusibility and [illegible] frequency.
That is more for the gross in also more for the
under, and in [illegible] the national value of thing.
[illegible] no more real to [illegible] indoubtedly private
for many, [illegible] very active more of summer and self
satisfaction.

introduction. —

Put it in bigger type to go back and pick up the thread of Philip Sidney's letter — as soon as I have written enough. Time; yet not irretrievably irksome circumstances, & illness, and if all goes well I shall be home by the first week in ~~June~~ August best. End Nov

Morning early in the morning writes, the wind blows as usual from the dirty brown & the sky clouds, during the day & the fire & the kettle and wrapped in it, dreamily round the kettle steams. Every thing in the hedges is covered at the end of it with a grievous ~~[illegible]~~ moisture, which gradually increases & ~~[illegible]~~ rises & falls as I sit writing as with breath — to the ~~[illegible]~~ reddens can be below. The little huddled figures in corners, and the thick veins of the wood. back ~~[illegible]~~ dreary bowed ~~[illegible]~~ with the weight of the wet. It is ~~[illegible]~~ total Vain. There is no morning sullen

sullen

[illegible] silences on such days as this which is almost alarming. Nature seems deadened, [illegible], indifferent. There is no wind, no change, no movement, only the gradual swallowing up of the dull diffused light in slow on-coming [illegible].

Through the village of ——— over the quaint black and white [illegible], the little grey church with its [illegible]-aisles, seemed to exude comfortable [illegible] sitting wings, as a well-regulated [illegible] of children — women were riding home after a day's hunting. One of them jogged [illegible] astride, riding forward in the saddle, and holding her whip high and [illegible] with a considerable assumption of what is commonly called 'side'. To the man it must be [illegible] carried the marks of recent disaster upon him and looked in rather evil case.

"[illegible] wouldn't know how it happened," he said. "[illegible] had difficulty." The whole thing was over in a couple of minutes. I was underneath and [illegible] on the top of me before I knew anything about it. That young fellow [illegible], [illegible] out of [illegible]. He was [illegible] of being right on to us — and then, Miss Drake, I'm extremely [illegible] you'd have [illegible] alive."

"Was it rotten luck," replied Mr. Drake, nodding his head and screwing up his genial countenance with an air of strong disgust: "— uncommon nasty. [illegible] are scarce, you know, Sudeley, and upon my word I should go and see [illegible] or [illegible] or somebody and get thoroughly overhauled.

...ounded. You must have got a most infernal
...aking it you got nothing worse; and, in my
opinion, it's always best to look to that sort of
thing at once. One may get all wrong inside,
you know, and then there's no end of bother if
it's not seen to in time".

...ake delivered himself of these vague and
bewildering physiological opinions with much
...se and earnestness.

...l Studerly met [illegible] frightfully.

"...must be pretty frightfully this time of day",
...said. "A hot bath and a good sleep and I shall
be as right as a trivet, tomorrow. If I see a
doctor, he won't be able to tell me half as much
as I could tell him — and it'll only frighten my
wife".

"...rather frighten my wife twenty times over than
...myself wrong inside and not know it till too
late", responded Mr. Drake, in a tone of [illegible] to carry conviction as to the truthfulness of his statement.

"...ll you've got your wife, and then perhaps
you'll change your minds", responded the Colonel. The
observation had a certain finality about it, and
Mr. Drake relapsed into uneasy silence, till in
the dragging fog and growing darkness the two men
turned in at the gates of the carriage drive
leading up to the Manor House. At the door
he tumbled down off his big hunter, chucked the
reins to the waiting groom, and began feeling about
the other horse's legs in a knowing and
scientific manner.

"...you'll have to look after the mare a bit
tonight", said Colonel Studerly, — he thought it would
be easier to give his orders at once before getting

out

of the middle. "This is reason down and learned
with relish bad. Some one trained her of
worlder".

"well, sir" replied the groom, with an impertin-
ent manner and with by vacant expression of
face

"Think there's anything wrong to the matter,
as better read over it Johnny work to, and tell old.
one is come out in the morning".

"well, sir", said Williams again.

Jerry suddenly set his teeth ~~work~~ hard on her lip
till more and into his feet.

"no, some stick", he said.

~~Wednesday~~ Thursday, Jerry suddenly was
with relief discovered by no one around in
the writing drawing room. The room was ~~too~~ for
~~one~~, for she had piled up the fire till it glowed
like a great heart of living embers between
the bars of the old fashioned grate. With the rich
wicks rose of tints — taste massing, sculpture,
accurate reading of the fine relation between
wood and ends — Jerry had put aside all Italian
exceptions of decoration and had filled her
English home with (full) dark, ~~warm~~ colours, had laid
two thick woollen carpets and hung the windows
with glowing deep tones of ~~draperies~~ stuffs. — "It must
be both warm and rich", she said! — what you
call cosy. ~~Then~~ I have never both cosy in Italy,
for the air is different, it is all the grand
style. Here the idea is to live in a palace and
to ride out and the sunshine. Here it is to
live in a room and keep out the draughts".
Jerry had certainly entirely got her own
particular room as much conspicu-

ous

E. J. Forke

...ur appearances of ...ankin's.
...ittain were drawn and that none disputed it as
...ldes of ...ent. Head of Lamin; Dan Gui, gul's Lap.
...ue ...ds Sanitary Inspectors with Mrs Pratt
...e was Rev Brooks' sister and the rounds
...inary with his Parker during Parker was
...turned on one Every Year, with all Attitudes of
...ttend alive. Prices of ...r's and ...ner Parker
...n ...e Mrs Flora in Low Side: "Mrs, just now
...mes appeared to be during us Thing. Pa Young of
...ct Rev Wood Rees during peacefully, and only
...ss ...e - with as rather Newspaper little Diary -
...ew Philip Frederick's Portraits in cases Parker Through
...ants. Norris and his opened Rue drawing-room
...or.

...pre ate right; Jenie", Rev said, waiting with
...r. may and our Opening is come pri Rue with Mrs
...rom.

...ui is", Rev answered sleepily, without with out
...ing, except "a put up one hand Bonfire by and
...ike a little spaces.

Something with Mrs wife's Mrs died our
...ie's sister, Mrs Colonel. He came on a cup Mrs
...rom, and stood behind her chair leaning Mrs
"a hand's on Mrs back of it".

"Tina ~~Young~~ dear little woman?" he asked
Young kindly down at ~~Tina~~ her Wife, averted
...es and charming figure.

...lugged her shoulders: — "What would you
...ee, Philip?.. Frank Peace alone all day.
...e weather was Peace unpleasable. Pa one.
...r Peace near one with Mrs maids and Perrings.
Rev ~~dear~~ is our with Private with one butler,
...e Rose, and Inspector maids Peace no corner attain.

S

[illegible] bread — ah!. but bread. I like to read. [illegible] books is a silly [illegible] amusement. I like to play [illegible] cards if nobody is looking. Finally, Philip, [illegible] went to sleep on my lap. Cats [illegible] a mesmeric quality. I went to sleep too. It was a relief but [illegible] was hardly amusing."

"Poor me, what a dismal little writing!" said Philip, smiling. "However you see I'm home now and Drake's gone out, so dress and sleep, & you'll have somebody to talk to besides the maids and this cat."

"Drake doesn't like me," the girl replied widely.

"It's a fool thing," returned her husband. "But what on earth put that idea into your pretty head?" Drake thinks you're what every body else does about me."

Philip's eyes were open. Sometimes this showed considerable [illegible] Drake certainly just did not like about his wife [illegible] a little bit [illegible]

"He has never liked me," she repeated. "It began long ago before we married. I don't see how he could. It's silly, but I am certainly anti pathetic to him."

Philip kissed his hand down & then back & then [illegible] and said it was a mistake on this girl's part.

"It is magnificent words," he said. "I don't [illegible] how it is that Drake could ever dislike it. — [illegible] I'll get myself decent for dinner. Will you get up and give me a kiss, Jennie?"

Mrs Philip [illegible] made her request [illegible] tenderly. He still appreciated his wife more in

this

[illegible] and somewhat sad. "What is the [illegible] common is the British husband [illegible] not that little ceremony keep, Philip?.. It [illegible] is fine and deep yet. Dare we comfortable [illegible] and I don't want to disturb the cat".

He had a momentary misgiving to consider the [illegible] — his words, any way — to very warm quarters. [illegible] raised [illegible] rely up suddenly from his leaning [illegible] gestures on the back of the chair. In doing so he was aware of such as [illegible] distressing physical sensation, that he could not help crying out. Jessie jumped up hastily, [illegible] fondling the black kitten down [illegible] in her [illegible] arms: [illegible] marble. [illegible]. She turned round on her husband. [illegible] "What is the matter, Philip"? she cried. "You go away — you look terrible".

Jessie's heart came short and painfully. He went towards again and leaned his hand heavily on the back of the [illegible] chair.

"Dear child", he said, "I am awfully sorry I have frightened you. I'm all right — only this stir and shake. Every body is, more or less, you know, after a long day".

"But like that trembling in the heart", [illegible] Jessie stammered." You are out all day, and it is very cold. You come home late, and look extraordinary — and you get remarkably dirty. It is a shame for anyone, Philip, not to be careful".

"All that is I take off dinner, and see how he answers you". — Philip spoke in the as feeble tone as humour. He dirty straightened himself

WF

again. His face was grimly pale, and drawn looks upon it. Jessie did not come any nearer to him nor offer to help him. She stood aside and watched him with remarkable self-possession and attention. Her mouth twitched painfully contracted as she did so.

"You are not going to be ill, Philip", she said in a low voice.

"Of course not", the Colonel answered quickly and calmly. "I'm all right, I'm as sound as a bell really — just at first [illegible] coming upon me: nothing is the matter — nothing for you to worry about". He came over to the place where the girl was standing, took her hand, and looked at her a moment with a strangely wistful expression. "Do you care for me enough to mind so much whether I am ill or not, my beautiful young wife?" he said slowly.

She looked back frankly, sweetly, as she spoke: — "I like you very much, Philip. But I dislike illness. — Mamma used to want me to go with her and visit poor sick people when we were in France. At certain seasons Mamma was beautifully charitable. She would put on a brown gown and give something away, and come home again. It was very charming of her wasn't it?"

"Did you ever go with her?" enquired Colonel Endell. He felt a sudden anxiety as to the tenor of Jessie's answer.

"No", she replied. "How could I? — I never can see people who are ill and may die. It is disgusting. One should only see people when they are well and [illegible] agreeable, and at

his best. It is too much to ask one to see them
how they have become — well - distasteful, I
think. For the doctors and nurses of course it is
different. It is their business. — But I dislike
it, one to be ill, it is frightening".

Suddenly turned somewhat sick and queer. He
fixed his eyes on the floor and
fitted his foot meanwhile with the pattern of the
carpet. — They were rather a singular couple,
standing there, before the glowing
fire amid the dim rich comfort of the pretty room.
The girl, with her fresh dainty dress, and
radiant youthful beauty; and the
serious-looking middle-aged man in his
top-boots and muddy hunting coat holding
her delicate hand! —

"Lots of things happen that we don't very much
like, my pretty one", he said, gently and
sadly at last. "We must make up our minds
to that. Why bless me Sir Jessie, nothing
you don't like shall ever come near you as long
as I can prevent it". — He stooped towards her
and kissed her lips. "Now smooth all those lines
out of your sweet head. It's not your business
to look troubled, yet awhile. Leave
that to those who are older and duller than
you".

She raised herself to her full height,
and gave her husband a quick little trembling
kiss in return.

"Philip you are delightful", she said. "I have
the greatest confidence in you. Now I will go and
help. I have a new gown. It fits to perfection.
Even Mr. Drake must admire me in it. Bertie

comes

"ver always continued, even on that day of
exhibition, to devote a considerable portion of
the new year".

He made about Mr. Bertie Turner, ~~unintelligible~~
~~intoxicated~~ "He's a very nice fellow now, and hardly.
ever got as mad as he used".

He moved away. ~~Unintelligible~~
"Bertie had his good qualities, Dennis" she said
"only he's one we left out of that dream." He
said "he was extremely enlightening".

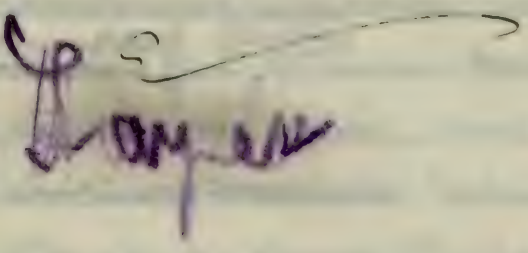
Colonel Sedley was left alone. He stood
still his arms behind him. ~~unintelligible~~
~~[illegible]~~

In my words, Miss Dorothea was right and that
is what she sees Mortimer Tyrer. It was an uncanny
forward fall. I'm half afraid, after all, that's
something wrong". - He helped his hips firmly together,
and pulled first at one sides and then at the other
of his black moustache: — "I should n't care
a rap", he added, ~~unintelligible~~ hourly — if it was n't
for her.

)

II

The Guardians of a great Fear.



Today, I was glad, how as ~~ever~~ during during
ultimo yesterday, I was read in reply to the
communication of my dear aunt Julia. Colonel Pudsey
did not go very [illegible] to consult Dr. Martineau
upon. She was all [illegible] (in remedium)
relief and visible and so
we stayed at home with Lucy during
night, and tried to study herself, better.
The night, indeed, was of a great extent, and
the hours came out as hours sometimes
hours should do, in various and sundry colours; and,
Miss, — the Colonel hoped — would be the
end of these matters.
Next morning, indeed, was very fairly inclined
for about a week after the accident, and he
began to entertain a slight confidence of his own
stability [illegible] morning, was at rise to [illegible] serious
alarm. She was all [illegible], had waved somewhat,
did Colonel Pudsey speak the first fairly fine
afternoon following round the farm, and superintend
[illegible]
[illegible] Essex [illegible], the farm bailiff —
stout, square-made, moon-faced man, rather
real, about the year — the doctrine of a
shock, when down at a word in one of the outlying
meadows, where condition seemed to demand
a variety of perditions of that unsavoury fluid, [illegible]
commonly

commonly brought on "sir".

There was only one thing in Philip's mind, nothing with him — all the thoughts and anxieties of the journey, all anxiety about Miss Wilson, all the human sympathies of the day, were lost in the one desire to reach the sheep-dog. Without waiting to look behind him, without even a glance at the road, he struck off at a shambling walk towards the little farmhouse. And, there in front, standing surrounded by its dark buildings, was the one thing he was looking for. The collie was getting restless, waiting in the yard, and shook out its sides. The cattle dead. He wanted to warn him quickly, and to get home quickly; he had been out later than he intended — Jenny might be getting lonely without him. He started up the rising ground of the pasture at a good sweat pace. Some rooks, disturbed in their search for worms in the spongy turf between the ridges, spread their black wings and bumped up reluctantly in front of him, to settle again a few yards further away with raucous protests, and recommence their investigations. The barking of the sheep-dog, and bleating and scampering of the sheep, became as he hurried down into a corner of the low-walled, came over from the next meadow, through the thick air.

Away up the long grassy slope Philip hastened in pace, and gave himself, his whole good heart, time for one left side of the chart with a first. He had got a nasty, heavy, aching pain, and a queer sensation of difficulty in breathing.

cultivating. It was certainly most exceedingly disagreeable and the thumping did not mend matters appreciably. By the time he reached the top of the hill and came to the gate ~~leading~~ opening on to the road just opposite the Manor House entrance, Colonel Tindaly ~~he~~ was ~~so ...~~ suffering so acutely that he had to wait for a minute or two before he could recover himself sufficiently to cross the road and go on up to the house.

[illegible] indoors, he turned into the dining-room, and [illegible] down on the nearest chair. Berrington — the Colonel's old soldier-servant, now promoted ~~~~ rather against Jenny's wishes, for she could not get over the fact that his face was somewhat scarred with the small-pox, ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] the post of butler, — ~~was~~ moved about the room arranging the table. The Tindalys had a little dinner party that night. Jenny's little dinners were admirable. The squire and Mrs. Adnitt with their youngest girl, Lucy, were coming over from Lowcote; Jack Tindaly and Augusta ~~were~~ from Barnett. Darcy(?) Augusta Tindaly, by the way, was an Adnitt, ~~[illegible]~~ the eldest of that numerous family. Mr. Drake would ~~dine~~ drive out from Sutting-worth(?) to dine and stay the night. And finally ~~[illegible]~~ Ashley Wakefield — Lord Stokeingham's(?) brother and his wife were coming — He ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ had been married(?) at Bathwick(?) a year ago, when he left the Guards and got the adjutancy of the South Midlandshire Volunteers, and married the American Miss Mamie P. Wrench whose gowns and good looks made her something of a reputation in London for a couple of seasons. This lady ~~the~~ had struck up a species of friendship with Jenny, based on the prolific subject of clothes, concerning which she was

apparently

apparently nothing to talk of and to entertain friends. Sometimes it did in the times when it was a pleasurable pastime of conversation with the group of the fig-leaves.

It pushed in at the window and went round and round - the window seemed to give in a manner of relief — with her elbow on the sill and the chin resting on her hand. He felt melancholy it's own, shadowy — partly by the actual pain, partly by the fear of what the pain might imply. It's old. Remembering to get them some wonderful books - rather to read and discuss with individuals a certain, the whole was not to be overcome quiet to drive it out of ones head. Then as time the pain subsided. We managed to get through the evening very creditably, thanks to a conversation of one sort to which with intelligent sympathy to good Mr. Adair's personal views, & to Mr. Walsingham Waldegrave's particular remarkably humorous regarding her various, habits, and peculiar idiosyncrasies and those of her friends and relations - delivered with to the habitual communicativeness of her nation.

At last the door quiet had departed and the house quite, alone with Excellent little Mr. Drakes the inexhaustible nursing nurse, as long silence fell on Philip Madeley. He stood with his back to the fire, and with his hands in his pockets and pensive on his face.

"What Mr. Waldegrave's got such an appalling, creeping way of talking", groaned Mr. Drakes presently, turning quite back to the door and blazing. "I like a woman who's something to say for herself,

you

you know, but, upon my word she keeps going
on as badly that I wish I could manage to
get rid of her somehow and let
[illegible] as quick — quite — as you suggested when
we said [illegible] Christmas."

His mother had said a little that would
[illegible] put one off upon this finder, and
left him doubtless acquainted this matter.
Price.

"Well, well — so you", he said. "That's a good
[illegible]" answer, but there's altogether too much of
it in my book". He paused, rallied one
word and rubbed it slowly Unwin's hair. —
You're always a welcome and affectionate
[illegible], I don't mind telling you [illegible] rather in
trouble to night. I have my letting of
[illegible], but I'm afraid I have n't quite
got over that fall. I had such a nasty turn
[illegible] this afternoon — I can't make out what
it means".

[illegible] sat up, his head gently [illegible] with
[illegible] & kindly sympathy.

"I'd much better [illegible] you, advice
[illegible] consulted somebody at once. I'll drive you
to Queen Anne Street, and [illegible] Brunner at once —
he's the best man, I'm sure".

"Not me, not me, not me. I'm [illegible] to
make his bow, you know; but even his
[illegible]. Well, I said [illegible] this time very nicely
[illegible] Westonbury overhauled Prudence. I'll go
myself once [illegible] (tomorrow)
[illegible] — get a decent night's rest, don't
you see. It never was any of [illegible] and
[illegible]".

I think Sparrow's general observations might be taken as evidence, in view, of his misinterpreting ~~would~~ have said in reply that he had reduced his private ~~account~~ debts to a minimum. I am sure I should suddenly appear again, & perhaps rather as a stranger and saying something quite in a new way.

"You may assure your wife of my entire confidence, Mr. Sudeley. I dare say it is nothing of importance, and of course I don't want to alarm her."

"No, exactly. I understand, of course not", returned ~~responded~~ his host, leaning over sideways and flicking off his cigar with his little finger. "You need never be afraid of my letting out of her, mrs Rose Sudeley. I'm not that sort of man in the world. If there's one thing I detest more than another, it's being mixed up in my business".

In this case, any way, mistaken understanding his motives towards Edmund Drake was as good as his word.

Drake was to dine with Miss Nicholson at Mrs Sparrow's as soon as he could get out, even if alone, without waiting for his wife's return. The habit is a pretty and wholesome one. In his present ~~state~~ mood he was glad to see ~~the~~ the last of Mrs Sparrow and Miss Nicholson, & from them to go straight to his own room, ~~and~~ quiet down & dress and dine. — The despatch box with the papers of the Rose Sudeley ~~case~~ affair was next morning ~~sent~~ by Edmund Drake to Mr Sudeley's office, & was punctually at the latter's chambers as the clock struck ten.

Mr Sudeley was in his dressing-room, & Philip went back into the drawing-room to take a parting look at Jemima.

The paleness & nervousness of her countenance had a little

little

The Mr. Drake with delicious courtesy,
she said, in as slight a mixed tone. Augustus asked
me to go over to Barnet Lane with him. There's no fly
to-day. Should we like to drive — would you go.
stroll
~~would you drive~~ just as most of her husband.
He began twisting about one of the buttons on his
coat-coat with her right hand, putting her head
on side, and looking up with her face meaningless
like a fascinating little air of entreaty. — chew
"It humbles [illegible] me to be reduced," he
she said. "Quite so, that!"
never very disagreeable to ~~me~~ a man to be
appealed to as a pretty woman after their parting. Do his
present experience state of mind Gabriel Rudock
~~was disinclined~~ was decidedly favourably
pleased to ~~please~~ the charms of his wife ~~entertained~~.
Mrs Conyer.
"Let go", he ~~replied~~ - became Quincy Drake to
make him in good humour. But I'm be back as soon
as possible. Have luncheon at one; sharp, and
tell Mrs Drake to be ready of time if ~~drive~~ get
over to Barnet afterwards. Ordered this car in time
this morning that you might have this horses
this afternoon if you wanted them".
moved a step back and regarded her husband
critically. - "That is rather a good coat, Philip.
Tailoring. You look very attractive to-day
indeed".
Such it was very foolish, perhaps it was slightly
hysterical, but at that moderate ~~remonstration~~ commendation
poor middle-aged scholar - she in this way had
put a number of decorations laid away in a
drawer upstairs. This minister of a bland death -
Rachel likes an air with pleasure. - It is not wise

is here another frail faulty human creature as
we delete as Philip Sidney here writes. Yet when
I in my secret soul, how we weakness
admiration in such here; ~~wonder~~ modesty
~~wonder~~ that ~~wonder~~ it be an exaggeration and a
very ~~poor~~ praiseable act of piety, it is ~~not~~ ~~reasonable~~
~~discourse~~ also ~~not~~ pure piety divine. Than the ~~logician~~
~~reasonable~~ who calculation of scientific, well.
~~to~~ learned ~~reasons~~ intelligence can ever be?..
Love on, Jesus, dear Lord! and we were critics,
while we stand safe on shore, reflect in the
conviction of our ~~own~~ own numerous good sense, and
notice your drifting towards inevitable ruin.
wreck and destruction, man still - who knows? -
sighs a little envious in secret where wisdom is
foolishness, remembering that you at least have
really loved even ~~those~~ ~~Magdalene~~ you have suffered,
and was, perhaps, ~~those~~ done in ~~those~~ better than play
at living, after all.

Colonel Sudeley makes his choice.

~~"It was very cruel of God to treat us so,~~
~~For God's justice is a thing we all do feel.~~
~~But murder must not be tried, should God be left out".~~

[illegible] organic diseases", said Dr. Martineau, with the generous help of Watson. — "Of the organic diseases from a period [illegible] undoubtedly subsist to the most untimely event of Lord Peel, we have to think ourselves happy. The acute mischief resulting from exposure on yesterday, Colonel Sudeley, was attributable to accumulated [illegible] organic diseased condition, and to that very severe work [illegible] to the most nervous system consequent on our accident. Your appearance does distinct injury sustained at the moment of your fall and of your horse rolling over — you felt one pain ceased to feel something else". — Lawrence [illegible] and [illegible] — [illegible] Dr. Watson's treatment speak positively, it proved. Only [illegible] and observation will be made here, to retain merely [illegible] of the Queen's [illegible] injuries. ~~Examination.~~ The [illegible] man who [illegible], it — as I assert — organic diseases was already existing upon were not concurrent [illegible] the cause. Public Prosecutor ~~[illegible]~~ an affection of the heart certainly was of the heart may be proved in a [illegible] long period of time, without causing any [illegible] inconveniences to the patient; and that, as in [illegible] cases, [illegible] as [illegible] of accidental circumstances

may

was lead to discover. You must agree it was
was [illegible] that this discovery is not made, like -
wise, [illegible] valuable to the medical
doctor [illegible] from the point of view of evidence -
it was entirely cleared to be of moment to the patient
mind."

"Mean [illegible] that it is serious Stein", said
Sherlock suddenly. He had sent his elbow on his
knee and looking fixedly into the core of his hand,
[illegible] he had picked up off the table and held in
his hands.

"Come, I expect to say, deny that it is serious", responded
the doctor.

"was a silence. Presently Sherlock Suddenly spoke again,
[illegible]: — "Should like to know two things. First is what
is the immediate consequence [illegible] to be; and next:
what [illegible] you advise me to do?"

"Immediate consequence, my dear sir, are a great
reason contingent on your following my advice"

Sherlock

Lewis Indeed showed an exciting at the Speaker.
He must higher my relations is pleasing; but I
did even mean him in any business sort.
He may give me advice I can't follow. I must
be the judge of that".
"My dear sir", ~~cried~~ returned Dr. Symer, blandly:
"you know that your powers is be called in question
the patient?. The medical men are authorati
as our judges and jury in one. We do not: ~~when~~ as
in the right of private judgement in our patient.
It would be totally subversive of our authority."
Making this decent protest, Mortimer Symer
leaned back in his chair in his favourite
pose, with one leg over the other, folded his
arms, and cleared his throat. He excellent man
did not want to hurry matters. He felt a good deal
for his patient. He had been very much taken with
Lewis Indeley when he had met him the year
before at Barnets at the time of Bob Mathew
unhappy's death. Since then he ~~had~~ knew ~~had~~ that
in Gabriel had made a romantic marriage. There
were rather in connection with the subject of
his present visit were made him hesitate before
speaking his whole mind. His diagnostics was
quick. He thought from distinctive mental
signs, just as in pathological matters. He thought —
what he was absolutely necessary — from a sincerity to
his wife of the closest and the knife.
His ~~conduct~~ became another source of his uneasiness
perplexity & hesitation. He looked up again with
a ~~smile~~ half smile.
"Really in this serious matter, my dear" he drawled
slowly. "I don't think I'm what is called nervous."
Doctor waved his hand, as though dismissing
all

...such derogatory suggestions to the minds of the ...earth.

"...ear Uncle Lindley," he said, "believe me I am ...ways scrupulously truthful when I can venture ...to be so with safety to my patient. In your case ~~[illegible]~~ I perceive that I can venture to be truthful. I should be making a very poor return for the confidence you have done me the honour to repose in me, I should be treating you with very ill-timed kindness if I attempted to speak lightly of your present ~~[illegible]~~ 'vegetable condition'" —

...n winced. He had that instinct of pride which gives many strong and healthy men a ...sharp sense of humiliation — almost of disgrace — in the face of ~~physical~~ infirmity. He kept his eyes fastened on the floor and began slowly stroking and pulling ~~at~~ his moustache with his left hand.

"...would be highly reprehensible in me not to ...put strongly before you the gravity of the position." ...P. was paused a moment. — "You must be ...extremely careful for a time. To begin with, I am afraid you must deny your taste for sport, and give up hunting for the remainder of the season."

"That's easily done," ~~exclaimed~~ said Philip, with an air of relief.

"That ~~[illegible]~~ ...unemployment for a time and submission to the conditions — the irksome ones, I admit — of an invalid life. In ~~[illegible]~~ everyday parlance, my dear Uncle Lindley, I must entreat you to go home and go to bed; and, moreover, to remain there till I can sanction your getting up again."

Ayler

Philip.

"Quis ... ? mortalium [illegible] is only that hint
mortal attainable "our portion," whatever that
we attempt as [illegible]. — "Nature, C
Sudeley, nature has [illegible] marvellous
& adjusting powers, within certain limi
squaring her accounts, so to speak, even
But [illegible] her dictates
[illegible] & we do scrupulously, the
quiet time, & gives encouragement
way. Her vocation ends & [illegible]
alterations. Do not [illegible] care, make
that wants. Voices [illegible] & our universal mo
[illegible] man [illegible] & [illegible]
[illegible]. — Rest is absolute [illegible]
existing & our account [illegible]
[illegible] & morbid alterations. [illegible]
[illegible]. Rest is casualty [illegible]
services [illegible] or [illegible] only adequate
[illegible] is to recover from [illegible]
[illegible] sustained by it. [illegible]
voices [illegible] ? — Breathe [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] & equa
distance & [illegible] calculated
mental [illegible]; [illegible] & [illegible]

in ~~[struck]~~ the ~~[struck]~~ walked across to the fire-place, and stood there leaning his elbows on the mantel-piece, and shaded his eyes with his hand. His movement, notwithstanding the very real sympathy with his patient, gave Dr. Turner for some minutes: he caused a moment of keen anxiety. He was a connoisseur in egg-shell china, and those on the Colonel's chimney ~~piece~~ were some of his most valuable and consequently most brittle specimens. They were in ~~[struck]~~ imminent danger, for the latter was evidently not in a humour to consider very carefully whether his action might imperil the integrity of such mere trifles in fringes on the skirts of aesthetic civilization. — That terrible dread, which he dared not put into words, which mentally he pushed away from him with an agony of denial and ~~[struck]~~ repudiation, gathered and deepened and threatened to overwhelm Philip suddenly. His wife's face, with its strange intensity and concentration of purpose as she had asked him some few nights before, amid the grace and comfort of her pretty room, whether he was going to be ill? — came before him with a weight of meaning, with a suggestion of sinister possibilities

an awakening of yesterday, increasing in intensity and in gravity of import. I must remind you that acute pain — I know by experience that I am not guilty of exaggeration, and I trust I need not accuse myself of inordinate cowardice — is extremely difficult to bear with calmness, with resignation. It is irritating, I had almost said demoralizing" —.

Turner paused. The momentary fierceness had faded completely ~~dea~~ out of Colonel Lindsly's face. He

looked

possibility that almost we married him. — What had he said? — That if we had been alone we might have come to an understanding — that they became distant. His and should be sure, he put one of his arms; and his fair face was close and tender as we talked of our marriage upon this fair face of his life. — How little could he or Sarah or Philip or Lucy, or I myself, have dreamed of such a thing — but, "my dear, dear child, dear girl, to wait for an indefinite period and you cannot get to marry me"! — But it was impossible. Philip had so recklessly spent that the very foundations of his happiness were crumbling beneath him. He turned almost fiercely upon his doctor.

"Can't it follow your advice," he said. "What's the alternative?"

"The alternative — sir! There — one moment, excuse me," said the kind gentleman addressing with remarkable alacrity and expedition a protesting hand to the chairman's sagittal — a flurried and pardonous, but it was really falling — a ridiculous circumstance, unbecoming. — The alternative, Colonel Sweetly? — Dear it is sufficiently distressing. The probability is that recovery will be a question of years of retirement, and in grave cases of invalidism. I must remind you that acute pain — Pain in excess that does not quite justify exaggeration, and I think I need not accuse myself of misdirected cowardice — is extremely difficult to bear with calmness, with resignation. It is irritating. Mad almost said demoralizing —".

Dr. Swan paused. The momentary fierceness had faded completely out of Colonel Sweetly's face. He

[illegible] full of his conclusion with regard to Knowlton's question, which left him totally at a loss to understand what he was driving at: "Well to begin at the beginning — as he said: — I understand. It's not pleasant; but I suppose I shall be able to put up with it".

"It is not all, Knowlton, my dear sir, I regret to say". Mr Turner spoke gravely and quietly. Suffering arising from this cause is always described to be of a peculiarly agonizing character — and, in a case determined to burn this whole house — it is [illegible] almost certain to be terminated fatally. [illegible] moment".

Mr Snedeker stood looking down at the floor for a minute or two in deep thought. Then he struck both hands with great force on his knees — "I must do this risk", he said.

"pardon me", cried Mr Turner; "but positively I must expostulate with you. This is suicidal, Snedeker. Rest and care for a time may restore you to a very tolerable degree of health". [illegible] you shall never see this house again". — No, I'm afraid it won't do".

Mr Turner was deeply interested. He ventured once more to say

"Do you," he said, consider — what right have you to jeopardize so valuable life for this [illegible] difference?"

Snedeker bowed with certain dignity.

"Excuse me", he replied, "I have reasons for my action which I am not at liberty to explain."

Then

Jew he moved across to the table and picked up
his hat and glover again.
He was much widebraded to see his visit so
with his host on civil terms. "Just get you to bed
now up as well as you can, Dr. Shaw, since I am
see my way to lying by just at present. A man
of my calling and habits was a foolish mountaineering
visit to give rise and one surely realizes, you know —
to die in harness, as the saying is. — ~~Just~~
Quite see you to do me true more kindness, by the
way — namely to regard our conversation as strictly
confidential".
He then quickly Philip Sudeley found himself
standing on the door-step of "Mortimer Shaw"
~~out in Spackbeck~~ residence. He regarded the broad
lawns radiating before him, and the trees and
bushes (bushes) inside the iron railings - forming the
ends of the Square, - with curiously awakened
attention. He watched Williams' form
disappear at the further

further

with ends of his sermons and his wanderings was recalled and accurately explained as soon as the ~~interview~~ at Dr. Farmer's door when his first sense of his own ~~poor~~ comed changes was ~~poor~~, when real familiar objects with his own eyes, and as it were his first time. Here with Philip's sudden selected ~~that~~ that as strange and ~~familiar~~ familiar world was with him ever more, ~~more~~ he was also dear enough, with besides him at every visit. At moments, he knew that he would have called them to send even energy to ~~recover~~ ~~almost~~ of his habitual presence with his ever of duties — specially with his ever of his beautiful young wife. ~~Mr~~ Mr Colonel ~~Sedwick~~ did his attentive it is just as or decent humanly, of which down his edge of cruel fact. He looked ~~for~~ ~~him~~ new companion steadily in his face, he wished to get accustomed of this fresh element in his life as quickly as possible. He had made his dinner freely and ~~with~~ unfavorably as he knew in ~~that~~ ~~drawing~~ dining-room, just in Mr ~~Sedgwick~~ the doctor's consulting room.

~~It was as~~ This ~~of~~ reflection in Philip's ~~face~~ ~~just~~ (true ever) ~~just~~ him. He looked like a man who was ~~about~~ ~~to~~ undergo a great ~~revolution~~ and who walked his usual calm, modest manner, almost ~~of~~ ~~with~~ ~~and~~, to meet his fate. Such hours are very splendid. They are ~~wished~~ in life as magnificent dawning and exhilarating. But, alas! The measure of a man's life now is not to be found in his sudden ~~receptive~~ of new ~~heroic~~ ideas; but in his ~~communic~~ ~~and~~ of his old ideas, ~~assimilated~~ ~~by~~ faithfully, through ~~work~~ accumulating days and months — even ~~perhaps~~ years — when the glamour has faded

him

room the undertaking. There the terrace and the ~~the~~ lawns sloped down, and where the quick winding of the Serpentine was just visible through the silent avenue of elms. ~~Philip Maddox~~ the Colonel, on his return home, entered the panelled hall of the Manor House, Jenni, ready dressed in her dinner, was coming down stairs. The fine delicate sunshine of a winter's day ~~streamed~~ filtered in through the large casement mullioned windows on the turn of the stair-case, warmed the ~~the~~ ~~fabbordaaphbrown~~ dark deep brown of the polished oak steps and ~~banister~~ banister, and lighted up the girl's graceful pliable ~~de~~ slender figure - projecting her shadow down over the stair-way and across the intervening space of floor almost to Philip's feet. ~~She~~ He stood still and watched her as she came down, humming her long glover and smiling in her wonderfully radiant ~~light~~ ~~brassadaade~~ way. That was a day of acute mental experiences with our friends the Colonel, and at that moment the experiences took the form of a vivid reminiscence. He remembered accurately the first vision of Jenni, ~~complacent~~ on the terrace of the little Italian villa, her supple cotton gown dyed rose red by the ~~the~~ in the shade of her ~~red hat~~ great sunhat, her eyes dancing ~~with gaiety, and heedlessness~~ with dancing vivacity, and the ugly shattering mockery in her voice. There was the same effect of innocence, of frankness, of entire confidence about her then as now. It came over Philip, with the force of a sudden revelation that ~~the~~ Jenni had not ~~changed~~ altered in the smallest degree in the least minute, - where as, he? - Alas, there was a whole ~~history~~ age of differences between the

~~unthinkable~~ unthinkable

comfortable, middle-aged bachelor, who was admirable both in regard to meals and ~~[illegible]~~ and several immunities from all sorts of domestic worries - so thoughtful - there for everything under one's own eyes; and then was she, now, with her heart in a tumult between a pang of loss and an shock and wonderful fear, she'd watching the fair brilliant woman coming downstairs towards her. Jennie appeared like some embodiment of the spirit of life, at that moment, triumphant in the height of her youth and beauty.

"Indeed I'm very sorry", she cried, hurrying ~~[illegible]~~ her head and laughing ~~[illegible]~~ it's your second. "And yet of course you have been in England; still even so it is delightful after that abominable fog and darkness. I mean to have a charming afternoon. It is excellent of you to be home so immediately, Philip". - Her tone changed suddenly. - "You look very serious", she added." Is anything wrong?"

Here Miss Wilson ~~[illegible]~~ herself together. "You look very pretty - and, there's nothing wrong".

Perhaps Jennie detected something dreadful in the ~~[illegible]~~ light of the answer. She ~~[illegible]~~ frowned her husband attentively. Just then Bennington set open the dining-room door.

"Dinner's ready, sir", he said, as he came forward to help his master off with his great coat. The meal was rather a silent one - Philip ~~[illegible]~~ had no appetite. As soon as the man-servant left the room, she left her place and drawing

sat down

forward. In his wife's sides at the head of the table. She bowed to him gaily.

It was easy to see as delicious after-noon. The carriage ought to be round almost directly.

Lily looked very earnestly at her, thinking her face was wonderfully pure and childlike under the unexpected hair of her somewhat fantastic hat. The young lad, in his way, as remarkable for his powers of effective and picturesque dressing.

"Here, Jervis," he said, "you'll be warm, and I don't believe I've given you anything for ever so long. There, hold out your dear little hand. I brought you some of Fairing's home Julienne. You'll like morning. You must wear it always; and whenever you look at it I'll be speak to you in my love".

As before, the Colonel skipped as Trick pearls into the girl's out-stretched finger.

He bowed first looked down at his wife, and then up at her husband.

"It is marvellous" she cried, his accent of genuine pleasure. "Always is rather a tremendous word, Lord Philip"; it never is magnificent means so much". She then

She then held it admiring her mig again. Philip Randolph smiled sadly.

"Keep my love for you means as good dead to," he said. "Love, darling — it is this mig we shall call it, to know, to you. You know, we can't quite tell what may happen, we can't see on into the future. If ever things go a little wrong, if I seem dull and silent at times and don't quite please you — This is to remind you it's all, whatever

corner,

ever, my love for you is absolute, unwavering, the strongest, truest, deepest passion of my life. — Denis, darling, trust: wife, promise you will never doubt me".

And there was quietness enough as he said, but with the last few words his voice was hard and stern. Denis stared at him with a grave expression of alarm.

"Something is the matter, Philip", she cried, hurrying and ran from him. "Something is the matter!.. I don't let me be disappointed, don't let it all get said. I can't bear what is said".

Quickly as Mr. Peirce-Dawson had felt there was something strangely baffling and perplexing at moments about this alluring young creature — something almost inhuman in her wild in many of the tricks of the strangest perfect of existence. She pattered on with broadening pupils She clasped her hands with an ecstatic passion of entreaty: "Oh! Tell me there is nothing the matter, Philip", she pleaded. "It is so cruel to let me be frightened. We are so happy, and now it seems all spoilt".

Suddenly was at his wits ends. He was frightened, in a way: but, he took the girl's two hands quickly in his, and soothed and petted her, — saying over things, any things, he did not care what, so long as the words banished that strange look from her pretty face. And with a measurable time from her distance.

At the Colonel and his wife dined over at Barnet Priory that afternoon. The drawing-room of the house, at present empty, the

unfurnished,

music, the raptures and respectful greeting of such a motley squadron of cheerful children — who regarded their captivating young aunt much as a company of plain but liberal-minded sharons might regard some gorgeous tropic bird suddenly alighting among them — did much to cheer Jenie's ordinary gaiety. At home, in the evening, after dinner, she sat down at the piano, and played softly, wandering from one plaintive melody and harmony to another, with a sort of regretful accent in the prospect of sweet sounds. Philip was desperately tired. He lay down on the hard hair sofa at right angles to the fire-place, closed his eyes and listened. He had really got through that day better than he had expected, he had had no serious return of pain. The horror had pulled at his entrails coming home, and the exertion of holding them had made him feel quite sick for a little while: but mysteriously they had quieted down again and [illegible] turning down that long, rough bit of road by Woods End just before you reach Lower Village. — Jenie's playing, meanwhile was very soothing. Philip made no return upon himself. He began to feel more hopeful, to wonder if his sense of the gravity of the situation had not been exaggerated. Doctors sometimes [illegible] to alarm. They take unnecessarily gloomy views. They are so constantly in the presence of disease and death. That their minds naturally exaggerate the exact limit of a case. They see more than is really there. No doubt Dr. Symes had done this. And Jane rose at last from her station at the piano and

came

rising quietly across the room and down on the floor at her husband's side, and leaned her fair head back against the end of the sofa.

"That is nice", she murmured gently.

With a sudden fit of tenderness and admiration for the delicate sensation of security and repose. He stooped and laid his hand, and placed it on the girl's two hands as they lay open on her lap. She acknowledged his silent caress with an expression of her eyes round his face. Like all true lovers, they loved to look at his mighty & very strong magnificent shape, and to find in them all sorts of subtle and precious meanings by no means perceptible to the casual observer. She was almost always gracious and good-humoured, and, what I should call, superficially affectionate. She was perfectly ready to receive practical assurances of her husband's devotion & they were offered with tact and discretion and at a convenient season: but she rarely took the initiative. Perhaps a man with a wider experience of the capacities of his feminine nature might have complained a little, and accused her of wanting grace, in her love and wanting decency before her marriage, as proofs of passionate devotion. But Philip's experience, however - to his credit be it spoken - was not extensive. He was entitled to worship humbly at the shrine, to pay his reverence silently and during some time that would be considered. If the Madonna did smile her blue eyes and smile a benediction upon him as he knelt at her feet, he was filled with grateful pride and reckoned himself as

the

the recipient of so rare a bounty. It followed, then, of her own accord her wife came and seated down to rear him. When she let her hand rest ~~added~~ in her, that Philip's heart grew light. Whilst absent a movement of shame he ~~recalled~~ had ugly fear that had surprised him earlier in the day. The duties of her wife's generosity and tenderness seemed to him little short of a crime. He promised that she had claimed the right to a need of comfort, and with womanly tact and modesty had taken this ~~noble~~ graceful way of offering him her sympathy. For a moment, Colonel Pudsey was tempted to throw himself unreservedly upon her mercy, to tell her utterly and unburden himself of his monstrous secret. She deserved ~~it~~ might awaken as dear life in her, change her from an undemanding child to a noble woman.

He filled with the recognition of her sweetness, with admiration for the humble, timid help her and urged his momentary failure to faith. To tell her all this, Colonel raised himself on his elbow and leaned over it to her and saw ~~his wife's~~ her face.

Her back with its double curve of the appointment. Her eyes were closed, her breathing was soft and regular, she was fast ~~fast~~ asleep.

XXVII

20.3-6.

~~Heredity in~~

Dr. Symes finds a clue.

It is hardly too much to say that this interview with Colonel Liddell supplied Mortimer Symes with an additional interest in life. He was largely given to meditation, and his conversation with the Colonel proved a most fruitful subject of meditation. Dr. Symes was not one of those medical practitioners, who, in their devotion to actual bone and muscle lose sight of the rich social and domestic drama with which their professional duties so constantly bring them in contact. His science was touched with romance; the mental and moral aspects of the phenomena presented to him claimed nearly as much of his attention as the strictly physical ones. In short he was very far from having reached that condition of high scientific abstraction in which the sensitive, thinking, thinking human being is merged in the mere "case", and the delicate opportunity of psychological observation is disregarded in a calm and somewhat hurried desire to add a fact or two more to the records of experimental physiology.

Also the very wide difference between his own temperament and career and that of his new patient made

made the ballet at the new victoria to Mortimer Singer. For the doctor, like so many men of an artistic and speculative habit of mind, is an ardent admirer of beauty and delights in the society of dancers. It was it always appeared that there were few intimate members of the ballet who could be of some aid in the solution of any question, and the quick instinct and kindly decision in action which adorned his professional career, it is true, had been very successful; his private life, on the other hand, had not been conspicuously so, owing, many thought, to his inherent tendency to weigh, consider, speculate concerning the visible motive of taking his part simply and promptly. Colonel Sudeley's clear sense of mental vision and calm acquiescence in the consequences of his own action caused to Dr. Singer extremely admirable. He had protested as vigorously as he dared against Colonel Sudeley's decision; yet how the artistic power of view he derived satisfaction from the spectacle of the two main elements of pain and death. It must be, the trouble admitted, that Dr. Singer was educated somewhat unusual, more than many and even dangerously eccentric. In the majority of his professional relations. His respect for the privacy of the individual became at times in as reprehensible error. This his practice grew and flourished in the. And even the country-bride is so conspicuously conservative in most matters, and cultivates as relations horror of frivolous mistakes, little do they know - regard as Nazarene and

of

[illegible] no good thing in this very heart lately to come — even the conduct [illegible], and in the last few years given very sensible proof of its faith in this [illegible] able & remarkably liberal-minded medical man. It may be taken as an axiom in every calling, that in proportion as you gain the confidence of the [illegible] world, you are liable to lose that of the members of your own profession.

Mrs. A. a week passed at Mr. Martineau's and lived [illegible] again; and their meeting was a purely accidental one.

Ingworth is a dear pleasant little town. It is well built, spacious, cheerful and has an [illegible] air of good society about it. Since various fine watering places have developed their local resources during the early part of the present century, Ilfracombe has ceased to be much of a fashionable resort, but it is what very well-abused gentleman the Prince Regent. And it was not less ungratefully, inasmuch as it was inscribed his name and the names of some of his well-known associates on the corner stones of its broad neat streets and squares of excellent manner. In [illegible] the Emperor Julian in Paris, so [illegible] the Prince Regent here, in Ilfracombe, would seem to have left a measure of his spirit behind him. The place [illegible] maintains a value well-dispersed and gentle-manlike air. It is leisurely. It cannot drive. It has it is assumed — unless at least the hay-making can be done with diligent secrecy. It endures all exertion save of the lightest and purely voluntary sort; it answers it only with elaborate care and parsimonious diligence. Finally it might simply be enumerated with diligence with almost infinitesimal [illegible]

objects.

depicted her beyond comparison. Persons P.P. so were affected in the same manner as the mind; but, Indisputably the frequent hideous rallies of manners and inadequate writing places for immortal souls on their pilgrimage towards eternity. Their thoughts were vividly present to him one day, when he had been writing a fair patient, who in the midst of considerable care and luxury was as poor in all those numerable virtues that take their rise in divine ennui. He had listened to the lady's recital of her woes with a flattering show of condescension and sympathy. He had been diplomatic, he had acquitted himself in that delicate office of entrepreneur with tact and mercy. To quarrel with the vague subjective distaste of derationed words would indeed be, his own popular doctrine, to quarrel with their head and bottom. Moreover Fraser had no intention of committing so palpable an error; yet as he came out of the house, and looked up and down the broad white street - with its rows of highly respectable porticoed. Homer, his own carriage, he was conscious of a movement of contempt both for the meanness of his patient and for his own life serving in so humouring them. [illegible] for the moment he caught sight of the Sedentaries' hostile demeanour on the other side of the way.

Philip, [illegible] was [illegible] during [illegible]. The horses were [illegible] and were [illegible] disposed to give a good deal of trouble. Excited by the first chill of the afternoon air, they fidgeted and [illegible] the side of the road, backed [illegible] angles, and refused to start for many minutes even to the [illegible] gallery. A

man

[illegible] to great advantage, perhaps [illegible] successfully managing as [illegible] and Lee [illegible]

[illegible] Sumner glanced at Colonel Sudeley [illegible] and nodding his head, with a movement of satisfaction — "Sumner, at all events", he said to himself, "is a man who is not addicted to sentimentality or romance, but is a plentiful measure both of moral and physical courage." — Mr. Sumner hesitated. He wanted immensely to speak to Colonel Sudeley, yet under the circumstances he was terribly afraid to approach [illegible] but finally, forward: — "I must just manage to get one look at him", he thought. "He is taking a great deal of exercise, I should like to see how he bears it. It is absolutely inevitable — I made an absolutely inevitable mistake." Turning [illegible] his head, with his usual quiet air, and [illegible] he was up at Christ's one [illegible] close beside Phaedrus.

"Good day, Mr. Sumner", said the Colonel briefly, [illegible] from his exalted height. "You must excuse my shaking hands with you — Both horses are a bit [illegible]. My wife is in Town calling on Mrs. Colvin, and I've been rather busy over her visit".

One of the horses began to back and plunge with unpleasant violence.

"I beg your pardon", he added; "but I must [illegible] (let) him (have) a turn I see". He [illegible] the horses head and they started off at a rattling rate up the smooth chalk.

Sumner had made the best use of his time, and (had) learned several little things. Philip Sudeley had aged

aged unsightly since he had seen him a week ago. His face was pale and drawn. A hardening of the lines of the mouth, a contraction of the eyebrows and a ~~rigidity~~ rigidity in the set of the jaw were clearly discernible to the doctor's practised eye.

Suffering? Yes undoubtedly, suffering considerably. His conduct is unjustifiable, it is absolutely absurd, unjustifiable. It ought to be put a stop to: — and now how is put a stop to it. Mr Turvey he was did not see. Colonel Sudeley, he perceived, was not ~~in~~ an altogether easy mood to deal with; his very ~~satisfaction~~ neglect of matters made him unapproachable. "It is intolerable that a man should sacrifice his life in this way": the doctor said to himself. He felt angry; still he could not ~~subpress~~ avoid a quickening admiration for this display of undaunted pluck; it propelled, in any case, the merits of originality. — There must be something behind, which I am ignorant of — some underlying and very potent cause which I am not in a position to lay my finger on at present. Yes, it is decidedly interesting".

Then the door of the house immediately behind him was flung open, and the peculiarly clear-cadenced accents of a woman's voice attracted his attention. Mr Turvey turned towards the speaker. He was sensible of receiving a very distinct impression. A slender fashionably-dressed young woman came with a light step out of the house, and down the steps. She was a girl of a delicate pallor, clustering ruddy golden hair, sparkling eyes, lips parted in a brilliant smile over white even little teeth — in short he beheld an

unusually

unusually pretty person.

Mrs Pendelby was tossing back and talking with considerable vivacity to ~~someone~~ the young man who had come with her in her horse.

"Will he [illegible]" - to Mr. but where are we going on the carriage?" she said, as she stepped down on to the pavement.

Great Pendelby's gift of waiting that is driven away the gods, I should not be very much ~~surprised~~ inclined if a wind with "Miss", remarked the young man, "only they're not, on the contrary.

His hands were clasped behind him, he was standing towards his companion with an expression of the liveliest admiration in his pleasant boyish face.

"No not know Colonel Pendelby very well," responded Miss. ~~[illegible]~~ "His talent do not lie in the direction of desertion, I am happy to say."

The young man blushed. He was aware of having been stared at by the midinettes, and of ~~[illegible]~~ meeting with the most peculiar rebuke.

~~[illegible]~~ Lynn, hat in hand, came hurrying up the grey flags, with the hair more untidy and ruffled than ever.

"Excuse me recalling myself to your remembrance, Mr. Pendelby?" he said. Then, pink headed with the sun and exertion, he was introduced to Miss Pendelby.

Miss Pendelby was a queer, reserved looking girl, about 18 or perhaps her ~~[illegible]~~ height with walking, were not ~~[illegible]~~ calculated

to

: prejudices Jervis Sudeley in her favour. Fortunately
remember, the young lady was at that moment in
an excellent humour, pressed it to her heart, gracious
to all comers - even it then limited.

"Thanks you", she ~~answered~~ said; and then added
slightly. - "I remember you very well. We met at
the afternoon party of Mr. Latimer's. - You were
with Miss, Mr. Colvin".

The Jervis advanced at this young woman. She
having received him her temporary embarrassment
and nodded a greeting to Dr. Symes, had taken her
hand with her back to the chest, ~~and~~ spurred to
Mr. Sudeley where he and command a full view
of her attractive person.

"I was with them", he answered.

"Oh pity you - It was, he turned round, as
though a really deliberating entertainment was it
Dr. Symes?..' Fifteen girls were introduced to
me. They all asked me the same question - quite
a little catechism".

"Impertinent & Tenerly inquisitive". ~~answered~~ said Fortunio
with, with mockery. "I think, Mr. Sudeley, I was
not numbered among that reprehensible fifteen".
He, smoothly not. "You were the exception, you
were the exception of course. That it would stay
remember you so well".

"You are a "charmer" said the Duchess.

"Who were Mr. Sudeley, what were the questions"?
cried the young woman, keeping her eyes fixed on
Jervis's face. It gave him great pleasure to watch
her while she talked, somehow.

He shrugged his shoulders "He can't help it if he
would.

"They were simply banales, those questions. They

said

and us: even the merit of being extraordinarily kind. — He was in Paris accompanied by a certain celebrated [illegible] called "Rodomontade Bluffe de Bragadocchio" Esquire. He was [illegible] kind. Certainly a very fine Italian gentleman was he. Then we got - very, that is to say, the more we found out — that Rodomontade is and ought to be in: everything perfect, it is very valuable — for: help was no time to do without. Rodomontade besides is good to better of that kind. Then asked me if I rode — alas! no. Then observed that as there was an awful nuisance, don't you know — need to go on? He added a beautiful up at her companion. "Rodomontade" the valet of Miss Miami'ter does not ride, as very annoying, all the time."

Immediately her not to much in the subject matter as in the manner of the present, said Mr. Turner, blandly. It must be owned that the doctor bear the test as well.

The guests and hostess were presented to arrange the seating on their own - it was very hard. Because the Duke of Stilton people", she continued, "was afraid should not behave quite nicely. It was as that the Duke her need was desirable with Miss Bates and middle in metals; she was not very distinguished hostess — She not to Adelaide in fact she was keen her much matter. Hand she was about to commence the salutations — it was as his with tact, stop pied her. Pray, Fred, do not quite merely the unnecessary with the of service. Then the service it exist. Do not stand on ceremony - I write like you everything -

"did she," continued the girl, "to me as a
[illegible] mistress. I am a [illegible] if she
under the impression I am slightly mine. I read
her a lecture & after words about the [illegible] things
behaviour & walk. Prisoner. — Ah! That is the
carriage thing she [illegible]."

Miss Ind examined [illegible] Sudeley drew up to the
[illegible] witness. I was on a [illegible] of
[illegible] in the [illegible] & Eunice in Miss he
was [illegible] emotionally [illegible] a good deal of
energy, and was [illegible] taxed: But in [illegible]
and relieved as he [illegible] at his wife.

I was sorry to hear that my waiting about [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] he said:— "But the
[illegible] [illegible], I said".

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Sudeley then [illegible] in [illegible] said the door.
He was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Miss [illegible] came in [illegible] [illegible] with
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible].

He rose [illegible] again. I did go out [illegible]
[illegible], but [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] about it, and Mr. Sudeley was engaged. I re-
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] of Mrs [illegible] of [illegible]. It was [illegible]
[illegible] in [illegible]".—

[illegible] [illegible] did not wait to hear either [illegible] of
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] Mr. Sudeley with [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] manner.

"My —

"Indeed Mr. Sedley," he said, "will you allow me one of the privileges that belong to age and permit me to ask you a favour?.. I have known that Manor House for years and always considered it as my little world. I have always regretted that its ~~owners~~ tenants gave me ~~no~~ faded historical appreciation of the architecture that it possesses. ~~I have~~ I have an admiration for old houses — if you will pardon my saying so — that you have ~~shown~~ exhibited that most admirable taste and skill in decoration. I have ~~admired~~ admired — that you have examples that architectural ideas of the Adelphi, in the days, you have recalled as delightful: this visit. "— Indeed, Indeed — "~~I~~ Will you give me leave to come and call on you, my dear madam? Will you introduce me to that dear old Manor House and that I can at last lead the happiness to pay my respects to the family of ~~the~~ a truly appreciative neighbour"?..

Then followed an agreeable conversation of many succeeded entirely in ~~overcoming~~ Jemima Sedley's confusion. She smiled very graciously as she answered: —

"It is always open to me. I am very ignorant, only know that Miss. You have a right to call whenever you: We, indeed, it is a delightful to hear it to me".

"Jemima" said Colonel Sedley, "Mr. Osborne has in my hall ~~to~~ to receive ~~to~~ to receive besides me: ~~Mr. Osborne~~ —" are you ready?.. The horses will get fidgety, again if we keep them standing".

He made as short a movement towards Amelia, ~~and~~ that young lady did not accept it. She ~~did~~ did

light to

[illegible] visit the barbarian carriage
and Calvan: help myself, here, this round, write as
the hirsute, [illegible] as the
[illegible] really visit her house, [illegible] or [illegible]
[illegible] this via round her. – Her mind was
so busy evidently as this discovered.
[illegible] modded to Dr. Symes, turned
to Chaloner round visit [illegible] eyes across the
[illegible] and then out [illegible] as rattling
[illegible] again.
[illegible] Mr. Chaloner [illegible]
the [illegible] visit [illegible], glancing rather ruefully
at the departing carriage. He was as capital
[illegible] Then finds [illegible] mistress's heart – she
was as [illegible] as [illegible] visit [illegible] Then Lata
and Symington's – and was [illegible] Then warmest
[illegible] is the [illegible] round about, and [illegible]
[illegible]. Chaloner visit. He was helped by
visit visit [illegible] and [illegible] countenance,
[illegible] the [illegible] all emotion [illegible] visit.
In one word, "[illegible] and [illegible] private
person", he exclaimed, visit an [illegible] visit.
[illegible] Symes turned and looked at this [illegible] speaker.
He had just arrived at a conclusion; it was a highly
[illegible]. He [illegible] believed the head during
[illegible] and discovered this [illegible]
[illegible] from which the Chaloner's [illegible]
[illegible] eccentric action [illegible]. He
arrived the head [illegible] this [illegible] suddenly
[illegible].
[illegible] – at least in my youthful days this
[illegible] – and to visit [illegible], among many other
[illegible] and indispensable [illegible], in dear Mr.
[illegible], this at appearances are [illegible]" he

remarked

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

XXVIII

No. 353.

Romance at a disadvantage.

Lamentation, mourning and woe reigned in the house of Harold. Master Johnnie, that precious and somewhat precocious hope of the establishment was afflicted with a serious bronchial cold. The poor child had really been seriously ill. Cecilia had prayed, watched, agonized. Mrs. Murray did something more immediately practical. She packed up her boxes. The worthy lady behaved on this occasion with her usual rare tact and discrimination. "In case of illness," she said, with a pocket-handkerchief in her hand ready for action — "in case of illness, you know Cecilia, I have always said the same thing. That there are few unnecessary people in the house in trouble, — they give trouble, — it can't be avoided — they add to the servants' work, they increase the confusion .. I needn't tell you this, Cecilia" — here the pocket-handkerchief came into play — "how dreadfully painful it is to me to leave you and our darling little Johnnie at this moment. But I don't consider myself, I put my own feelings aside, I am ready to sacrifice myself to the comfort of your

own establishment. — No, no, my dear love, don't dissuade me. I see the right course. Let me follow it, let me follow it — Pray, be so good as to write to Emily to tell her to expect us in a week or fortnight. Poor dear girl, it's so long since I have seen her! Sometimes, Cecilia, I am afraid that in my love for you I am tempted to neglect my other children a little!"

This, no doubt, was on the face of it, extremely seeming and considerate. Florinda's excellent old woman, like a green bay-tree — your manners and customs are deeply instructive!.. Emily Murray, it may be mentioned in passing, had married some years previously a young clergyman of unimpeachable morals and strong Evangelical proclivities. This good man did not unhesitatingly regard his wife's aged mother with any overflowing sense of veneration. He had even gone so far, on one occasion as to remonstrate with her on what he was pleased to describe as "a sad want of the visible workings of grace in her heart"; and to remark, in the presence of his eldest girl — a sharp child of about eight years old, who promptly reported the said remark to her loving Granny — that Mrs Murray's conversation savoured strongly of that wicked city ancient Babylon, which the divine mercy saw fit eventually to visit with great plagues and dismal desolation, as the just reward of its profane and worldly doings. This, not perhaps unnaturally had caused a rupture and coolness for a time between the mother and son-in-law. But Mrs Murray was

a

a person of experience. She knew what must in a time to pardon an wrong an as time to take offence. And it appeared to her that in your appreciation of the things of this life a little more vigour in the moment in hopefulness was certainly needed than the exercise of that beautiful virtue with makes you to escape decently an honourable with fewer - that man, of course, be calculating - and remorse spurely to a fewer and more calculating (succeeded to) ~~accidents~~ adventure. Mr. Murray during ~~his~~ supper her son. in Lewis, She heard the ~~his~~ malediction; and after practically speaking - hacking her boyer with ~~the~~ sprig of peaches time along with her last grown, ~~to~~ her debentures, from? End Sayer was was aware of ~~the~~ her motives, absence in home, when he to Martin made up his mind to call on Mr. Harrell. For ~~Martin~~ Cecilia she doctrine had a great respect. He believed her to be one in with marvellous consistency and high-minded woman. Circumstances, the Minister, had been unfully against her; Under happier conditions her nature might ~~have~~ have flowered with a ~~colour~~ colour and a subtle sweetness. For Mr. Murray, even, Christian Synes had a certain regard. For: that he was in the heart inclined to exclude her in the same category as her daughter. It was She knew self-reliance and pluck the by person of the elder Lady that made her interesting in his own eyes. In even relation of this Mr. Murray appeared to him radically objectionable: his, from the scientific point of view she doctor was convinced that ~~her~~ employed her, She offered such a rich field for research and observation. He She was, that she not be was

safely

after we had a delicious supper in the Evangelical room. We [illegible] quiet walk through the streets to Grove Walk on our present errand.

Miss Parnell, on her side, took a good deal of quiet comfort in the friendship of her medical adviser. Humanly speaking, he had more than once saved the doctor's life, and Cecilia's gratitude, though deep, was very deep. Then to the gratitude her mistress entertained huddled and misdemeanour; the misdemeanour as half-words, and there remained in a little niche of Miss Parnell's heart a tender place for Dr. Quain. Dr. Quain's daughter, Miss Parnell's confidante, Miss Quain, was very dear to Miss Parnell's sitting-room to receive her friend. Miss Parnell's confidante, Miss Quain, was very dear to Miss Parnell's sitting-room to receive her friend. Miss Parnell's confidante, Miss Quain, was very dear to Miss Parnell's sitting-room to receive her friend.

"I'm afraid Miss Quain is very busy", she added, looking round as if help were at hand. "I never expected to find Minnie and Miss Quain here at this hour. Will you please to come up to see me and see Miss". Then it was good for the children to see Miss Parnell's sitting-room — the [illegible] as meagre [illegible] mean: the [illegible] with black white and gold [illegible] paper and [illegible] furniture —:

writing —: but, as valiant to domiciled her
cause & withdrew during conflict; and
dear Madame", he replied, at this risk &
memoria your revered distance, I am to advise:
that Titan & Phoebi's health was, thus, my
object in coming here today. Illness was many
days my first duty after our meeting on
Wednesday. Last time I saw him, I perceived that
he was, I am sorry to say, mentally affected,
in a very fair way to making a considerable change.
— Today my visit is of duration to you, Mr.
Harell. I am anxious to have a brief consultation with you in
this friendly place as few minutes".
analysed explosive causes back in Cecilia face
again. Poor thing, she was always on this look out
in this confusion of pain & distress. She
seemed her pleasing expression & manner in
the same patient and sympathising spirit that this
evening during recent & pain & pleasure. She
said: but it
was not developed as very excusable tendency
& was never seriously observed on any
person near it was a stick in hand.
Cecilia was any instructive perceptive. That a stick
was in this case, was handy remedium. She
said down with air & serious attention.
Miss Fraser selected this subject that we could
discover and established Sunset, sideways on it.
Miss one elbow on the back of it and rested his
head on this hand & his walking-stick.
The doctor little arrangement requested & perfect
to his visiting object & preparation in very
serious business. Both, indeed, as in this hand in this

quickness

which of his surroundings and opinions which of his views, that was a substantial bond between him; our intercourse [illegible] pleasure to us both and redounded [illegible]; & indeed, it would [illegible] to say, - until [illegible] divergence of his powers moderately-minded - and gives evidence of that somewhat annoying quadruped [illegible] it career away with his over "antler vanity and deserts idle" in that most surprising and Mazeppa-like fashion. He professed two very different [illegible] of address. Which may [illegible] respectively be described as [illegible] and plain manner. Both were, happily, used on good deal exercised by various little incidents during the course of the afternoon [illegible] manner was in the fire. Flowers of rhetoric flourished. In [illegible] with amazing luxuriance in the [illegible] Cecilia's this [illegible] of [illegible] during [illegible] -ussed with him.

dear Mr. Darwin, he began; & find myself between the horns of a dilemma - [illegible] the exact value of that dilemma I will [illegible] (I mutter) [illegible] on doubly occupation on your knees & [illegible] gives advice & [illegible] the [illegible] moment I find myself [illegible] in need of advice very [illegible]. [illegible] difficult and doubtful [illegible] & your sex [illegible] instinctively [illegible] in the [illegible] of your. [illegible] knee [illegible] added Mr. Darwin with a waves of his disengaged hand: -

Oh! woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please:
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou." -

Darwin felt [illegible] considered. The kind Mr. Darwin

very

very much - she would have been sincerely glad to be of service to him. But she was not poetical. She found it impossible to view herself in the light of a ministering, or any other kind of angel.

"I am sorry," she said, vaguely.

The doctor however was well astride of his steed. He heeded no comment, he galloped towards.

"In company merely, Mrs. Farrell, is one standing on the brink of a swift and turgid river. In the water below me I see — so to speak — a daring swimmer, attempting to breast the current. Can he, may he succeed? — Knowledge, accurate knowledge of the unfavourable conditions under which he has ventured on this hazardous undertaking, compels me to reply that he cannot succeed — that his strength will fail and the ravening waters will infallibly engulf him. I am in a position to render him assistance: but that assistance is unhesitatingly rejected. I ~~paused~~ pause. I consider. I cannot force the man against his will, and yet, my dear Mrs. Farrell ~~[illegible]~~ my nature revolts against the cold-blooded inhumanity of leaving him to his fate. If circumstances render my ~~aid~~ offer of help unacceptable, I must search elsewhere for suitable aid. — In this painful situation ~~[illegible]~~ a beam of light ~~[illegible]~~ appears to shine upon the dark night of my difficulty — my thoughts turn instinctively towards you."

Clair's critical faculty was not highly ~~[illegible]~~ developed. She was impressed ~~[illegible]~~ by our guest's generous flow of metaphor. She was also bewildered as to what could possibly be about to follow on so considerable a preface. She murmured something civil in the way of recognition both of the gravity of the matter in hand and of the compliment to herself

implied

...lised in the final drawer of the dressing...
...an instant's hesitation — ~~[illegible]~~ ...
...variably found part of the contents — Mr. Brown ...
...deeply distressed discarded the violence and ...
...the less manner. Knowing it not vulgarly, ...
...of his conversational gleams she became as ...
...agreeable as ever again.

"About the commission, my dear Lady," ...
...said": "but in this case I believe the end may very ...
...well justify the means; there, to, Susan has fallen ...
...into disgrace in your direction. — I believe ~~[illegible]~~ ...
...Colonel Brandon's wish is in connection of some?"

Poor Lucy was in the greatest confusion. ...
...see. Her distress seemed likely to cure ~~[illegible]~~ ...
...Elinor still. Her husband, ~~[illegible]~~ ...
...was ~~[illegible]~~ dumb and uncertain.

— She answered, hesitatingly — "Mrs. Brandon is not ...
...in connection of mine gladly. His wish — ...
...Mrs. Pierce. Dashwood's second cousin, Bertie ...
...Mrs, is in point of income of any — but" — Mrs. Jennings ...
...roared.

"Bertie, point of income, second cousin", repeated ...
...Brown. "The relationship is a little intricate, ...
...a little difficult to guard on that score. Still", she ...
...continued, "~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~, my ~~[illegible]~~ very well ...
...acquainted with Mrs. Brandon — you know her before ...
...her marriage".

"Yes, I know her very well, she was quite ...
...a little girl".

Elinor dreaded further questions, desired him to ...
...explain ~~[illegible]~~ gravely.

...is trouble before Mrs. Brandon. Serious, very serious ...
trouble

matter
intolerable, as his was now standard. But yet this trouble
is not irremediable, if there was a capacity
for skilful action and sincere devotion".

Day-light was nearly gone. But a few candles in
the street outside threw a pale reflection of
the window on the white upper walls of the
room, and revealed Mr. Farrell's face
and figure as with distinctness enough. Dr. Sumner looked at
him attentively, for just a moment a doubt arose in his
mind as to his own perceptions. He felt curiously aware of
Richard Enderby, he would have been unutterably
shocked to hear that his brilliant young wife
was devoted to him. But Mr. Farrell's circumstances
told of
explained little beyond, deepening, anxiety.

"Is it ill", she asked hurriedly, "what is it?"

"Why, Mrs. Farrell", Dr. Sumner's diction answered.
"Richard Enderby is running great risk of killing himself
— really — perhaps suddenly, perhaps slowly, painfully,
I wouldn't say which — and I suspect he is doing
it for his wife's sake".

Mrs. Farrell remained perfectly still, for a minute or
so. Then she murmured in a low matter-of-fact way: —
"I cannot help. But what do you mean?.. I don't
understand it".

Dr. Sumner changed his position again, this time
rather irritably.

"Help? No one should understand it, merely", he said.
"He's got a few nerves. His [illegible] Painful
sensations consequent - he supposed - on a life and
mental misdirection. An examination
discovered the unmistakeable indications of disease
of a vital organ. Total rest completely, and
mild cordials would bring it to a time when medicine possible.

He

he sent us advices aside which as waves of the hand, ~~contrapoods~~. He wished us entirely ignoring our physical conditions. I saw him to day during a pause of ~~stinked~~ stupor - however bothering it but was evident to me that he was suffering". — Dr. Symes paused. — "Colonel Sudeley was ever me with remarkable ~~respect~~ regards and respect. To return to our metaphor, Mr. Parnell, I cannot stand by ~~watching~~ this summons Simon up his arms and swim down to ~~the~~ cold ~~death~~ water of death, without making one more effort to rescue him".

Miss Parnell's lips were very dry; she could barely ~~speak~~ articulate. "Awful", she said again, under her breath.

"I bound by as promises not to mention this matter to Mr. Sudeley - nor indeed to any one else," he continued. "I have ~~pain~~ my mistake pursued myself by rebating the case to you. But my conscience exculpates me, I believe I am justified by that end in view. — Mr. Parnell, Simon was one of those Pioneers - Providences mercifully sends us as few in ~~each~~ every generation - who are born to be "their brother's" and sister's keepers. Mr. Sudeley is very young, and most young persons are selfish. It is excusable in my opinion. The individuality of their own sensations, their lively appreciation of their ~~good~~ pleasures ~~things~~ of this world leaves but little space for careful ~~consideration~~ of others. Their ~~cup~~ is full; and one cannot blame ~~them~~ them always to be learning in to their neighbour's cup to see it by dearer they are empty. Mr. Sudeley is very young, Mary, she is alone here, - aware, as Sunderland from all her relations, her natural counsellors, as we may call them. A few judicious words from an old friend, like yourself, might have ~~some~~ incalculable weight in her at this moment, might go far to avert the

unjustifiable ~~misfortune~~

sword of destiny"—
his head ~~hanging~~ ; — the shocked manner
~~was over~~ in again, ~~with~~ slightly." My dear
Lady, will you understand this mystery?. Will you
approach Mrs. Pinkerton?. What at this crisis of
affairs?. Make an appeal to her affection?. Open her
eyes?.— do what you can in fact to save Colonel
Pinkerton's life"?.

Cecilia rose, and paused ~~a moment~~ about the room
in unfeigned anxiety of mind. The doctor had
dismissed her already. He returned in her mind to
Lilla, Charles's fair ~~face~~ face, calmly in his self-pacing:
visions of romance in the fair face of him.
~~in which his occasion~~. He tried to steel his course —
"Duties must ~~be~~ never weakly wipe your mercy"
he said." Some one ~~you~~ will take my words for it
that this situation is one of appalling gravity".
Mrs. Pinkerton came back and ~~took~~ sat down
again. She had no ready power of expression. Her
activities could scarcely be confined in so tiny a room
today; emotion with her was a time for deeds,
~~for~~ numberless practical acts, which could
find no relief in appropriate action.
"I would do anything in the world", she said.
"Tell me, Dr. Pinkerton, Dr. Pinkerton. Some guide
in hard paths she can minister".
"It", he answered quickly, "Duties ~~come~~ as priests
then it is our duty to lay aside diffidence and
overflowing modesty. There, in the name of our
common humanity, it is a simple duty to minister".
"It is not", ~~it is not~~" said Cecilia." I would
do it willingly enough if it were any body else — but,
can it, Dr. Pinkerton, for Colonel Pinkerton."
which was both ~~expressed and~~ answered, (and puzzled,)
~~moments~~ the ~~last~~ his usual urbanity of demeanour,

and ~~so~~

and there is time ~~enough~~ exactly considering what is in Mrs Colonel he was not ~~ignorant~~ oblivious of what was due to his wife.

"Is not Mrs Colonel Brandon, my dear madam?" he demanded.

Mrs Powell had not been more in drawing room. It had descended in quite a series of sharp turns during the last quarter of an hour - under this last and severest of trials for Miss Steele's absolute temper. She put her handkerchief over her face and doubled herself almost in getting. ~~Indeed~~ It must be owned that in this posture Cecilia's figure was not seen to advantage; she had a very long back, and as long back is a distinguishing mark a woman.

"Poor lovers ~~long~~ years ago", she said, at last, very softly. "Then this is about Miss Steele's family, you know, after they marry, and laugh over them. I have never laughed over it", she added serenely, with a ~~sad~~ quaver in her voice: "and so I told him I'd go and talk to Mrs Brandon; she might understand my motives".

Mrs was silent. Mr. Powell's confession seemed to [illegible] dreadfully pathetic. He was shocked, too. This last exquisite stroke he must have seen in unfortunate woman's, all unwittingly. He tried to ~~[illegible]~~ arrange his ideas ~~[illegible]~~ a little, ~~[illegible]~~ an apology which might suit a case so ~~[illegible]~~ and respectful. But Mr. Cecilia was again, before his preparations were completed. "Are you ~~[illegible]~~ now? I declare Mrs Jennings" he said.

"Yes, yes! Good heavens, my dear madam", cried

Mrs

is doctor's assistant: "I honour & reverence, sir.
I cannot give you any relief in your case & your
pain".

Evening, while Mortimer Turner was sitting in
his well-furnished library, his wife & his distinguished
friend & his own medical adviser & neurologist
& psychiatrist & brain specialist & nerve
"Diseases function of the cerebro-spinal nervous system",
was announced into the room-mistress — since Turner was
in retirement at it: —

Turner thought over what you told me this afternoon.
I am afraid Rachel [illegible], and only
God knows it of myself. I am afraid I shall not be of
much use, but I will do what I can".

Turner contemplated his self-sacrifice in a little
space of time. Then he drew it up. Then it was
drawer of writing-table.

"It is really good woman", the said Wally
Lord, and [illegible] Turner settled [illegible] comfortably
in [illegible] & neurities of his
cerebro-spinal nervous system again [illegible]

"Or auld lang syne"

Chapter

a rather dangerous to make a different class. natural
person that present of a new idea. The idea, finding
itself pretty well alone in the mind of man as
person, sequi to expand, to permeate, till at length
it becomes almost entirely dominant.
Miss Farell's existence was a crowded and monotonous
one. The rise of ideas upon which she maintained
was on very limited. It came to be mentioned
in two words — Duty and Johnnie. To Cecilia's honour
it to be related that Duty did ~~[illegible]~~
hold the first place, and Johnnie came second.
No Cyrus had introduced a third idea into her
mind, and after a sharp struggle she accepted it
because it appeared to her nearly allied to her
human ideas of duty. This once accepted
it began to assume many tints and various
aspects; the process of expansion and permeation took
place — briefly, the new idea gospeled her.
The sad day put her on to read right and
explained her vocation to ~~[illegible]~~ Mr.
Farell found herself in no means inclined for sleep.
The sad eyes sometimes ~~[illegible]~~ to Julia's above. She went
upstairs and sat down by Johnnie's own crib in her
bedroom.

-droom. The fire had sent a broad glow upward onto the ceiling. ~~[illegible]~~ The house was very still. There was a noise of bells in the air, ringing down at the parish Church some half-mile away ~~[illegible]~~ across the river. This was one of the practising nights of the Advent Season; and the sound of the peal came fitfully on the wind — now ~~loud~~ clear, hopeful, running joyously down the scale, then twining and ringing changes upon changes, in an intricate pattern of sound: and then again, dying away, becoming vast, uncertain, distant — ~~[illegible]~~ sad ghostly bells, ringing the dirge of days and ~~joy~~ dreams, and aspirations long dead.

Julia laid her hand upon the counterpane of Jimmie's little bed, and leant her head back against the wall behind her. The bells affected her thoughts. — They carried her back in thought to the picturesque old Cathedral city where she had first met Philip Sedley, and all the unfinished romance of her girlhood unfolded itself before her. She passed again pleasant sunny summer afternoons on the broad river, boat ~~[illegible]~~ drifting away seaward below the ~~sloping~~ gardens and pretty dwelling-houses ~~[illegible]~~ of the suburbs of the town; and, farther inland, stretches in long quiet shimmering reaches under the shadows of steep woods, and between flat ~~broad~~ rich meadows, where the cattle feed or stand, ~~[illegible]~~ with ~~[illegible]~~ stupid curiosity at the passing boats from among the flags and blue geraniums, and willow weeds upon the low red banks. She paced again the quaint winding paved walks on the city walls, and felt again that ~~[illegible]~~ quickening of

of the lines and warps ~~of~~ note of
of the water, with which she at once threw
of the manor mistress was she had suddenly come
face to face with her lover. She remembered every
incident of the dances given in the spirit of
the evening ~~[illegible]~~ as a matter of
of gratitude to the ranks and fashion of the
town and neighbourhood in the winter's theme
steps during their stay. - She recalled, too, her
~~heart~~ visit with Phil's Rudeby kindness at the
in the sitting room of Mrs. Mercer's house, with
& all the sudden ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ city. walks & the
wide green circle of the race course below, to the
sharp curve of the river round a high wooded
promontory under the hard lines of the rock. high
viaduct, & and steep miles of rolling country to the
south. Her grey ranges of the Welsh hills against
the Western sky. Cecilia remembered the little
presents he had given her, and the ~~[illegible]~~ long
scribbled
scrawl note he had ~~[illegible]~~ her
during the ~~[illegible]~~ two years of patient waiting —
remembered how ~~[illegible]~~ the smile of one of
the rare notes ever her pencil as given
over all the following days. — Ah! there, there,
upon my word you and? was a scarlet smudge
of the ~~[illegible]~~ envelope sealed. Mrs Field's like
some ghoul or other unlucky creature whose fate
is burning over a woman's little grave. a card of
loss. memories in their use. They are such delicate,
ethereal, absurd little things, that one is afraid
of touching them with human masculine fingers.
They ~~[illegible]~~ are dead and buried, known,
long since, and yet as one reads their
trifles epitaphs and perhaps wrists one enquiring
speculative

circumstance
ambitious Lucas under the guard of their
officers. Lidor, who was so sure that Lucas
with their quivers and shields was
passing in order under review and enquiring
the particulars of their investigations.
Set on horses their heads, and some
bare to the knee and their sword.
Mr. Farebrother again, but
did he no doubt at all that he was very much
occupied with another woman. The whole of
this Persian episode had been deeply
humiliating and distressing to her — not that she
bore Mr Brooke any grudge. Her own marriage
had entirely cancelled any vow of allegiance
she might formerly have made her; but, the idea
of engaging in ambitious with
genius Peirce. Casaubon was manifestly ridiculous.
Cecilia admitted that she was 'dans' middle.
aged, mistaking with ordinary rather pathetic
ignorance. But now the scene
had changed apparently. Somer, pani, perfectly
dead were ahead — she was not in the habit
of brooding on the higher side of things, and had
accepted the doctor's interpretation
of Mr. Farebrother's behaviour. Her mind projected itself
with intensity upon the situation before: and that
alone with their glorious prospect came
her opportunity. She might now be of use,
and to see of me — in Mrs in a sadly blind
and blundering manner: was the deepest necessity
of Cecilia's nature. She sincerely
believed she was responding to the call of Duty. —
Mar. Cecilia, how as little pinned in the Lucas question:
Lucas

time meetings and partings, this hand. Yesterday and years ago, today this affair seemed one of this little life's old duty, I knew.—
Meanwhile, the poor little soul at moment of crisis, as she sat ~~on her~~ richly on her hard chair by her boy's bed-side.—She would go and see Doris, plead and reason with her, with love for it acknowledge this truth — painful as it was — and ~~set~~ meet it bravely and lovingly. — Then would it at first the young girl was angry with her, and withdrew in her ~~heart~~ heart, dear-est quivering was that she - Mr. Parnell - had been guilty of one mistake. For: now, Cecilia felt herself strong, ~~unbreakable~~ daring, ~~afraid of nothing~~ not to be baulked by anything. To tell things right and this ~~she~~ to retire with silence and dignity seemed to her a noble way of ~~unbreaking~~ terminating her relation with her old lover.
Both dashed altogether once or twice loud and clear. Then there was silence. ~~Then~~ Little Johnnie Parnell woke ~~up~~ with a muttered cry, and sat up on end in his small white night. Then, for once Punch with deep and his eyes staring wide open.
"Oh, Mother are you there?" he called. "I've had a nasty dream".
Then her arms quickly round the little trembling figure.
"Darling, I'm here", she answered. ~~immediately~~.
Then Johnnie recovered himself with great promptitude.
"It's all right;" he ~~answered~~ said. "I was ~~in a~~ ~~terrible pain, was there"~~ then ~~was~~ was awfully frightened".

his finished.

Cecilia laid her little work aside at the little maid's reply, and turned her head to her: "Is there little more to read?"

"No, miss, you've all we've got and we've read it over, you know," she remarked, with an air of [illegible] night dignity. "I believe you've been crying".

"And no: [illegible] I know it before, but now that Johnnie called her attention to the fact, Cecilia became aware that she had been crying a good deal.

"Nothing, you know, miss, of that sort," Jane's face continued, [illegible] with an air of high authority. "Even our Mr Nolan noticed her eyes this week, he added — with the sublime egotism of childhood: — "And he, he says he's nothing to cry for now, that [illegible] I am getting better".

Cecilia's heart smote her:

"No, darling," she said, "there's nothing, nothing, [illegible] at all to cry for".

The Johnnie Cecilia referred to hereditary right of the reformer sex and admonished her remembrance, smiled mournfully, comfortably down his head again.

The Nolans watched him as he ate; and when at last the boy's quiet meditation announced that he had finished his meal safely into the mysterious recesses of dress, she knelt down on the floor by the hearth, and buried her face in her hands. — For Cecilia had begun to suffer keenly, to question the purity of her motives. Her conscience had been very, very tender: growing. She had been proud, rebellious, self-seeking. She confessed with more than penitence, humble-minded and [illegible] devout fervour. [illegible] Mr Nolan's sense

of

sure of sui war profound. — ⟶ close up

The — by this sense is here — that sense of sui is a very singular phenomenon; his misfortune or sui self is absent. The sense of it seems to flourish in the human heart. Cecilia's life for years had been one long act of self-abnegation; and yet the self-sacrifice is so very low down in the scale of christian virtues, her fault seemed unbelief and over-anxiety, her alienation from the eternal godliness ~~the spiritual~~ overwhelmingly great. While, Mr. Murray, on the other hand, whose progress through this world had not, to put it mildly, been attended with ~~many~~ punishment and unmixed sanctity was by no means afflicted, with any such conviction of her own short-comings; but rather looked down with a very self-satisfied manner.

Mrs. Parnell remained as long while, on her knees praying; — ~~parenthesis~~ both for herself and his brilliant genius Sudeley. She prayed for Philip too — for over not very much valued about dear Basil. Mr. Parnell was not a talented or eloquent person; and her prayers were not ~~of~~ confused and imperfect utterances, not in the least calculated to adorn ~~an~~ the pages of a religious biography, or be printed in some elegantly bound volume of private devotions. Still we were very sure, from the ~~strain~~ tenor of her conversation of a week, and more ~~so~~ particularly from the ~~remarks~~ she had made on Cecilia's personality and subjective faith that it was all right.

Poor Cecilia was still unconscious: but it had offered a challenge. It had passed as night with its anxieties of its pain's and conscience; and

when

raised forth in the morning no longer ~~was~~ clothed in the delicate garments of romance and tenderness, but wearing the sober ascetic habit of unadulterated duty. Cecilia had reduced herself to order; and prepared to go forth on her difficult mission to young Mrs. Tudenly in the same sternly mortified spirit in which she bore the many and grievous burdens laid upon her by her affectionate mother, ~~or~~ administered nauseous medicine to the weeping and recalcitrant Johnnie.

She had decided to go ~~to~~ over to the Manor House without delay: ~~and~~ So she started the following day directly after an early dinner, though the ~~afternoon~~ weather was heavy and misty, ~~[illegible]~~ and the roads were greasy with mud. Cecilia had an unlucky habit of perceiving ~~[illegible]~~ things ~~[illegible]~~ just too late. She was ~~so~~ full of a ~~[illegible]~~ solemn conviction and a strenuous purpose, and it quite failed to ~~strike~~ occur her that an ill-cared over garment, bestrewed liberally with mud, and the general demoralization of the personal appearance consequent on a long wet walk ~~[illegible]~~ might injuriously affect her influence with Jenie Tudenly. The children of light in their pure simplicity are very fair to ~~[illegible]~~ see, being one in these trivial matters; and ~~[illegible]~~ the nobility of their motives does not, unfortunately, prevent their finding themselves ~~at~~ at a ~~[illegible]~~ corresponding dis: advantage.

Janelle, a tall hungering pine - clad in that most lamentable of all feminine garments, ~~a~~ round water-proof cloak - took her way by back

[illegible] to a quarter of Dublin, where
lies a wide [illegible] mean alone [illegible] a round between
the canals and a range of dreary brick fields.
Their regular pursuit is married contrast to the
dirt of the mean pleasure-house little town.
It is a [illegible] moral stratum, in which
the basis social gravitation, as the
human nature of the place finds
[illegible] melancholy war. Means, one finds
lower of our main black wharf and
a ugly cinder-path, where base-men
[illegible] and labourers
loiter at dreary corner, and ragged dirty-faced
children angle in dingy waters, [illegible], while
the smoke and stench of the burning brick fills
the whole air. Dirty little shops maintain a
feeble existence with attenuated show of
attraction, behind the bars of their [illegible] dim
windows. Only the public house rises resplendent,
dazzling, defiant above the [illegible] dingy
squalor of impaired trade and [illegible] bones.
Such places are altogether [illegible] on the outskirts of
in human life, and do places like Dublin
it is by [illegible] or one to make much
[illegible] over [illegible] it is say that the [illegible]
[illegible] the mere hilarity and ridding aspect on
a dingy wintry afternoon.

A characteristic of [illegible] Cecilia that when asked
to write in parish work, she should accept the care
of the [illegible] district, which had formed
altogether to lead us more to the other part of
Dublin. Mr. Murray had spoken her mind
upon the question, and just pursed that Cecilia would

[illegible]

[illegible] Lucy, I hear and it was said
by the wood of Sir Balfour. Of the Castle, they did
[illegible] in front of Fort, as far away. Her
auxiliaries, for which [illegible] was
were not calculated to render her [illegible] —
Mr. Symes, indeed, in his most fluid of moments
could [illegible] at her absence to minister
in the ministering angel. During Johnnie's
illness Mrs. Farnell [illegible] was in attendance
[illegible] of conscience, somewhat neglected her
unfortunate district. But after more than
had determined, in any case, to devote to the service
of Stair second as fighting spirit in the parish
of some visits already overdue.

Lucia in her mind [illegible] the dreaded open [illegible] conversa-
tion with Jenie, Cecilia went [illegible] hastily along
the Main Avenue — without [illegible] careful
picking of her way among the cabbages [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible] Cecilia [illegible] at [illegible]
-way, and the [illegible] at the back [illegible] as miserable
-ness. Lucia [illegible], shutting on the unwholesome
[illegible] especially [illegible] of the [illegible]. [illegible]
[illegible] * stalks:
"In [illegible] woman [illegible] in the door-way of the
cottage, nursing a baby of some eight or ten months
old, [illegible] and [illegible] minder-girl [illegible]
[illegible] pail [illegible], stood about on the damp
[illegible] floor [illegible] with [illegible]".

"We come down at last [illegible], Mrs. Farnell" said
the woman. "I think you'd got tired and forgotten
about us like the rest".

"Oh, we were very [illegible]", responded Cecilia, humbly.
"Pulled up [illegible]".

"It was [illegible] you to come inside" said the woman

looking over her shoulder at the bare room behind her, while she drew closer the sitting baby in her arms. "Yes. It's a' o' furniture ~~went~~ went the day 'afore yesterday."

"Went?" enquired Mrs. Parnell, "went where?"

"Went fur rent — nice place to pay rent fur too, isn't it? They left us a mattress in the back room fur me and the children to lay on at nights and that's all. They're pretty well fruz'd, poor things, with the the hunger and cold. — The men took the blankets, along wi' the rest and there's nothing to lie under, so they might as well a' had the mattress too as far as I see."

Eliza fumbled in her dress-pocket for her purse.

"I'm very sorry", she said.

"It ain't much use your being sorry", ~~the woman~~ answered the other shortly. Then suddenly the poor thing sank down on the worn door-sill and burst into tears. — "~~Eliza~~ Before the Lord I've done my best, but everything's been agin' me, what wi' illness, and slack work, and one thing and another. I've come down, and down, and down. I said I wouldn't give in and I ain't — but it's going a bit too far now. Sometimes I think the canal there,'ud be the best place for all of us — it's best to be dead, ~~and~~ be dead and out of it — there's no room for poor folks like us here in this world".

Eliza Parnell was deeply pained and agitated; she tried to speak, but the woman interrupted her fiercely.

"I know what you're going to say — there's the union. I know there's the union, as well as you do. Haven't I fought up against it these months

past th

[s]aid, though I knew from the night my poor master was brought home stiff and dead, last January, it 'ud got to come to that at last. — Don't you be afraid", she went on ~~on~~ looking up ~~and stealing~~ with a gleam of bitter humour as the two ~~[struck]~~ children frightened ~~[struck]~~ (after her scare), piped up again: then crying "Mammy, mammy" — "don't 'ee be afraid, I wan't do them any harm. — Perhaps I love 'em just as well as you do ~~[struck]~~ (that) (of yours) for you couldn't leave to come and help us a bit. — They're very patient poor things but they can't hold on much longer — they'll begin to cry for bread soon, and it ~~[struck]~~ 'ull go through me, and I shall give in, and take 'em to the 'house".

[She] held out her hand ~~[struck]~~ she had emptied [th]e contents of her purse into it: — "There; ~~[struck]~~, [t]ake it, it's all I have got with me — feed the [c]hildren any way"? —

[The] woman snatched at the money, looked at it, counted it, and then laughed.

"[Y]ou're not one of the worst ones", she said. "The worst ones give us precious little but words we don't want. — This 'ull keep us out a few days longer, and any one can see the poor things here 'ud be a deal better in the 'ouse". You ain't worst, but I like you none the worse for that".

"[Per]haps we can arrange something for you", Mrs. [P]arnell said. "I'll do what I can. I don't forget things. I come back again tomorrow or next day".

"[Y]ou're going now then? — Well I don't wonder. It [is]n't very pleasant here-abouts. A lady like you soon ~~get~~ has enough of it".

"[I] have to go to another house where there is trouble" replied Sue ~~[struck]~~

Said Mr. Farrell, suddenly as they turned away.
"Let's go further this way instead of down for that
time." The woman called after her. "There's a right
of way for the rider of the Parish here all the year through,
most all the year most travelled through
and beaten path." Lily waved to Cecilia Farrell
a friendly dark and mysterious farewell, and her
face was in the saddly touched with incapacity
and failure, as she walked through the dirty street
of the canal again, and passing to the left behind
the gas-works, turned into the high-road
with the fields on either hand and neatly clipped
hawthorn hedges. That lead from the outskirts
of Tullingford to Bromsborough. Kratia was
the decency not to shrink visibly
when the sight of unthinkable ugly to do
humanity; the rider the unforgettably ugly head in
unbecomeliness. Time needs hours nothing
about it only you want it, be it remembered.
The dirty face a little hard deepened into unmistakable
villainy. Cecilia put up her umbrella and
went forwards as they walked along the road; while
her thoughts flew out in a great balloon behind,
and bobbed bobbing bobbed in the
driving wind, giving her long lean figure the
strangest and most ungraceful appearance.

Ford Fink

[illegible] writes:

"Dear Sir: Permit me to say that I am a subscriber to your paper. Have I the right to say, I am a Mr. Crabbe? Mr. Jacob Snyder — I addressed his letter as usual to Mr. Jacob Snyder. He sends for similar. I suppose you don't mind what I say, send me similar? Answer But you write me a subscriber to your paper. You write me an answer. Mr Snyder Waterfield says he needs of this country if this not perfect thing in this world. Every one not perfect thing in this world, wants an answer. You if you think this needy here want answer, now Mr Snyder?. You see letter me answer you same as mine this out. Side. We have not this advantage of being native. Mr Snyder, Miss Waterfield says it's a great advantage to be a native. Jack Miss it it's well as great advantage to be a native, Ray he did it's marry a native, minute of marry me? And Colonel Snyder you did it's marry a native either. Comparison I think there must be advantage in not being a native, too. Same one there are advantage in an answer. Well, now Colonel Snyder, you write it what I call very answerable. You if you think it's an advantage any way"?.

The

The speaker, Mr Adrian Wetherhide occupied a chair in Paris Sudeley's drawing room – It was generally understood that the occupied it in Paris Sally. It was that she was to have a [illegible] evening. For in fact and figure she was not only unexceptionally decidedly charming. She was a woman however on all occasions of appearing to present herself voluntarily for public inspection, of being in fact universally aware of her own presence that there remains about her – in attitude more of it than of her. Mr. Wetherhide sat quietly still in her chair, with her remarkable small hands as pretty pure on her lap and passed from her attitude of statement, with extraordinary rapidity, turning her head from side to side and addressing first different members of her audience in turn. Delusion it was not art in England. On that side of the Atlantic they are still in Paris. Mr. Wetherhide had a great deal of deportment – more what of that much to be [illegible] order – but it made one uneasy, like the pose, when certain actors of English society.

"Real difficulty in young men," said Mr. Jacob Sudeley, "is now an honest unabled man to [illegible] might is remarkable. Young men are always first better at a ball in their country."

Jacob looked back at his host of her [illegible], very white, their eyes exhibiting a fine bust and waist, still perfectly charming in nature, encased in unexceptionable plain well fitting dress of rather loud tissue. Augustus Sudeley action is always [illegible] large; she was perhaps advanced in [illegible] regularity reality in appearance. Her steady

colour

Even abundant their vain old Tricks suddy
soon expel, Nova vices and pristine nonsense
gain ascendant vulgar minds first place again.
Our Lord as descended expiation for sins of world
and new ones perpetrating, Guilty prejudices had the
stamp effect of reopening her in condemned as guilty
as ever God Incipient. Our duty was as he
ourselves, to state point of view actually as good
Christians". — It was he noted in morning Post our
observations in Ch. Guardian and our withdrawal
from, as perhaps in behalf of Times were already removed
in members Our Church as. — Our Lord divine
Charity even to Our Major Foes added to us
new Local Fields of our influence Apostolic. Our Times
of Nonconformist Dr. Matthew Rudderly was well
over, and Mr. Jacobs had it on new minds to make
new public entry into broad social, in
new new Departments of Municipal of one
of Our best known Names in South Metropolitan
with nothing help Us as really good Call. Our
Lord comes to direct Us question into new right view
in how far progressive knowledge of Him to do
things, and character in detail Our professed as high
ensued. Our Us, Archbishop suggested as Lord as
Incarnate feelings Christ it was in connection of as
Under, all to all, Christ Our Friend, revealed, entrusted
to Daniel Power visited of Us Church;
Revelations was into; and Our work, in her large
broad Results was under Our Lord Satisfaction
Satisfaction in new present dignities and prefers.
Christ Our Lord was somewhat over-estimated
Christ help in Us matter and felt particularly
Anglican to date as under as impossible to new many
Christians.

if I made observation about the difficulty of drawing
from men, I used the Lord Mayor of Mr. Wakefield's
drawing-room as my model.

"She said," how Mr Jack Sudeley were in Italy
to begin with. I know he is married; but you would
call him as young man would you? She
he is married?.. Call him a young man? He is
only four years older than Jane, and Jane a young
woman now, isn't I Mr Drake?.. Of course, if I
ask you, you could n't say I was an old woman.
I know that. But I am really am a young woman.
And there was Florence. I will speak to Florence myself
Mr. Jack Sudeley. Florence is a very good friend
of mine. He must have a home fully at Pentonville.
There are [illegible] bed rooms
at Pentonville. He could ask a number of young men
down to Pentonville. My cousin Lauri Vandercamp is
coming to England in January. How said in
January did n't you, Mr. Jack Sudeley?.. Perhaps
Florence could ask him, I mean
Lauri Vandercamp down to Pentonville too".

"Vandercamp, Vandercamp" murmured Mr. Drake,
the excellent little man
from Amsterdam, was sitting with
his hands very far apart, as a letter just
sprinkled his face, which had caught his face — as
his wife was — and made it even redder than
usual. "Vandercamp, yes, to be sure, I remember
him perfectly. We had him at Venice in the spring.
People said he was a
one of your American millionaires, you know — had
got a fabulous sort of a fortune".

"I know about fabulous" responded Mrs Lady in
fabulous means to mean, some thing in his
head. Well, Lauri Vandercamp has not got two

heads

~~Mrs~~ Meade and Mrs. Ives. It is very nice looking. Some people say it is rather ordinary. I don't think he is ordinary. Ralph is ordinary. It is his likeness to Lord Mainwaring. Lucia Vanderbreck is a perfect gentleman. — Dear Lucia is Charlie Coleman. I don't usually call ~~him~~ gentlemen by their christian names like that. I think it is bad style to do ~~so~~ it — bad form, you would say Mr. Drake. But Charlie Coleman is a connection of my husband's. I always call my cousins by their christian names, and my cousins by marriage too. Well, Mr. Jack Sudeley, you must, ask Charlie Coleman. ~~Is Mrs Sudeley~~ He is one of Mr. Sudeley's admirers - Eh? well I am one of Mr. Sudeley's great admirers & yours Mr Sudeley". "I said the Colonel getting up from the sofa where he had been sitting a little (way from) his wife", can't I take that ~~as~~ for you".

"Of course you may" (Jessie) cried Augusta, charmed to see Mrs. Sudeley "a hunter after fine (the rare) birds". "Dear! cried my Lucia, wrong! exclaimed Mrs. Wakefield, looking round intelligently upon her companions. "My husband says I am one so. I only see this one. ~~He~~ Do you expect to your wife having admirers ~~with husband~~ Like Colonel Sudeley?. Well now, I like admirers. I don't see that one of a woman having ~~no poetry~~ (as Mrs. Sudeley is) so elegant and gentlemanly looks ever would it (what) does may it I have admirers. Now, ~~you see~~ (what) I am an awful (Blue. Beau) of a husband, (you must be) Colonel Sudeley, if you don't like people to look at your wife. It I had a wife, I should want every body to look at her. (all day long) — No, I don't take vegetables in my teeth (tooth) for dessert. Do I come to England? never ~~should~~ (take) (at all) My mother never would let me ~~have~~ (take) tea

then

was a young girl. She seemed it was based in her disposition. [illegible] from, I dare = Believe it was based in her disposition, do you Mr. Parker understand?" "Yes, yes, I quite" said Mr. Parker, somewhat abashed at exactly, as it was based and based. "No difficulty about that, [illegible] where we were?" he said. Well now, there's one [illegible] for one". Mrs. Bradfield good-humouredly. For me Mr. Parker was a bold fiend and [illegible] a very genuine [illegible] with each other [illegible] in her [illegible] to indulge [illegible] her personalities at moments.

"Miss you are," she said. "But you see [illegible] you can't multiply yourself, indefinitely and even if you could I'm not sure you would [illegible] to [illegible] of all my [illegible] girls, you know". "Yes" — Miss is very good out of creatures. [illegible] Smith, would [illegible] to [illegible] of me?"

"No certainly I wouldn't," responded Mrs. Jarvis laughing again.

for the time being,

Satisfied [illegible] had retired behind her deportment and inaccessible pushed about the [illegible] in her [illegible] impatience. She felt slightly irritable. Mrs. Wakefield had more [illegible] her amusement, and Mr. Parker's pleasantries always were helpful. She had got on a wonderful new [illegible] with as long [illegible] to it, and the most delightful [illegible] of birds, and beasts and boys of all down the front, [illegible], and great fir at the [illegible] had the effect of making her feet [illegible] particularly both — that was certain. But she wanted to talk seriously with her visitor. [illegible] about the ball, and she could not get in a word edgeways. She

worked

stood up at her husband with a charming little demand in his air and a winning ~~[illegible]~~, shrugged her shoulders, and ~~[illegible]~~ with a quite pathetic manner.

"~~[illegible]~~ — I understand you don't care me", Mr. Drake was saying in answer to some question of Mr. Wakefield's. "You mean I'm old. Same as good deal more than you, ~~[illegible]~~ Mr. Wakefield's senior any ~~[illegible]~~ year."

"I guess you are, Mr. Drake", observed that lady, sharply.

"But you what it is, you know, ~~[illegible]~~. I look in that glass every morning and say to myself, Drake my good fellow, you're getting on, ~~[illegible]~~ turn 70, and mend your ways. And yet upon my word", he added, with a sigh, running one hand, and taking an argument with this — "I don't really feel it. It's a most singular thing, but I don't seem to be able to take it in some how. I don't feel a day older than I did at twenty. And I tell you what, you know, it's uncommonly interesting but lots of men may just the same. There's Endicott now — he as came in with — you're getting on you know, and I'll be bound you tell every bit as young as you did this. and. twenty years ago don't you?"

"I am sure that must be very encouraging — for the rest of us" remarked Mr. Wakefield parenthetically.

Drake's speeches were frequently incoherent and usually calculated to cause an impression of natural weakness on the minds of his hearers; plus he could hardly ~~[illegible]~~ might not find it difficult to take this statement. That this middle-aged gentleman did find himself in the intellectual atmosphere of that whole

he

he had practised in the years of his early and impressionable adolescence. Philip had a practical sagacity about Edmund Gosse that Gosse in his own book on Hardy speaks of with admiration. He made his own appraisal of Colonel Enderby the moment he set eyes upon him and his estimate of her husband as a simple, good and unpretentious gazelle. Her whole conversation seemed to bear out this — for a pleasant woman — and eleven children would hardly. W. Drake had a quick mind — it immediately he speculated certain old opinions he had formed on the subject of his friend's marriage.

Later Gosse in one of his letters to Edmund Gosse did not scruple to see thinking about his wife. He realised in every letter an act of abstraction, and at last plainly referred to the cause of his unsociable mood as a recent interview. Gosse had said: —

"Drake you've met in the same room with Mrs Hardy. Now it is true that she is a handsome woman. But it is not [illegible] Hardy was married twenty years ago, or more than ago either Mrs Hardy was [illegible]."

Mrs Enderby's views had an odd influence upon his whole mental outlook. His old habit of [illegible] and [illegible] "Philip", he said to his friend one good natured day: — "Never run a man down to me. For each one does begin to show signs of [illegible] — I am [illegible] Philip." Philip was [illegible] rather [illegible] a rare good sort of [illegible] Gosse's [illegible] conversation. [illegible]

conversation."
[said] Mr. Waterfield, [illegible]
[illegible]. "I declare what with Mr. Drake here, and
Lord Frederick Stone, I really feel quite blue.
What? do. Now you tell me what Mr. Frederick
Stone is up to. I wish you would make me
husband talk in that way. Even Miss Waterfield
could say any thing like that I should think.
Tell me the matter with you, Lord
Frederick, [no, not] me now? You have made me
feel so badly. I shall go [home] directly. I want
you to sing that little night [away] song, and order my
carriage." — And
at that moment Berenice Vane was announced.
Mrs. Waterfield. "Harold," he announced in his usual
manner; and Cecilia, water, [illegible] and all, [illegible],
[illegible] she received in the
[illegible] manner.
me!" cried Mrs. Waterfield in consternation.
Miss Harold. — dear me, [Cecilia] [Eugenia]
[illegible] turning round in the most considerable
surprise and speaking in her most affected
audible.
Miss Frederick rose hastily to her feet — so hastily
in fact, for he had to wait a moment before he
could, follow his wife across the room to meet the
new comer. He had made a [illegible] disagreeable
[tendency], in himself in the last few weeks which
gave him a great deal of annoyance. A small
matter could cause him to start and change
colour. He had the greatest difficulty in keeping
himself in hand in avoiding speaking sharply
and angrily at moments. It seemed to him [now].
that that all he never had for entirely his true,

W

...to speak.

...she jumped up with a little cry of pleasure. She swept across the room in her long trailing tea-gown with the most charming smile of welcome on her pretty face. She, too, had changed, but she was immensely glad to see Mrs Farrell just then.

"...is delightful Cecilia," she said. "I didn't know you were in England. Have you heard anything of Bertie lately? He was left in the villa, and Mamma is a little mysterious about him."

...lit up her face, introducing to you Cecilia a ... in this moment of expansion; and then drew back suddenly held her petticoats carefully away with one hand: — "Oh you mustn't forget me, but I'm so very wet. Surely you cannot have walked out here in this horrible weather!"

...people, certainly seem born to be the sport of ... circumstance. Poor Mrs. Farrell, her soul purged of all vanity and self-seeking had set off on her ... inspired in the most purely evangelical spirit. Her imagination had attached itself with clinging tenacity to this interview with Jenny Pendarby. She had rehearsed the scene twenty times over in her own mind; but, unfortunately, Cecilia's mental pictures were painted in neutral tints; they were sadly lacking in detail, in vivacity of action and in atmosphere. She had had a vision of herself — a sort of embodied providence — earnestly exhorting Jenny — a serious, grey and anxious phantom — to consider the solemnity of the present condition of her deserted husband; also, in

in

[illegible] as any [illegible]. [illegible] and [illegible] as any [illegible] in the [illegible] kingdom of [illegible]. — ~~[illegible]~~ When the [illegible] creature [illegible] in the [illegible] fields, that she was going on to [illegible] was [illegible], she had [illegible] of a strong and [illegible] conviction. [illegible] in her mind was [illegible], merging all differences of class and surroundings; ~~[illegible]~~ bringing human relations out of the [illegible] and conventional ~~[illegible]~~ on to the common ground of our common suffering. Her [illegible] walk had ~~[illegible]~~ increased the exaltation of Cecilia's state of mind. Her vision of the coming interview, though wanting in colour, was by no means wanting in ~~[illegible]~~ ~~straightness~~ strong reality to her.

[illegible] suddenly, being ushered into this warm, light, fragrant room, seeing there [illegible] into ~~[illegible]~~ their ~~[illegible]~~ an [illegible] of refined well-being and luxury, [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible], as she stood arranging herself a little by the fire, and forming a [illegible] sides of concrete [illegible] [illegible] Mr. Drake and Mr. Jack [illegible], Cecilia's [illegible] suffered a cruel shock and transition of feeling ~~[illegible]~~. What had she come out here to see? Pain, sorrow, the dread of coming ~~[illegible]~~ tragedy? — ~~[illegible]~~ that ~~[illegible]~~ which she did in fact see seemed to her [illegible] more ~~[illegible]~~ akin to kings' palaces and the [illegible] usually [illegible]! — Cecilia felt as though she had fallen from a great height. The whole world turned mean and common around her. She became absorbingly conscious ~~[illegible]~~ her own nervousness and agitation and of the [illegible] of her present

present costume. She felt how ineffectual, incongruous, almost ridiculous she must look. She did fight bravely against her humiliation; but it was no use trying to her, she could not shake off a deep conviction of her own uselessness and incapacity. For alas! the experience of Saul the son of Kish is too often exactly reversed. How many a noble soul starts forth, full of hope, in search of a kingdom; and instead of the prophet and the crown, and the oil of anointing, finds nothing after all but those familiar and irritating old animals, his father's asses. Such episodes may be brief in execution, but they are extremely discomforting.

"I walked over," she said humbly, while the fairy palace of her new ideas crumbled into ruin within her. "I wanted very much to see you, Jennie; but I had some places to call at on the way:"— She looked down with an expression at once distressed and apologetic at her damp skirts and muddy boots.—"I am so sorry," she went on; "I'm afraid I'm very dirty."

"Smith must take off her cloak, and you must get it dried for her," said the Colonel. "If you're kind enough, Miss Smith, to come out and see my wife in such weather, I'm sure the least she can do is to take good care of you when you get here".

Cecilia glanced at the speaker quickly and gratefully. Then she began fumbling at the buttons of her cloak. Unhappy Cecilia, she was desperately nervous, and all her fingers, as the saying is, turned into thumbs.

"Jennie, I must ask you to go and hurry up the carriage" Mrs. Drake", Mrs. Waite said, was meanwhile

service." The husband "thinks Wednesday may be late" when I come to see Mrs. Sudeley. Well, I daresay I do. I think Mrs. Sudeley ~~was~~ is ~~one of the~~ prettiest girls of the seventies I know. Now it was I think a year ago last autumn. I don't think it's Sadleir. I suppose I caught it from husband. Colman have been very quick about catching things. My mother always said I had a wonderfully good ear. It is a great thing to have a good ear, now isn't it Mrs. Jack Sudeley?" so we, and so on. Philip's ~~headaches~~ nerves were on edge, between ~~Con~~ Mrs. Natusch's chatter and Mrs. Kanelli's unsuccessful struggles with her watch proof on that thing he began to feel the visitors intolerable. He even went so far as to notice Jessie rattling miserably to help her guest off with that odious garment: but that young lady merely put up her eye brows with a charmingly amused expression, looked eloquently at Cecilia, ~~went~~ put clothes at her own dainty hands and then back at her husband again. The Colonel was just debating whether he had not better go down on his knees to her long ago and right there and then settle matters privately, when Augusta Sudeley mercifully ~~intervened~~ came to the rescue.

"Now Cecil in her large, capable manner:- let us do it. Your brother can sit big for your photographer, you know, Mr. Kanelli. He is right through, he must sit. There you are." she added as Jessie whipped off the offending over-garment. And then, indeed, was Cecilia, — with the true, self-sacrificing soul of a Puritan saint ~~was~~ were,

mirror: and with so long [illegible] person ~~with~~ adorned about the shoulders, with as not over fine red and white woollen wrapper, quite distinctly seen – hitting you in the face, as you may say, with its [illegible] want of elegance and distinction.

"", murmured Mr. Waterfield again, under her breath. Then she answered in her very manner. Etta [illegible] that she must go, and after an [illegible] superhuman [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ added quite [illegible] – [illegible] all. A few minutes later Mr. Jarvis made as move.

"My dear, come over and see us as soon as you can", she said, as she kissed her pretty white cheek. "We'll have a good talk about [illegible] about the ball, and really settle about things. The last week in January would be best, I think. [illegible] meets at Barnet that week, and then Mr. Shorby Archibald's ball on the Wednesday, don't know, it will [illegible] work it all in nicely. Mind, I depend on you, Jane – you've [illegible] you know, and I'm not".

"I'm devising yourself, I assure you", [illegible] as soon as "Twinglis Lane Park", [illegible] frowned his brows, as he helped Mr. Jarvis [illegible] with his hat. "She was up by Stony Crop in an uncommonly bad state – not fit to take [illegible] over at night".

Mr. Jarvis Sudeley followed in this [illegible] and left the room, Cecilia left [illegible] room by her friend had smiled. Jane had given her some [illegible]: but, she was [illegible] to dress it. She said

uncomfortably

uncomfortably enough on the ~~wood~~ settee, running her tip ~~[illegible]~~ which made a little slip and rattle every now and then from the unsteadiness of her hands.

Janie's brief tide of enthusiasm for Mrs. Farrell had speedily evaporated under the influence of the melancholy waterproof. She had found out that Cecilia had been a long while in England and could give her no fresh news ~~about~~ of Bertie's lover. Notwithstanding her delightful tea-gown the young lady felt that the last hour had not been exactly crowned with success. She was ~~not~~ a trifle out of temper, and her ~~[illegible]~~ irritation took the form of a movement of sprightly malice. She rang and heaped a couple more logs onto the fire, watched the quick leap of the flames as the frail edges of the woods touched the ~~[illegible]~~ glowing bed of coal beneath, and then turning upon her guest with a glittering smile, observed:—

"I said you wanted very much to see me Cecilia. Had you anything special to say, because here is an excellent opportunity — we are alone, I am listening".

She settled in an easy attitude, looking admirably pretty, with her head a tilt on one side and her eyes fixed on her companion's face.

Dissimulation was not Mrs. Farrell's strong point. Everything had gone badly for her, yet she clung with a ~~[illegible]~~ sort of unprofitable heroism to truth and duty.

"I want to see you very much, Janie", she said looking up ~~with~~ in her tired troubled ~~eyes~~ way, and speaking with ~~[illegible]~~ hesitation. "I had something I felt I ought to say to you: but it is so difficult to know ~~[illegible]~~ how best

to

ran it.

"I never [illegible] came in it [illegible] ...
ter. She had something of a childish delight
in hearing and confirming danger, ~~compact~~ more helpless
realities than hers.

"It is ... She very beginning dear Cecilia", she ~~plaid~~
answered with — "and as straight on. No doubt it
[illegible] will carefully [illegible] eventually understand,
even Virginia's rather as childish person".

"I afraid how something ~~Dear~~ [illegible] hard heart
me Virginia [illegible] anxiety and distaff Cecil". — There was
an appeal in the elder woman's ~~misapprehension~~
manner; dumbly she implored the girl not to laugh
at her. "And [illegible] Fanny cried you might not quite know
what to do being here, visitant Mrs. Prince. Damaway
or any old friends to speak to. Virginia, perhaps,
you would be glad to ~~post~~ talk to an woman, you
know — sometimes they show you had known as long
while. It is easier to say things to one old acquaint-
ance. — Odom is want to put myself forward", she
added hastily. "Only wanted you to make one
of me if I was not to do better".

~~[illegible]~~

In the [illegible] she [illegible] an [illegible] of different [illegible]
which Cecil [illegible] face. She remained passed
away, for a moment that painful look of uneasiness
came ~~to~~ stood out of it: then the girl seemed to answer
~~me~~ [illegible] as ~~quite~~ ~~time~~ delete variation; she became
calm, almost smiling again. — ~~[illegible]~~
Cecil was not in a condition to register, much
less ~~to~~ the meaning of these rapid changes. She
said only then her ~~[illegible]~~ lips, not at all, and
knew his words fell of emptiness ~~[illegible]~~ hopeless
and unpitying.

"?

"You must pretend to understand exactly what I mean, Cecilia" said Mrs Gale, looking over her book, while her fingers were elaborately trimming one side of her gown: — "Tonight I do not doubt that you will find me full of kindness. If you have heard any rumours to the effect that I am not happy, they are false. I am not disturbed, I am not at all anxious — why should I be?. My life is delightful — Shakespeare Phillips is charming to me. — We are all as little bred at Terry of course, and to be bred is a great evil: But now that Phillips has given up hunting I am rarely bored, because I am rarely alone". — "But Genie," cried Cecilia, speaking urgently — "Do please don't be angry with me — are you sure you are not deceiving yourself and over looking something?. — It is no kind of use I know, but you are so young, of course, you can't be expected to understand the importance of [trivial] little indications. I can see you can't have much experience. Of course I don't blame you, for we want, I only want to save you from regret, when it may be too late. — Your sister Mrs. Carrell died just now — you may be too much up hunting, and people may be in our way looking a well — don't you think" — but Miss Mrs. Carrell stopped, this blood rushed into her white cheeks; for the life of her she could get no further.

Delia paused, but it was hardly in a smile for Miss. Her lips were of small white teeth were of very pearly regularity. Her dress barely covered back in little, like some beautiful [illegible] picture of Titian, revealing nearly to shame.

"Mrs

mysterious".

"Mr. Train, Cecilia you are ~~[illegible]~~:" — she said. "Evidently my nerves are good or your ~~[illegible]~~ conversation might appear absolutely disarming".

"Yes, Yes" cried Mr. Farebrother — she could hear him from behind the door, and put out her hand to an agony of entreaty. "Don't hand me, don't send me away, don't repulse me. I would do anything you but that. I care so much about you happiness and — and — your husband's. Do listen, dear, — try to be brave and face it. ~~[illegible]~~ I would do anything in the world to help you — only".

Jervis ~~[illegible]~~ misery made her. "Go away", she burst out fiercely. "Go away Cecilia Farebrother. What right have you to come here and do this and listen to all sorts of rubbishing gossip. Let us go. Let us go. I do not want you. Can do you since to me — with that horrible woman downstairs too — and talk to me, and suggest things and make me uneasy. And come me to be violent, ~~[illegible]~~ — what do I hate being — and rude, and uncourteous as I am now. ~~[illegible]~~ I will not know, or hear, or see. I will not know Hilda you. It is all as ~~[illegible]~~, as well as ~~[illegible]~~ to Jervis my happiness. You are cruel, you are envious, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Go away from me".

While as passage of arms of no very different character seemed taking place between Mr. Farebrother and Edmund Drake on the front path.

"and to let her walk back to Sutherington, you know, in this weather", suggested as Hand's voice "nonsense". "It rains as a proof of prosperity to us, ~~[illegible]~~ you'll do me honour and stay

celebrated

celebrated dog-cart." End Fifth

Prosper, "prosper" is just two more words", retorted Mr. Drake ~~[illegible]~~ indignantly. "But God help me, think of the ~~[illegible]~~ - dog-cart, dark, unknown lady, and your humble servant - Delightful you know - there's an end of my reputation".

"I'll never know you'd any left by that train. If you were of course that at once makes a difference".

"I'll never know if you'd any left, eh?" - Mr. Drake rubbed his hands, he was immensely delighted. "Heard anything particular about me, Vera, just lately"?

"Something abominable - scandalous, - really you know I really don't like to repeat it".

Mr. Peabody gave his head at the back room of ~~[illegible]~~ ever ~~[illegible]~~ to get it into place, and laughed again, good-humouredly. "Come now Cecilia Farrell the walk back to Sutherland now, and I'll get over my modesty and tell you".

Colonel stood at the hall door listening out into the driving murky evening. The lamps of Mr. Peabody's carriage showed white as they ~~[illegible]~~ glared through the rain, as the coachman walked his horses slowly up and down the carriage sweep. The wind came driving white as snow balls round from the rear of the house and over hanging wood. work of the gables. Philip was good and very tired - worn with years of suffering and of constant watchfulness, worn with that weary daily struggle to look just as usual, to breathe and keep up appearances, worn with fear of his wife's detection, worn with yearning that she might come to him and lay her fair head on his heart and tell him that she knew all and still loved him - that it was well it should make no difference.

difference. Sudenly out with the suit and
sixpence, ~~[illegible]~~ the [illegible] more than he could
a little ~~[illegible]~~. The knight was
surprised. - How long would it all go on, he thought
to be able to stand it? But the knight
drove two miles further, with a murderous look
and [illegible] on each side. The
night it seemed gave evil counsels. He turned
back with the walls again, where Augustus
and Drake were still quarrelling each other.
Gave Phil's hands a most unnatural shrug
Hospitals over and above your subscription, there
their pride were low as Tuesday," said
the lady: "is n't that enough to make both the
county cut you? Quick now now you've made
all the rest of us look!.. Abominable.
Sudden entered the "Mr Sudenly" with the worst
little man, with an air of deep dejection - What's
all it is - Oh!.. Now I tells you what I make as
bargain with you. If I'll drive Mr Pamela home to
night if you'll be able her & your balls in January.
I would be a fair valet thing I do - Sudden
if she wanted as drawing up, your thing, some-
"now".
well, anything you like. Really must go. She'll
be expecting me, so I shall have under
rest of the bargain. Where, stop the carriage
Mr. Phillip, I'm awfully late. And mind
never ever on your an pain - We're always
delighted to see - I believe I've your partner
every day. - Good-bye Mr. Drake - mind you
don't back out of your engagement -
Yes, all right". Same well worked up - Standish".
Sudenly" cried Mr. Drake, pressing back with the
hall

all against them Mr. Jarvis was fairly upset. "No regularly unfit for work, I've got to make provision for their widows. Do you mean that's the meaning of these words?" I've got an unmarried sister." Gerald repeated the words dully: "an unmarried sister." Again he perceived immediately that something had gone wrong. His face worked with the pain of his error.

"You mean her?" she demanded, pointing to Mr. Quelch, who stood as though petrified with his head on one side. "Did you mean that was an unmarried sister?"

"Dear child," he quietly, he answered with a low voice. "I've said nothing of the sort. I don't even know that you are talking about."

Turning in the direction of Philip's voice, and in a horror at the pain he had given, and yet was glad, was just that Cecilia Carvell. He had done no good, it was all an irrevocable failure. The very completeness of her defeat, the impossibility of explanation and protesting heavily in the right gave her the dignity of desperation. He could not turn away, to look again at Philip Sudeley as he was moved across the room.

"I," she said quietly. "I am very much pained at what has occurred—?"

Mrs Colonel Sudeley helped her. She was thankful to have something to speak about.

"Friends Drake is just going to dress for dinner," he said airily, to Pamela, and hesitated a little as he

wife's shoulder meanwhile. "The detective was to ask if you would do him the honour of dining back with him. It's a wretched night, and will be very dark soon. I don't think you ought to walk."

Lisa hesitated. She was very unhappy, she would have been glad to be alone, but she did not want to seem unreasonable or in any way spoiled.

"very kind of Mr. Drake", she said, and her voice was as little shaky. —

"I'll see you any question, Philip", ~~Virginia~~ said Jenny when she found herself alone with her husband. "I don't want to talk about it. It is not true. But we forget all about it"

She came and nestled up against him, and then his arms round her went.

"you love me as much as ever, Philip" she asked.

Edward Enderby paused for a brief appreciable space of time before answering. Then he moved his head solemnly as in answer she sought.

"my wife", he said, "I love you just as much as ever."

He was silent for a minute or two. At the end of that time he said: — "I don't think I like Mr. Chesfield. I shall not ask him here again, Lizzie".

Lisa's face brightened. "he returned the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~

"I ~~[illegible]~~ did just as soon you did not". "I don't care much ~~[illegible]~~ either to tell the truth"

XXI The Fulfilment of Prophecy.

Flesh or spirit?

summer and autumn Florence her dtr. daughter's wedding were to Mr. Pierce. Darwin a period of deep and searching experience. She was made to return upon herself, and that return was not made without considerable pain and mortification. She examined herself, and to no need to her own: the examination revealed many faults that were far from flattering to her self-love, the weakness of her own character never came to her so very fully before with pleasant help and peace. After all, visits of this ever-watching receipt felt in our intercourse to friends well with Frauenlob, it was not as little to Mr. Pierce. Darwin's credit that she should so sincerely acknowledge her own short-comings. So he advanced in to her life capable of amendment, and to be capable of amendment in proportion to which one is of a conscientious nature.

This came as news of drama Etruscan most salutary to herself: to this end, in harder and more agreeable or mitigating daily commands. Eleanor was tied to many different directions. She had come to realize with more intensity her responsibility towards Philip Pridden. She exaggerated her own share

was in his marriage, ~~and~~ happiness that part that
~~husband~~ he, after all, as an equitable arrangement to make
her purpose as she was to have some make it. She
looked with keenest anxiety to the Englishe part:
and managed to read letters that time since to a
certain ~~extent~~ misfortune explained whenever she
received a letter either from Jenni or that school.
The former ~~headmistress~~ handle writing was new of
a steady write. Her communications were rather un-
-wise, desiring having the said and warning to un-
-certain. Jenni was still cairly enough, but the very
-most required more than were cairly, ~~unreasonable~~
~~was~~ she demanded, as usual, assurances and
assertions. — That did not seem to her to come. Would
Sunday when he eternal to his wife, did no time
this letter was by of this and ardent lover: yet
evening, ~~that~~ ~~morning~~ pleasure, was not wholly satisfied. On
that other hand, let it be granted, that ~~his~~ her
was of nature ~~so~~ very, more ~~accommodating~~ to believe
in that unity was ~~a~~ disease of self, writes.
was not too, ~~was~~ His letter ~~became~~ showed with ~~one~~ a
regularity and exactitudes to careful quite to
desire that receive of them. They were amusing
and affectionate letter; but, they were want in
in that ~~was~~ call that not of intimacy. They
were the letter of as man who is sensible of an
obligation, and who strive to fulfil ~~obligation~~
~~in~~ it in the very best manner. — Anxious Jane
eyes ever his every subtlety. Ralph was thankful
in his ~~love~~: in company with ~~a~~ so agreeable young
friend could make of his occupation cause. They were
making research; he was quite learned by - yet
not without perplexing tricker of his habitual
eyesight — of mind less plain & stupendous brain

of

of deserts, and camels, and Arab Sheiks, and the last iniquity of the Dragoman. His route was uncertain, she said, it was difficult to say exactly where or when letters would find him. — Sometimes he encamped high up the Nile sporting expeditions in a party of his patients, sometimes the camel was ready saddling for an early start. Poor creatures, one was sure and anxious, she was certainly as good as dead to England. Her life seemed to her wretchedly purposeless, barren and sterile.

Poor Mrs Read returned: 'no, but that Lady's gentle influence was delightful, and Parker's crimes hindered and delayed Mr. Price. Dawson sadly. A household wretched externally & women in always liable to alter as time in this sage eccentric and hysterical weather. Mrs Price's anxious face regarded her as entered the room grave - it hurt her to scold - no one merely tried, ~~could~~ could one of this thing prepared to affront that she alone was restoring her dead child's state were existing unmitigable rigour of incipient ruin. Mrs Price. Dawson had risen to respond to go away. At moment she related this little red villa, yet she had a morbid dread of leaving it and ~~go~~ venturing into the cold world again. The summer was hot, the dust and flies from the ~~sea~~ high road and the sea close & blinding. In one shudder day flowers and the poor little Mrs Read began to fade out. She missed Jemima's ~~night~~ gay conversation; she missed the gentle excitement, never paralysed, produced in our innocent and virginal heart, ~~existence~~ in the daily sight of a good kind & young man into

that

was more attractive & also attributed — as Miriam. Miss
Isaac began to make little musicale and dramatic.
Her round little figure also was the theme of
her wild & grey clothes and alpaca duster because
quite loose and baggy; her pale blue eyes grew
daily more vague and watery. Between meals and
worry, and deprivation she was on the verge of a
nervous breakdown. — Suddenly Mr. Peirce. Railway
disaster also Fire, called heroism & murder &
slipshod and ingratitude; and behind her companion
(had time to)
room drew as near as or utter as terrible just it should
disappear again & giving a even body so much
trouble. She [illegible] was terrible with locked
doors and closed shutters in the case of the peasant
woman, and she nearly was burning pelted
back into the good spirits and plumpness among
the [illegible] cook reaper and deep green valleys
of Savoy.

Her manner, now the nervous disorder subsided in
to [illegible]; and to her old trivial —
Miriam by the way remained her pretty dreadful phrase she
assumed her obituary mode of existence —
Eleanor
[illegible] read continued to add
a few one or to shake more accurately to
arrive at the past, which first the secretary of
her republican friends and Mr. Isaac's advent
had put to flight some years previously. She plunged
into [illegible], once more, the occasions [illegible] which
the [illegible] of her world. Miriam Burt Mrs Miriam —
Miriam to the conservatives of cultivated
and agreeable Boston Catholic priest — Miriam
she happened to meet during her sojourn in
the mountains — her [illegible] appreciation turned
to hunger in the direction of the Protestant

but

at it that St. Pius Roman Communion. Our article was, - namely, an Oratorian, - talked to Mr. Pierce. Tuesday with admirable tact drawing adaptibility, and with that modelessia suggestion & miniatable personal existence should in a baptismal in an ecclesiastic woman. Cath: civil it not seem with it must ~~abbacies it as~~ refined & spiritual town in Bayreuth Italy; Bayreuth, unquestionably, in that present day, has the privilege & quietness that is not equal to those & that profoundly agitating and alluring system.

Pierce. Dawson was unhappy, she was in need & advice, she yearned — as she had pain: greatly does depth in the way — after as during: Christ vocation. A light rested to break upon her troubled spirit. She confessed to that stranger things which she would have found it impossible to tell her closest friend. — Perhaps she ~~was~~ ~~spiritually~~ has never quite forgotten that wonderful which dwelt her last visit with him, or the two that crossed him & that moment. Besides, with the element & the embarrassing words dropped her, and the manner & the stranger with her ear.

"Ourselves", he said, was with infinite consolation. Grace only to dawn them: — The door & her holy heart & God ever open, her hands are ever outstretched ~~to~~ in pleading, to draw souls to her. She alone was dared to fulfil the whole & the divine injunction, addressing the words & the serpent to the ~~to~~ wilderness & the dove. She alone had had the glorious audacity to look at the ~~the~~ nature, as it really is; not to turn away her

eyes

her home that is vile and foul and shameful in it; as they in [illegible] outraged pride or [illegible] despair. (Can restrain dare to) Yet how even wounds and scarches deep with this secret shame of mans sin-corrupted heart become thus even that as miraculous power of healing in this her, and that she was hope to [illegible] for his not degraded and fallen. Since persons restore to smiles at the Church as archaic, or the perverse perversity of anti-moral superstition. In visit the of, also [illegible] religious existence in the only basis and prophetic one. While realms join hands on the wideness and beauty of this part, she is willing to use the wideness and beauty of this present; [illegible] – this visit this disease of the soul as modern existence steals these of the body, she is always experimenting, acquiring new facts, recognizing parts manifestations of trivial law. Jesus is her and this with you was not – that only can possible amidst this vitiated decrepit, the anarchic and conflicting parsons of modern life. She offer you the reverence of faith and of obedience. She savior you from yourself; she give you as rule of life consecrated by the acceptance of saints and martyrs. She give you as law as well as gospel – believe me, that's a case [illegible] to no [illegible] other [illegible] with not accept this first as well as the last of these two things!

P. Peace. Dawson went back to the little road [illegible] with the writing sense of as great responsibility weighing over her. She was deeply stirred. [illegible] How much the dearness of her new teacher's

voice

ries and no answer. His delight in the natural joys of the world and his knowledge of it, were his very own, instinctive, & cannot be pretended to pronounce. Because his mind was [illegible] his body & mind and his whole state of consciousness [illegible] the evidences of the Lady's nature and her present unsatisfied state of her affections, seemed to him very certainly what he imagines a good [illegible]. Here, I feel that some idealist — always supposing that an idealist should understand & observe these humble pages — may cry out rather angrily — "is there no influence, then, which does one human being exercise on another." That is surely pure, unalloyed by any question of sense, above all reproach of the material & sensuous element"? That question is a painful and risky one to answer. Yet I am afraid that Jeremy will have must honestly confess that in his part he has never yet had the happiness of witnessing the operation of such an influence. He certainly is odd — in self denial - that if in any of these he should do so, it will give him a deeper satisfaction & [illegible] than [illegible] Browning. Nonsense. He is her spiritual partner: Walter quite reminds. She shall [illegible] early written upon his to pass on a road of doubt and indecision. It was not [illegible] image able to see, enhance, in this condition of mental agitation made [illegible] extremely [illegible] & real, and as long as one is suffering so cruelly [illegible] cannot be [illegible]. The road = victory of the situation was only real. She was constantly reminded to be read above the [illegible] of the Saints, Writings of the Church, and heaven knows and more old & orthodox dogmatic and doctrinal

notes.

der. She got a little unreasonable, Dennis Sewell, a journalist Anglican & Roman Catholic was devastated as the Anglican Secret Bishop was beautifully put about by this outbreak of controversy over the head of her national. She had a residential in the Early British Church versus Augustine and had been working to speaks with commendable asperity of the unwavering patriotism of the Bishop of Rome. How also the foundation of her writing seemed in danger of being rent asunder. She from dear British Church daily Mediaeval to annum as Arabic magic, mythical character, this Augustine appeared painfully historical & yet it also her own was alter ego; and, like Real candlestick herself, more than once in the act of restituting the subverting & perfunctory. It is Holiness for the her former continuous and unpublishably unsilver appellation.

The end of December, Eleanor, was in a state of mind in which one knew not what strong hand would have settled the matter for good and all. She was constant in her attendance at the large, gaudily opaque decorated church down at Seria; she had and meditated regularly, she talked and thought of little besides this one subject — and undeniably it was a subject on which there is a vast amount to be said.. Miss Read returned above up in her large bed. chamber over the cardamom shed & in search of moderate Anglicanism and the church of her fathers. Parties gave daily rise grew and angular. Reverend she failed to see what duty God was bidden to gain by an advance of religious opinion. It all very well to talk generally, sometimes different

She

he said: — "But Bertie, don't take me — you ain't
a bit different really. It's just the same as a
woman changing ~~on~~ her name in marriage; she
fancies she going to step out of all her old rags:
but she finds out she's the same woman after all —
though I'll be bound she wishes she wasn't often
enough. Not I never held very much with Mr.
Jones", she added: — "but I can't say but what I
should be glad to see him if he came back just
now".

Kate to whom the above observations were addressed
gave no direct answer; her mild blue eyes were
intently fixed upon a large grease spot which sadly
disfigured the front of her grey alpaca.
…er smiled. There was a fluidity, so to speak, about
this Kate which made her appear a very feeble
and trivial affair at times to the strong-minded waiting-
woman.

~~[illegible]~~ By the beginning of the new
year ~~Mrs Parson Freeman~~ Eleanor believed she had arrived
at an irrevocable decision. She wrote a long and
expansive letter to her acquaintance of the summer.
Her arguments and sympathy had so ~~much~~ deeply
affected her. Nor did ~~Mrs Parson Freeman~~ Eleanor weaken, Kate
drawing half nearer. The magical glamour of
the strictly religious life dazzled her imagination.
She longed by one definite act to cut short ~~all her~~
all her ~~spiritual~~ difficulties of faith and of the
affections. ~~[illegible]~~ She
rehearsed to herself her parting letters to Bertie
Jones and to the Frederics. To Bertie ~~[illegible]~~, it
would be a tremendous slap in the face ~~[illegible]~~ which she
~~had~~ a bitter pride in the thought of ~~giving~~ administering — Colonel
Frederic, she ~~[illegible]~~ felt, would probably remonstrate

and

and her sympathies were always with the poor. Her visits were usually to wretchedly dilapidated old cottages. But these visits were the most delightful ordeal of her quiet country life. She was ever ready with a kind word. She sympathized with every trouble, and was distressed to see pain or poverty without doing all in her power to relieve it. Her manner was full of dignity, and yet so gracious.

Her visit of special announcement of her engagement was peculiarly characteristic. Mr. Parker, Eleanor's servant, opened the door. He informed her that his master was not at home, but that he would be back in a few minutes. Miss Stone sat down in the parlor and began reading a book of communications with the Spirit World, which she had brought with her. Presently Mr. Parker entered, and Miss Stone, rising, said, "I have come to see you, Mr. Parker, on a matter of great importance to myself." Parker replied, with a look of surprise, "Of course, you can do as you like, ma'am, as I'm a stranger here, but I cannot imagine what you can have to say to me." Miss Stone then explained that she was engaged to be married, and that the gentleman was Mr. Parker's employer. "Why, ma'am," he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that you are going to be married?" Miss Stone answered that such was her intention. "Well, ma'am," he added, "I wish you joy, I'm sure. You've got a fine husband, and a good master, I can tell you." Miss Stone remarked that she thought Mr. Pierce had somewhat the appearance of a middle-aged Quaker. Parker's face lighted up with a broad grin. "Why, you don't take it seriously, Parker," she cried. "You don't believe me?"

There is nothing more to be said. The rest is a blank. Parker and Miss Stone left the house together, and walked down the road. Parker was heard to chuckle at intervals, and to mutter to himself, "Well, I never!"

W.P.

Mrs Price. Pearson felt extremely angry. She called the next morning — She packed her things up, the little we villas were dreadfully cold — She about her handsome hut and shrubbery and sweet Miranda was down there.

Mesquiences, Jerusalem, & the medicine was [illegible] a/c stated, "Mrs Head was helpful particularly Hand at work on the hair & this varnish and shrubs Miss Tony during the following week. It was an odious day. — One of these days, he said, in which beautiful, misling Bialy quiet way to the velvet sleeper, and become as perfect virago. She hands wind rushed round the corners & the house, rattling the wooden shutters backwards and forwards between the plastered walls and their mortgages, and [illegible] shrieking in every crevice of the ill-fitting wood-work. Sharp shower of snow and sleet fell at intervals, rattling on the roof below and the long line of sewage on the beach; and beyond them the Hand passed, a starved and [illegible] (poverty stricken) old) world shuddering in cold grey sky.

[illegible] (Eleanor) visits her boys and sisters. Her husband and her murdering the & present aunt Patrick — She used to find "Cakes for Lucky" — was sitting in the small drawing-room, & beside the had "had" her memorable conversation with Colonel Sudder. She drew a/c the Miss Hamiltons [illegible] Pearson & the room was [illegible] Her [illegible] legged shirts and gold chain, the high bare walls, the pale tapestried ceiling, and the two Hanchard windows curtainless — was in [illegible] in the drawing that made their way in

freely

-ile at the fingers and catches of the large case-ments produced so sufficiently cheerless and even poverty stricken interior. Two miserable little Italian billets of wood, piled them together as one may upon the hearths, seemed powerless to dispel the deathly chill that lingers about ~~so~~ these vaulted chambers and marble floors from November till April.

~~Raison Tragson~~ (Eleanor) drew her ~~soft~~ soft fur cloak closer about her and shivered. She ~~had~~ was bound to disregard ~~the~~ temporal comforts, to cultivate ~~and~~ austere ascetic habits of mind; meanwhile she disliked this bleak weather quite enormously, and had a ~~most~~ frivolous disposition to grumble loudly over the draughts and the moaning wind.

"Éléonore, dont nous raconterons plus tard la tranquille courage," read Miss Keat carefully minding ~~some~~ both her pronunciation and her commas:— "et la fervente piété, avait été prévenue:"—

~~Raison~~

"I'm interrupting you" said ~~Miss Raison Tragson~~ (Eleanor): "but don't you think if the ~~[illegible]~~ screen was pulled a little more that way — no, like that I mean, to the right — we should be warmer?. There's a simply polar blast coming in at that window. Yes, thanks, that really is better. — And Ségnarne, don't trouble to go back pray. I remember about his piety and courage".

Miss Keat sat down again by the small table loaded with severe-looking volumes. Her gentle and modest spirit and her dependent position made these same saintly lives very attractive to her. The calm, delicate antique pages of Montalembert were more sympathetic to ~~her~~ Miss Keat than she was quite willing

...kin is allow.

...ver she went on:— "avait été prévenu que les bords de l'inépuisable forêt où il allait s'aventurer étaient occupés par des bandes d'assassins."—

"There is some one at the front door!" exclaimed Mrs. Pierce-Dawson.

Notwithstanding her magnificent projects and ...ly sprawling religious moods and fancies, the lady was at bottom, like all true women, essentially concrete and personal. The each saint, with his courage and bands of assassins was undoubtedly very important,— she had a perfectly sincere belief that his life had a subtle and mysterious, if slightly obscure, bearing upon her own spiritual interests and history. And yet, alas! for human weakness, somebody at the front door was certainly more immediately interesting. She had the grace, however, to make an attempt at concealing an open acknowledgement of this pitiful fact, from both herself and Miss Keats; and added:—

"No one, in their senses, would dream of coming here today! It really would be most annoying. When we are settled ~~door~~ down to work like this, I hate being interrupted."

"des bandes d'assassins, que l'on qualifiait même d'anthropophages." "N'importe," avait-il répondu à celui de ces proches qui:—

"There is some one coming upstairs," said Mrs. Pierce-Dawson. She let the needle-work she held in her hands slip onto the ground at her side. Her mouth was slightly open, she sat bolt upright listening intently.

"Possibly Marie going to fasten the drawing-room shutters."

shrieked

mother"; "Mrs Head ~~screeched~~ in a tone of voice
we had. Then she went on reading again. – Was
it one of her "mothers" who used to visit the
Archbishop of this region, & who told him
"truths" which ultimately led them to arrive? –
"Head, you must stop, I say stop", cried Mr.
Vice-Chancellor.

She stood up, ~~absconded~~
and this was very rude. Her "manners" have ever
been a trifle eager but this was, and this principal
reason (she still wins) ~~remains~~ why I have been her devoted
& royal ally & partisan. And I'll tell Mrs Head
so if we meet: seriously, ~~unbiased~~ truthful
encomiasts like myself & the ~~Archbishop~~ archivals
in bodily fear of the aforesaid mentioned antics
of this lunatic ~~artist~~ virtuoso.

Eleanor
& came
in exulting laughs.

"I knew it – I knew it," she said under her
breath. Then in exploration grew fierce and defiant
again.

"Ever since we met at Lord Mayor's banquet to make
room for Lord Randolph & mother, & I quite
admirable Mrs. Bertie Inner Wheel as friend
& this must admirable composure. He dawdled with
the rivals drawing room of this Villas Martelli,
& his voice was music & his dark eyes
under, on which his Princess Consort drew,
as this & as I & as was she had met, keen
as ever as I walk on hour

murmured in
~~was heard~~ ~~in~~ his sick sweet tones; "I was really
sitting & moderately warm as here. What
mercy!. She weather outside is a scandal. It
an absolute outrage".

Eleanor
"I have come back", said ~~Mrs Bertie Brown~~

scarcely.

scarcely. She did not dare to go forward and the great lawn, but stood quite still in her former rigid attitude.

"I believe so," she replied, smiling at her middle. "Such it was a very reasonable thing to do?.. It is quite a long time, since we owned it thus of it, since Charles had the pleasure of seeing you, dear cousin Nell and Miss Read".

The lawn bowed pleasantly to the two ladies, as the birds hushed their speech. Miss Read bridled for: "certainly". "Sir". "Mr. Lawn" she said.

"Pray" "as also you to indulge me" he continued: — "to do me as favour, a quite prodigious favour, Miss Read. Come here - hither - to me - and shelter Roland up in. Would you see lightning by me, and arrange about bringing down as soon as possible, and getting me baggage shifted in carriage direct at Perfect by Station?" — It would be a real act of charity, on your part, Miss Read — as I am in up of unfortunate disarmed acquaintance".

"Mr. Lawn", said that lady again — quite in shocked.

sat down

voice. Come near" lawn again in the order of the day, in the sea, in the sun, in the rain. Read quite so much rushed round the house, and banged and rattled the shutters, while the dear lawn regained the glass of the windows. But the storm shook raged in the beautiful woman's spirit as of every fierce quality. She adored the man, and yet she almost loathed him, as he stood quietly warming his hands at the fire. He was so infuriatingly calm and suave, so deliberately indifferent in manner. Read she was exercised sensible again, of the tremendous power he

over

her her. She was in the middle of silence when this last left the room, that Mr. Peirce. Dawson, Rose.

"Have you come back Betty?" she demanded. "I afraid I cannot tell you, Eleanor", he said, looking round at her, and this distinguished her well. Rachel handed the warder the key..." It was disputed of me — but — well — I am sorry, if you are sorry, if you can't be me".

"Annie" she replied, with an effort "I'm glad. I am actually sorry to have caused anyone complainment about it".

Then came across from the fire. Grace and it drove at the other end of the wide sofa. Eleanor flushed her pale cheeks wide with tears. She was in the depression. She wanted to maintain the distant possible limit of distance between herself and her companion.

"Annie Bell", he said, looking at her with certain steadiness of gaze:— "do not let it be unfriendly or ungracious. It is unnatural. I have come here with the intention of privacy — just to talk to you. I want to consult you; really, he once in my life. There got something which appears to me important, to say".

Pause. Nothing to confess of her gaze. There was a trace of hesitancy in her manner: but Mr. Peirce. Dawson made no show to withdraw. His own eyes were on: Rachel when she once dared to withstand her influence.

"Annie" he went on; "I have you, to end my

Trina

Anna particulars about the Underclothes?"
Cecil. Dawson turned back her head inattentively.
"It was the use of the word 'nature' that
misled them," she explained. "I was referring
to my character — to the D.D. Tom. Cecil
will forgive her, I am sure."
"It is nothing, certainly. I am pleased
that I have been of service."
"But does the address of the Underclothes matter?"
"Why, what's her name?" enquired Mr. Cecil Dawson.
Conversation. Decidedly your recent
travels have had a highly beneficial effect
upon your mind."
Her mind of Randolph
Things are explained (Well) simple
universally advocated. His true cure of mental
(but not entirely this small fault in it)
disorders, it may really be efficacious now and again.
But seriously — to return to the matter in hand.
I received a short explanatory letter from Cecilia
with the Paris dear. Cecilia's explanation was
slightly unsatisfactory, it was vague in matter of
particulars, it was lucidity, it does not exactly
explain what we would call literary merit. Still
made out something from it; - quite enough to
go on with. She hints at dark mysteries and
direful regardless of Lord, — don't be
alarmed, no moral danger of any kind. He
remains the original good boy, I assure you.
But I really am afraid that good self is in trifle
perplexed, just now, and stands hard in the heels
of folly. It has an [illegible] discover that writing is
really an [illegible] uncomfortable one. He is ill,
and won't let his friends write any more of sincerely
his love, — Bertie [illegible] bored and ruined his
[illegible] eyesight. Now." Well, he will know Cecil," he added
quickly.

quickly. "Cecil is a great many delightful things. But he is not touchy. He would not mind a word." Pierce. Pomeroy listened with deep interest. She began to get scared, while all her old vague fear of Mrs Pierce Sudeley. She knew she just dared to look at her husband and Pierce with appealing trembly and earnestly in his face, as she said: —

Sudeley did me a great kindness. He was released very nobly by me. If Cecil is true I must withdraw, I must try to help him, I must do something".

Mona Mary shrugged her shoulders.

"We must get his friendship. Colonel Sudeley is our friend as Cecil's — your godfather, you always tell me — we always, we alone Cecilia's personal friends. Now we've talked any man would be to cut my throat Mr. Murray in that capacity of as mother-in-law. — Well! Cecil never to have done her best to withdraw his charge — poor dear Cecilia!.. But her withdrawal was a little — how can I put it exactly? — it proved abortive any way. Now she writes to me; she says Evans influences with Cecil, does withdraw me to me it. I think me as a little awkward, Cecil Bell — and Evans Cecil to assert me".

Pierce Pomeroy sat upright and silent. Her (worked) (forgot) (kindness) to Cecil,

...gh in Tristram's is
must think it over carefully", said Mrs. Innes
", she murmured oddly, "we must think it over".
Innes was walked away to Mrs. Keats's ~~[illegible]~~ little
table and ~~[illegible]~~ turned over the books that
lay on, reading their titles ~~[illegible]~~ as ... possible
in the way. Undoubtedly he seemed ~~[illegible]~~ embarrassed
and not quite certain how best to conduct himself.
"What ugly little abomination Malvolio all night?"
he asked hurriedly.
"Mine is," answered Mrs. Pierce-Dawson, ~~[illegible]~~.
Since Paris's wedding day the monkey had been
anything but a favourite with her, and she had
banished him strictly to the lower regions of the
red villa.
"Are you remaining here to-night, Ernest?" she
added, after a pause. The situation was not ~~[illegible]~~ an
easy one to sustain. It weighed heavily upon her.
She felt she could hardly stay in the room
with her cousin without the conversation going
further; and it could hardly fail, in going further, to
become dangerous. She picked up her work that
had been neglected on the floor for the last
quarter of an hour, got up and prepared to leave
the room.
"I'll go and speak to Parker about preparing
your room", she said.
Innes dropped the book he was examining
on the table; it slipped and fell ~~[illegible]~~ to the ground
with a bang; he did not stop to pick it up again,
but came quickly across to her.
"Just ~~[illegible]~~ one minute, please, ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor", he said.
"I have only half done my story".
Pierce-Dawson sank back into the chair again,
and

and looked up at the young man, with his dark handsome face, and was smitten [illegible] as he stood before her. Exactly what ~~change~~ in his appearance revealed the fact to her, she would have been quite unable to say, but Mrs. Pierce-Duncan had a subtle perception that ~~something~~ a very extraordinary change had ~~happened~~ come over him.

[illegible] is it, Bertie", she cried, in sudden agitation:— "What is it?.. For God's sake tell me."

[illegible] is dead", he answered.

[illegible] Bertie threw his [illegible] composure gave way utterly and entirely. The wild, hot, [illegible] nature burst out and overflowed in him. He flung himself down on the sofa.

[illegible] free", he cried; "I am free. The chain is broken, [illegible]. I belong to myself. I am my own master.— [illegible] has been damnable — like a madman I loved [illegible] years ago, — like a madman, nay, like a very devil. I have rebelled and hated, and yearned and agonized at the freedom. And now it is all over.— The past is wiped out. It has come, this thing I so wildly desired to have, and — and — [illegible] fool that I am — I shrink before it. It is so new and strange I am fairly frightened".

[illegible] covered his face with his hands, ~~and~~ threw himself [illegible] and till his head rested right down on ~~Mrs.~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor's knees and broke into an absolute storm of weeping.

~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor She was shaken to the very foundation of her being. There was a fascination delight in the position that was terrible, thrilling. Her whole heart melted in tender joy. Yet she struggled [illegible] not to give way, not to take advantage of

his mind over-mastering emotion, thoughts each of his own as he sat there sent a ~~giddy~~ thrill of delicious anguish right through her. ~~Mrs. Pierce-Dawney~~ Eleanor, sat up ~~[illegible]~~ tall and still, with the folds of her thick dress falling about her. She laid one thin white hand on the varnished gilded woodwork of the back of the ~~[illegible]~~ sofa, and let the other hang down idly at her side. With not so much as a finger would she touch him. She would be quite ~~[illegible]~~ quiet and passive — come what might. Pettie ~~[illegible]~~ should never have to regret that he had so lost himself and so trusted her.

A woman is too heavily handicapped. The body, her body, was ~~[illegible]~~ while the will is yet steady and active. ~~[illegible]~~ The young man's passion did not wear itself out, and the strain of it was too great for Mrs. Pierce-Dawney. Her sight became blurred and dim, a ~~[illegible]~~, sickening languor crept over her; and then ~~[illegible]~~ Pettie ~~[illegible]~~ recovered himself at last, and looked up with a keen sense of of ~~[illegible]~~ shame and self-recollection — Mrs. Pierce-Dawney lay back, pale and lifeless against the great padded sofa cushions, in a dead faint. There was a first-rate nurse, as had already been mentioned. He chafed the woman's hands, brought her salts and eau-de-Cologne — and, all the while, he was in a whirl of thought, of doubt and perception, and of fateful decision. This woman loved him; in person she was very attractive, he was ~~[illegible]~~ sincerely attached to her. There was nothing very fresh about it all, perhaps: but, then, who can't have everything, and Pettie's lines at five and thirty was ~~something~~ a bit of a philosopher. It is not a thing to be treated lightly after all, ~~[illegible]~~ the passionate love ~~passionately~~

love of
~~friendship~~ as beautiful and noble. Beautiful woman,
this hurt this ~~to~~ worst as well as this best of
yours. Mrs. Peirce-Dawney was for part her first motive, but
there was Bertie surely, in that matter. He
was undeniably concerned as deeply having shown
the tenderest of these — for Bertie had only
ceased as dear lover. Yet Bertie ~~had~~ ~~had~~
pondering over this white face of this woman before
him, in the slowly opened luminous ~~eyes~~ eyes, with
consciousness once more ~~again~~ to this vivid and familiar
evil of that strange historical of our encounter—.
And this grace to know, that in receiving this
acknowledgement of her affection, he was receiving
very much more. Again, in effect, he was in some measure
in debt.

"Ah," he said, sitting down by her again, and
taking her hand; "it is forgivable to care for
me as little?"

Eleanor
~~Isabel~~ was very weak; to this encouraged
the double initiative of his further attempt at
reassurement. Her expression of her delicately shaded
words was said, but it was chiefly sweet as the
answered him.

"It quarrel has been as long since we parted, Bertie".
"Not
"Profane ~~lovers~~ Bertie", he said. — "But you were
"and very generous".

"Shame", Susan answered "this quarrel before
you asked it".

He then raised her hand and kissed it, looking at
her very tenderly as he did so.

He tried to lift the other raised hand to his
Mrs. Peirce-Dawney's face.

"Stop, stop" — she cried with sudden desperate
energy: — "stop before it is too late. You will be regret
this

this, you will wish it undone. Cancel it now at once. Tell me you don't mean it, that it is all a crazy dream and delusion. — You have been hurried into it unwisely, without due consideration through my ~~[illegible]~~ folly. — Take it back while you can. I will forgive you — I'll drive it out of my mind. I will never, never refer to it or reproach you. — But if you go through with it Bertie — oh! I am so weak — I ~~could~~ shall not be able to bear it, it will break my heart."

His answer. Bertie Innes bent forward and kissed her on the lips.

"'Tis ordained, ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor — it is done and settled. Pray don't say so many charming things to me; you will make me intolerably conceited. And it would be ~~a great~~ an serious mistake on your part to increase the number of my offensive peculiarities just as you have made up your mind to pass the remainder of your natural life in my company."

That same evening, when she had read Felicia Harrell's letter, Mrs. Darwan turned ~~[illegible]~~ in thought very warmly towards the Colonel. Did she after all practically owe him everything? ~~[illegible]~~ She had got what she had longed so ardently for at last, and ~~[illegible]~~ the satisfaction of her longing far from making her bliss, exalted her moral nature, ~~[illegible]~~ and induced in her a craving after conduct that seemed to her heroic and splendid. "I must go to England, Bertie," she said. — "Yes, I will dare to trust you. Indeed I should feel safer if you were there again."

Mrs. Darwan lifted her head proudly, and she then looked really superb, as she spoke. "What a

medicine

medieval 'exhibition'. The 'magician' giving his patients a 'preliminary' which included the use of [illegible] ear. But that was nothing, though the future ages would rival barbarism now! —

Just say that Adèle was rather humbled at moment: as, 'wish to offer up my suffering as an expiation. While in writing or against it', you must have Colonel Lindsay". was all very well. Bertie smiled and raised his eye. brow. 'A' enough's enthusiastic [illegible] [illegible] subject appeared to him both pretty and amusing.

was the highest regard to the 'the Colonel' he said: "We, dear it was a time you, Nell. that time is a man see as slight inconsistencies .. We were not united during his stay here in the exact the true border of affection."

ver minds", she answered. "Cecilia is right — your words have great weight with [illegible] them any one else. She will attend to what you say. You must go, you won't manage it. Eleanor

Emily", added "[illegible]", very smooth and gentle, "if Jane wishing you should go — I realize that risk — you can hardly refuse.

ver made her own comments on W. Hunt's return. Adèle she apprehended all the consequences likely to result from that event I cannot say: but, she decided a characteristic way of expressing a general sense of approval.

Kiss you might as well as that time was left of breath", she said, as she looked out her mirror to make of fine dusky hair that night.

Eleanor turned

[illegible] round with a glorious

theatre

dreadful and blasphemous eyes.

"Now, you are impertinent", she cried. "How many days will it take?"

"We know your own minds best, of course, Ma'am", returned the stout woman calmly. "You make me quite sick with your many dreadful oaths, when you don't about the boat — you never could sit quiet and sensible to have your hair brushed ever since you were a child. — Only three months, as I told you, we are warning as thin as skin — they don't pray for my three blessedness: and I thought we might get to be going out of house keeping quite so soon after all".

We ended up with a very audible sniff.

The polemics and the lives of the saints and the shepherd Hermas and the religious house and the nativity & consolations of the holy Orations? — Why, well, sweet reader, we must look at the needs of your human nature. Mr. Bertie Power had come back, you see, and that had made a difference in the relative values of these things.

~~[illegible]~~

Dr. Symes comes next, capping a
fine mistake by a second.

Lord Sudeley's ball was a great success. Everybody said so, and in the verdict of the multitude it was — as usual, so democratic the good of the present era, assures us. The whole entertainment went off admirably, it had all been done generously and in the very best style. One disturbing episode did occur in the course of the evening. Which is a moralist of a morbid and gloomy temper might have served as a text for his ~~[illegible]~~ depressing discourse. One member of the assembled company did unquestionably, leave his measure of enjoyment less full than it might. But, after, there — let us by all means avoid the rash swamp glaciers of over-tender sentiment, and taking our stand on the solid ground of common-sense proclaim aloud the ~~[illegible]~~ consolatory doctrine of the greater's happiness of the greater's number. Viewed from this consideration of ~~[illegible]~~ the fate's, it will, here and there, be found a lamentable small sum of misery. We will base our sober broad lie, stand on its firm legs very wide apart ~~[illegible]~~ and so keep our balance, despite of certain

walker and ~~[illegible]~~ weariness. Shake the enchantment of the musicians be silenced and the spell of the dancers be stayed, shake the cold baked meats be left untasted and the wine undrunk because our individuals bar had the ill luck to fall a victim to some of their manifold evils who else be ever on watch for the unhappy sons and daughters of men?.

Indeed, says the wise World, such things are altogether to common to affect us; are they not happening somewhere all day long? Rather, then, let the pulse of the value beat fainter and more urgently, and the bitter liquor drink more rapidly across the steaming floor, while the hot air of the ball-room palpitates with light and emotion. — Dance on, ever the wise World; let the beautiful machine work its fuller's sway. Fill it drunk, at least. The fevered lover and harassed, wandering fleeting onwards to wards the chill solemnity of the waiter dawn, even as the fantastic, pomaded, wrinkled lover of the dancer and fleeting onwards to wards the pale silence and unmutable calm of death. Therefore, dance on, ever the World, dance till you forget the text urgent and wait and thicken; forget the anguish and the yearning and the sweat of blood.

Even of good cheer and readiness will also any help you to do this, for they are fruit-trees professors in the fruit art of living. The rock and the ship and the thunder-crew and other of the ugly adventures of the enemy that man have named accident, disease, decay, insanity ~~[illegible]~~ are to be found under all sorts, shapes, it is true: but, well-tried

servants

Farewell Dance at Heart the grace to hide the pain
away in some far-removed and thick-walled
chamber and to double-lock the door of it. Dance
on, then, fondly; — in good society you are not
entirely to be offended by hearing the sighs of the lark,
or the ~~shrieks~~ squeals of the rabbits, or the desolate
moans of the victims. And even, if by chance,
these unpleasant little matters should not be
quite well managed, and a discord should ~~echo~~ echo
again, above the rustle of the melody and
the soft rhythmical sweep of women's draperies,
dance on still. To the worldly ears, who have
so ~~so~~ fully learnt their lesson, the
insufferableness of agonies pain only lends an
keener edge to the appetite for present pleasure.
Dance, dance while you can. The time is
short, and who knows but in an hour may come
next?.. Dance on; only remember when your turn
does come, — as come it must surely with — that
you owe a certain debt to the society which has
played with you, laughed with you, flattered
you, loved you too, after its fashion, through all
the days of your vanity. Pay what remnant of
manhood may be left in you, put a good face
on the matter, give as little trouble as possible, —
go away decently and good-temperedly into
that thick-walled chamber with the torturers;
for escape is impossible, and wincing, silence is
best.

After this ceremonizing, the fact remained that
Mr. Jack Sudely's ball was a great success. Every
body came, from Lord Scarrington with his sunshine
and

carriage. Julia ~~Lucius~~ drives over the two miles from Penistone Castle, to Mr. Arundel's Park, where we find Miss Barrett, ~~Elizabeth~~ — as Madonna like lady of an miscellaneous ~~assemblage~~ surround, sweet smile & voice - She this year has added the local festivities to the various pursuits which the rattling Cummings and Shuttleworth — sometimes her wedding veil.

Miss Barrett, this was at the Barrett Darcy ball. She would very willingly have stayed away if it it were ; but dear old Mr. Murray would not hear of it. Cecilia must go — Mr. Murray managed to secure her the vacant place in a sleigh next to her neighbour Mr. Salvin for the various occasions.— Yet for her, Cecilias must be an splendour. Mr. Murray was pleasing & had some old gems of wit, and this time the selected one had right little proprieties on. in. law ~~Lucius~~ Just the ~~visit~~ expenditures of an wandrous number of pounds on an suitable ~~dress~~ occasions his Cecilias was an mere trivibility. Mr. Barrett, Barrett, in her fine gown ~~felt~~ was far from happy. She felt as good deal like the proverbial dog at a fair. What had she to do with all this light, and warmth, and merriment, with these wide bright rooms and their glorious show of wealth and beauty, and lust of the eyes, and pride of life?..

Such Sudden ~~and~~ welcomed her genially enough, but there had been a hurrying ~~together of~~ & curtseying and kindly amusement in the glances ~~of her~~ her old ~~hand~~ comely face as she did so. Augustus ~~Sedley~~ like most women of an short physique and wealth, habit of mind entertained

a

~~that~~ a species of ~~of~~ secret contempt for the less successful members of her own sex. This too was the time of Augusta's triumph. She gloried in sight of her great stately house full of guests. She ~~was crowded with genials~~ heard swelled with pride as the ~~third~~ three or four well known faces at the window, knowing that half the county, and half the county's merriment, as well, were eating and drinking and disporting ~~themselves~~ at her expense, ~~and that~~. This prodigal, open-handed mistress of hospitality is rather a savage virtue perhaps: but, Dr Eustace to think it as very real one all the same. And Mr. Jacks's exultation on the present occasion was ~~particularly~~ the more excusable, ~~because~~ in that she had saved her appre: :ticeship to narrow means and hands with pretty ~~his~~ three years spent in the ramshackle old Rectory at Cold Ludesley; where the monthly nurse was as periodic visitor; where the children would grow so fast out of the best frocks it was difficult to replace; where a rise of a penny in the pound in poor-rates taxed all her philosophy; and where Jacks would go out farming or thrashing every day in the week and ~~was~~ paid himself late on Saturday night with hands a-cord with dirt of the morrow's morn. Now Augusta was agreeably sensible of having escaped out of the slavery of Egypt and taken up her quarters in a land flowing with milk and honey. Strong in the enjoyment of her own wealth, she was as little disposed to look down on women less happily situated than herself. Prosperity to Augusta was as ~~daylight~~ hardening influences ~~were~~ on the really good.

Recalled.

and so poor Cecilia Farell, as usual, represented Mrs Beadle's head as Miss Hart — or, to speak accurately, would have represented it, if any body had been at leisure to observe her. Mr. Brales looked after her in his kindly funny way at intervals: but Mr. Brales was in as much business as ever. He had constituted himself aid-de-camp to Mrs. Jack Rudesby, and resolved wildly, finding partners for pretty girls, running errands for elderly ladies, dancing himself vigorously between whiles, and persuading space generally that it seemed probable that an direct visitation of providence would prevent his falling incontinently into an apoplectic fit.

"It was red faces and short necks", as Mrs. Trumpington remarked severely to her excellent spouse — "it is really very dangerous for a middle-aged man to be so active".

Farrell, when at length he was called and watched his movements and society, and with all her goodness she could not banish as sense of injury from her mind. It seemed hard to be no longer young and attractive — to be passed over and of it generally out of it. Brilliant young persons laughed at us, he said Mr. Trumpington mysteriously, at our sensibilities, even when hair are grey, and symmetry of figure is merged in fat or reduced to uniform angularity of outline. In our best moments we laugh at us — It is a ridiculous thing to grow old, of course: but still yet the happiest lesson a thing be said it, while reality

a

times.

~~a good deal at present. He, decidedly, [illegible]~~
~~Farrell did not relish her part of the task: he said, as~~ W. he said
~~it was visible in the [illegible] of his mouth that~~
~~the~~ the middle of the evening the perusal
~~of his~~ skull
~~of his~~ and never would listen
~~plays~~ of Dr. Martin Barker, or his
~~performance - but~~ [illegible]
~~with the~~ [illegible]
~~of his face there was~~

Slept

my dear Mr. Farrell, at last! I was spent the last half hour in searching for mr. W. Latimer told me where I might enquire next door, that you had driven over with her and her daughter. I was sincerely glad to learn you were here. This species of scene, continued the Doctor, warming his hand with as extraordinary quickness to words the poor dancer: — 'This species of scene should be more an intrinsic value even in the eyes of us, who are merely spectators. It represents one virtuous and, I would add, a necessary recreation for [illegible] of our daily complex [illegible] artificial life — this necessity for recreation. Personally I am a strong advocate of recreation. I regard it as a valuable acquisition to our moral and physical constitution. I would say to every one cultivate a capacity for innocent amusement; mentioning that now, at last, Mr. Farrell, you had made up your mind to a holiday".

Doctor settled himself comfortably on the lounge beside Mr. Cecilia Howell. He was sensible of a condition of nervous & mental being that at the present time, should dispel any & be communicative. He did not distinguish from himself the source of that

nerve

sense of well-being. He was perfectly aware that analytically examined it resolved itself into a number of warm, light and sympathetic sensuous excitement, reinforced by an excellent supper and a certain quantity of alcohol. Nevertheless by mere virtue of the agreeableness of the aggregate was of thinking, it was conspicuous of all disagreeable sensations that do not directly have their origin in the higher faculties of our being. And in themselves, the sensations were agreeable. He did not think it incumbent upon him to reject them because they did not result from a purely intellectual region. The excellent man had arrived at a temporary state of pleasure anywhere by this way. Besides, having agreed to expect that fortune would soon turn her love in fancy-gardens and bid him fish in wonderful exotics. He felt unutterable and communicative. He wanted to moralize at his ease, and Mr. Pancks, he knew, was a model listener.

He said, leaning back and letting his keen dragon eyes wander slowly over the bright Swaying throng — would say to every one, especially to those who had solitary lives and are of a serious habit, retain as long as possible your capacity for amusement; add constantly to the sum of your lighter experiences. One or two acquaintances of mine seem to me little inspired at seeing me present to night. Disappear in them, imagine, slightly out of

place

Grace. But I know how much I gain in occasionally attending to remind of this description, — gain not only in this way of mine: distant entertainment, but in the enhancing of my conversation of new creatures. Solitude deadens the sympathies: I would go even into Society only as few persons & however deeply related to these persons may be, is calculated sadly to narrow and shrink this little life. One general is true, the particular. — This particular" —

Diner Lyons stopped abruptly at this climax of his aphorism, for this particular had averted his attention simple fine steam, in the shape of a tall good-looking young fellow, with a head help face and a girl in a steaming pale yellow dress, Floating but likes a delicate foam. Hello from her charming waist, on the radiant diamond.

"Oh me!" he exclaimed almost involuntarily — "that is a rather dangerously pretty entrance".

Miss Farrell followed the direction of this doctor's gaze. It was the first time she had seen Lenie since that miserable and humiliating visit to the Manor House. That she might learn something about her and her husband and how they were going on, had ~~not~~ in a measure ~~det~~ the accidental circumstance to this Bonnet Dance ball. She did not want to see personally in contact with them, but she longed to know. ~~Happened~~ How the new meeting, and how, — namely that Lenie was going on in a sufficiently gay and indifferent manner. Mr. Farrell clasped and unclasped her grey-gloved hands as she cried upon her blackness

last

...alpractice reasonable.

...shrewd Grange: "It seems likely it will succeed sooner or later. Sooner [illegible] Mr. Grainger, she said." I did not see why Grainger should object to Mrs. Sudeley. You remember about it?".

...which turned to her with Chandler's smile. The same question in an embarrassing subject it would be felt hard seem an indiscretion. Knight he would seem ...curious, his sense likely, to know the result of Mr. Farrell's mission.

...sure you did your very best, my dear madam", he answered: "[illegible]" and no one can do more than that, you know".

"...a miserable, miserable failure", she continued, in a tone of passion despair. "Everything went wrong. I was not fortunate, I suppose, in my way of putting it, and Mrs. Sudeley would not listen to me. — I hope it isn't wrong, Mr. Symes", she added, in a low voice; "but I am almost afraid of her. She was so strange that afternoon. She disappeared in the strangest way, which certainly tried my temper. [illegible] I don't want to say anything unkind with malice, but she is not somehow quite like other people".

"...you feel that too" — responded the doctor. He nodded in Mr. Quigley - as one who could say a good deal if he chose to — and then thoughtfully he began [illegible] into the matter several attitudes on the mantelpiece. — "I have made several acquaintances with Mrs. Sudeley since her last unhappy subject. A singular nature, a curious and interesting study - a highly developed one [illegible] and undeveloped in others. Perfectly true, Mr. Farrell, I have feared lately that I had asked you to perform a very hard task. Undeniably

Mrs.

Mr. Sudely would be remarkably difficult to appeal
to under some circumstances".
Elias hesitated, finally she said: — "Do you mean
that she's a deficient minor?"
"I dare no", replied Dr. Symes, with alacrity —
"I dare no". "Not in the least deficient
in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Should say
on the contrary that the young Lady - Quite really
must apologize for interrupting so charming a person
to a cold. Blended critical analysis - & should say
she was a little over-vitalized. The
body responds almost too quickly to the nutrient
and emotion, it misinterprets them with too great
readiness. Seconds thoughts, you know, are admitted
to be best, — and this young Lady, I fancy, never
arrives at seconds thoughts at all, but speaks and
acts entirely from the impulse of the moment, with
amazing spontaneity, in fact. And that is
perilous", he added meditatively: — "especially for
girls".
Elias looked up enquiringly. She wonder if she
had not clearly comprehend what conveyed as
distinct impression to her mind.
I need, My dear Mr. Powell, scarcely remind you
that every human being is the professor —
for themselves you or some — or any immortal soul. Obvi-
ously", Martin Symes spoke with as touch of the
scholastic manner: — "that were, were I this, in short,
to follow my own conclusions - I own to the certainty
of my creed (I would) almost profanely add — I
should venture most seriously to question the
truth of that doctrine".
Doctor was becoming abominably pompous: we, that
general sense of well-being, already alluded to

unlooses

* Just at this moment however the stream of his eloquence suffered a violent check. A middle lanky youth, ~~[illegible]~~ who undoubtedly stood in need of some few lessons from the same ~~[illegible]~~ professor of the Terpsichorean ~~[illegible]~~ art judging by his extremely erratic method of progression — suddenly deprived the corpulent ~~[illegible]~~ lady, his companion and old gold coloured garments, plump on the ~~[illegible]~~ floor.

"Beg pardon" ejaculated the youth as he ran and recovering at the same moment his own footing and his grasp on his partner's waist plunged away with her again into the crowd.

"Oh, good gracious," he heard the lady ejaculate "cried his dress, rubbing his ~~[illegible]~~ knees, with the heavy weight so unexpectedly thrown upon them. Then he glanced his watch, and quickly as he could — "To resume", he observed with dignity." Mat

whereas his higher is a pervicious existence and frequently brings as many to grief who lead his deepest thoughts — which had better be hidden — instead of his superficial and conventional thoughts which may be left known or noticed with perfect safety. X

as his genius & as work is always pursuit, & with his deep. But in rare and curious cases it never ever to develope out of his environment conditions. Some persons are artistically by natural and healthy to produce work. I speak colloquially — to put it in as more accurate form. Their nature has only a certain capacity; it & the body is highly vitalized and the mind highly vitalized to, & there is not force enough left over to furnish active development of spirit. — We are coming to acknowledge that the moral condition: Sin may be subject to congenital disease and defect, which in its physical constitution had long been admitted to be. Why not carry on the analogy one step further and allow that the spiritual constitution may be radically and ineradicably defective? Our professional experience (from) without fail brings painfully any departure of the load of human responsibility."

Then dear Lui up short, so to speak. He became aware that he had wandered out into along paths of metaphysical speculation & into a wild and unfamiliar region, through which [illegible] Mr. Farrell to follow him, in her best gown and to pay [illegible] glasses. "really" he said, with his blandest smile; "I hope you will be very careful not unnecessarily. Judicious recreation, and moderation to wear you with reasonable

and

with ~~her~~ our kind duty apartment. Forgive me, Mr. Harold. He indulgent kindness to often makes an inconsiderate speaker".

Miss ~~Harold~~, however, was not slight in hand. Her apprehension was slow, but it was tenacious. She was seeing the gay yet pathetic music, the buzz and rustle of conversation and movement, and seeing the withered and ~~shrivelled~~ shrivelled figures of the dancers in ~~and~~ muted and tuneful humour. To her conscience, trained in definite religious moods, accepting unreservedly the particular solutions of the enigmas of existence Dr. Sylvia's ingenious little theories were not mere toy theory merely, but ~~mis~~ misinformation, bewilderment, terribly subversive.

"You mean to say you think the person we were talking of was mad"? She enquired in a scared whisper.

"You must not take my words so seriously, my dear Madame", he answered. "Sylvia as one speaks of ~~a~~ in the border land between absolute health and mere genius. Sylvia, in what I may designate, as a pseudo-scientific spirit. She intrigues in an unusual manner, you know, and leaves that veracity to others for behind it. I must try to justify myself. I mean just this:" —

"Oh up.

"Listen, observe her now", he said quickly.

And in her gauzy draperies passed close by them talking with Charlie Silvain — she had been talking with him pretty nearly all the evening, by the way. They both danced well, but their dancing had a peculiar quality about it, it was wise. Their swift graceful and accurate. I ~~had~~ may indulge for a moment in Dr. Sylvia's rather fanciful way of regarding

Things

thing. I should describe them the dancers as being animated [illegible] with a common life. [illegible] There was a singular combination — not of pleasure for it was perfectly spontaneous and instinctive, but of emotion about Jenie, which expressed itself as much in the action of the steps in simple rounded figures as in her face. There was a fulness of enjoyment in every easy gliding motion. She danced not as the ordinary young lady dances in the ordinary ball-room with a consciousness of chaperones and propriety in the back-ground, ~~and~~ to ~~think~~ which of her soul is full about the rest of her mind, and harbouring suspicions that she is beginning to look heated. Jenie yielded herself up to her dancing with extraordinary singleness of purpose. The whole woman danced, all the elasticities of past and future, with the victorious ease ~~and~~ and grace of overflowing health and gaiety, with no ~~no~~ desire no aspiration beyond the enjoyment of the present moment.

Mr. Farrell watched her, in the light of her [illegible] conversation with the doctor, as she noted the exquisite, harmonious movements, the clear unflushed cheek, the even rise and fall of the girl's bosom, the unmistakable content of the ~~girl's~~ her eyes as the turns of the valse brought her face for a few seconds into view — as, say, she watched all this ~~[illegible]~~ Mr. Farrell drew back with barely ~~[illegible]~~ dazzled, amazed, almost terrified at the vista of ~~a million~~ undreamed of possibilities that opened before her.

[illegible] ~~to~~ looked at her closely. He perceived that she saw dimly and brokenly, perhaps, but still saw that which he had desired ~~[illegible]~~ she should see.

Human

human nature is very complicated; the tragedy, as Miss Austen writes. You cannot explain the account of it's visibility without criticism under any single system, W. Lovell. You cannot observe in this dramatic scene of this time, Dryden to say. You cannot dabble in this dualism of that ~~creature~~ public ocean of pre-historic fable. Virgil is at once in unspeakable confusion and to ~~interested~~ deeply interested with some of this work ~~some~~ secure and intimate ~~to~~ secret of ~~the~~ existence. But in watching that same leader pair, now, Euripides Euclid we avoid Christina of ~~the~~ the ancient conception of a race of human exploring this mixing this between ourselves and this ~~unimaginable~~ dumb animals about us. Reason is ~~to~~ carried back, in inequality, in one body, the world - older than ~~human~~ night and morning, older than heaven and hell, — a calm; simple, ~~easy~~ sunny, light-hearted world, these values reigned; and in Greek more we see but this fervid and severe & this heart that pain, Greek tragedy this decision of our nature, fit: implacable in this ~~tragic~~ tragedy and result, inhuman: : melted by conscience, unburdened with by this confusion and unjust Greek verse of ~~tragic~~ spiritual ~~tragedy~~ "aspiration".

Rosalind He paused on his shoulder; this tears of in one pleasure was sweet in our mouths: Ivi, Cecilia was not in this heart ~~in~~ distressed to displeased. Her confidence's pure words were of ~~light~~ made moment to her on this occasion. The cared not as ralph ~~mistake~~ ~~was not~~ for pre-historic Tennyson's other age; pain my, simple and nature's divine were but this dramatic persons of children's very words to her ~~this mistress~~ ~~mistress, pain, sister, pleased~~ ~~her body knights~~

Poet and

[illegible]. But, in this modern instance, in this worn-out Jewish [illegible] the case did not stand entirely. [illegible] Mr. T. Tyrwhitt abandoned those [illegible] values of perfect, those due liberal and advanced, should [illegible] visits [illegible] visits [illegible] of her own, a woman [illegible] towards those [illegible] due [illegible] to peculiar relations, those [illegible] the bad [illegible] visit, those many words due [illegible] is visit an admiration [illegible] [illegible] (unmixed with) [illegible] was Cecilia quite [illegible] seemed unfeasibly [illegible]. Decidedly Mr. Farrell was wanting in imagination, that [illegible] suggested that [illegible] (might be) [illegible] in her: [illegible] quality of hers, I believe, it would [illegible] (Spanish) [illegible] her.

[illegible] was no word adequately to express [illegible] that [illegible] her.

"[illegible] it [illegible] "[illegible] murmured", very [illegible]".

"[illegible] always mine [illegible] ?" [illegible] (replied) [illegible] T.T. Tyrwhitt, gravely. "That [illegible] mad [illegible] sound [illegible] those [illegible] [illegible] mine [illegible] [illegible] visit it, no more difficult and [illegible] visiting [illegible] [illegible]. — [illegible] [illegible] any reason, save that [illegible] of [illegible] unique [illegible] yet, I fear, Mr. Farrell. — [illegible] Mr. Tyrwhitt — I speak [illegible] you quite freely — [illegible] had a child it might [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] nature in her, it would [illegible] her as [illegible]".

" said Cecilia sadly: — "We [illegible] it as [illegible] responsibility".

responsibility".

"Yes, yes", replied the old lady, smiling: "but it would not be more of a responsibility to Mrs. Pendarby, I fancy. So far it would be more of a delightful responsibility, I should say, and nothing else. If you will pardon my saying so — Pendarby, I know, was all the while the steadiness — the moderation will it is a terrible thing to say of so very religious a man, it is mainly physical. This thing has developments of which poor Mrs. Pendarby might get an inkling of the meaning of self-sacrifice; and self-sacrifice is the best basis, and only basis for all true spiritual life. For this girl this world has got real work, real work to do".

Miss Pendarby turned to her companion with certain dignity, and the blonde came with her thin smile.

"Now her hands and let her lose him" — she said pleasantly.

"I very much fear Nature has failed to supply Mrs. Pendarby with any virtues under that head, barring the very common one — we all possess it in a degree — of making the most of a misfortune".

"That you are mistaken", said Cecilia, a little sternly. The sympathy she had taken many steps away from Mr. Symes in the last few minutes. All she felt only the happy [illegible] What a world would Europe be, mused Cecilia, if it were to finish, my dear madam"; she replied, [illegible]. "Does it diminish, always, the kind of act one would [illegible] over-stated the gravity of any matter".

[illegible]ratio".

The music had ceased. The room had grown comparatively empty — The sound of footsteps, the confused murmur of voices, now and again a solitary burst of laughter wandered in from the hall and passages outside. Poor Cecilia sat still looking blankly out over the wide bright space before her. She was pained and perplexed; she was disappointed too, but in one of them for persons she by habitual kindness had come to regard and gratitude. Queer had a sense that the harmony of his relation to Mrs. Farrell had been disturbed, and he regretted it. It was more so, that in her late movement of sensibility she had done him service and admiration.—" Under happier circumstances, she might have been a charming woman": — the thought. "For Cecilia Enderby is a pitiful person in her, [illegible] way. —

[illegible] Dr. Symes that the lady [illegible] was not pay[illegible] attention to him, that he [illegible] a good long steady stare at Mrs. Farrell. He had certainly never seen her to so much advantage. She was well-dressed, for the [illegible] occasion under which she laboured had left her dispirited and unnerved her complexion. With all her peculiarities Cecilia was an unmistakable effect of good-breeding about her. Her [illegible], and therefore commanded Christian Symes' sincere respect. She was for from being brilliant or exciting, but that she was eminently conscientious and dependable Cecilia could be no question. Shelvis the good doctor had talked him

[illegible]

If in an unnatural state of exaltation, or rather the atmosphere of a [illegible] room, or [illegible] production of romantic affection (meant to say) [illegible] it is certain that a question which for a long time past, had ~~[struck out]~~ puzzled and insistently haunted the chamber of his brain, seemed to take form and coherence with surprising rapidity. If that venerable lady, Mrs. Murray, could be got rid of — and he had (devised) an excellent scheme for her removal — a man might, Dr. Spencer thought, do worse than pass the ~~[struck out]~~ last stages of his earthly pilgrimage ~~[struck out]~~ with Cecilia Farrell for a companion.

He cleared his throat and adjusted his spectacles with an air of preparation.

"Dear Mrs. Farrell," he began: — "The garrulity of age fostered by your ~~[struck out]~~ courteous attention has led me to run away with me tonight. I fear I have exhausted your patience, and, for myself, I have wasted an invaluable opportunity. There is quite another subject on which I ~~[struck out]~~ greatly desire to say a few words to you."

He paused. Cecilia looked at him, the doctor's manner was extremely ornate.

"You must pardon my speaking of my ~~[struck out]~~ self," he continued. "My ~~[struck out]~~ position is a singularly independent one. I have no near relations. Such fortune as I possess is entirely at my own disposal. I am not ashamed to say, Mrs. Farrell, that my income is, at the present time, a considerable one, since it is almost exclusively the result of my own exertions. For a professional man I am unusually well off. At my death it is no inconsiderable sum must pass into other hands."

for he knew perfectly well the cause and determined
that, really it was ~~impossible~~ difficult to go on.
Then he set himself to work and forged a letter as like
as possible Cecilia's own hand, supposing apparently it
came with private from that well-to-do aunt.
In it Cecilia, she ~~said~~ regarded him with unlimited
and delightful surprise and admiration. Confidence vividly
agitated her. Mrs. Dalle

Mrs. Farello, with her quick feminine sympathy with
readily understood that there my own private project
drew closer towards the inevitable close,
~~Keep on~~ towards that final joining which awaits
us all. They are not united with them. Why, Farn
myself, have this toiled and laboured? What is
this object of so many struggling wealth - modern
wealth I mean and confined with the colonial
towns of the present day, but still wealth — if he
had no child is there left in it? — Shall my life
if he be beautified and enriched by his
own labour"?

Farello made no audible answer. It was subtle
in his; there had a great habit of making no com-
ments. Under some circumstances that should mislead
be an advantage; just now it was the reverse
~~answer~~, ~~embarrassing~~ Mrs. Lynes thought. He tried
to keep up his courage by a mild flight of
rhetoric.

What this news of my existence was - so to speak -
planed the genius, and began to declare towards
the west, I found myself unnecessarily desirous to
create privacies relations for myself, to have no
longer my relations, ~~solitary~~ my solitudes and
to address from my mind. — "My dear Lady",
he said, turning fully upon her, and speaking
with

this speak feeling: - "Sweet you were boy. - Shame wondered, grandeed, asked nigrely many searching questions on this subject. Can use but, Darke you, And I beseech you earnestly ~~to~~ not to reply without duly weighing my request, can use but effect a continuation of visitation - a continuation which Dallas will cause me infinitely ~~more~~ your debtor" - ~~more~~ here Miss Dudley bowed courteously in her compassion: - "will you grant me this privilege of showing Miss responsibility of which you are so sensible". With regards my Miss ~~more~~ and reverential affection I am": -

: Cecilia with respect Miss "~~more~~ heartfelly
n, Dear" she cried, "that if Philip Sudeley doesn't
~~more~~ daughin will not her write".

Next hour Estelle ~~more~~ Miss visit to her
notepaper with ~~more~~ should be coloured, so cried: "I am a Quaker,
no, ~~more~~ but her critical discourse with
this peculiar alacrity, sat up and peered ~~more~~ eagerly.
among Miss parcels could see if Miss one of which Mr.
Farrell had drawn her attention.
"Good Heaven", he exclaimed, "~~more~~ with a movement of anger -
had an act of insanity!. Our friend Miss Edwards
has an absolute enthusiasm for suicide".
"I go to him", whispered Mr. Farrell, "go to him, stop
him. It is a case with which Miss Sudeley is. Oh.
I can't forgive her".
"Poor woman she has Miss heart, regardless of all
~~more~~ minor conventionalities.
must not judge Miss gravely, too hastily", ~~more~~
returned ~~more~~ Miss doctor, recovering his usual dignity
of manner. "To ~~more~~ visit, she was would be
merely to make an inconvenient scene; I put my:

self

help hopelessly in this wrong and darken all confidence between myself and my patient. ~~[illegible]~~ What was more? Should he find it necessary ~~[illegible]~~ to send this man away.

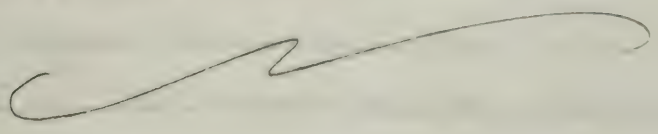
Mr. Drake stranger and debar Dr. Lyster pitched Mr. Farrell round the side of the large room. It was only a matter of some difficulty; various errors hailed the good man as he passed, and refused to let him go away in a hurry; then the door was filled again, and it was very easy to dodge the answer. Then quietly by the door leading out into the hall Mr. Drake, breathless & excited and odder in the face than ever, met them.

"Help me," he said, "in a low voice", "Mrs Judge would finish you! I don't want alarm any one, we must keep it quiet." (Nobody fortunately saw what happened) Come out here with this hall — Suddenly — Something's happened. Suddenly's ill, dying — I don't know what — Mrs Judge wants you. Come away to the library — They've put him in there, poor dear fellow — awful thing, you know, and his dear young wife too" —

Going all the while and hurrying the Doctor along with him, Mr. Drake disappeared among the crowd that loitered in the hall.

Miss Farrell stood standing against the wall, with her She shut her eyes and pressed her long thin fingers hand hard against her forehead. Dr. Lyster and his astonishing and but half comprehended conversation were blotted out of her mind. Only the message of Philip Judge's marriage — Philip Judge as she had seen him and danced with him [illegible] years ago.

It was decided that we would go to dances too.



order to explain this decision which would be very trying both to Mrs. Farrell and her companion Fortunio Symes. During the next month we attended a number of Mrs. Jack Sudeley's social afternoons; and more over to which Miss Jean Sudeley and Miss Phyllis Sudeley & Miss Dorothy Sudeley & Miss Cecilia Sudeley were two of the most popular young ladies in the district, we were also invited to Mrs. Farrell's dances, or more correctly speaking to Miss Phyllis Farrell's dances. Phyllis was a very good friend Philip. — Forgive me Philip for some time parts, and there would seem to be but little hope of their mending. What with pain and weakness, and black vomiting we were despairing we was during the night we in the morning to make this day's [illegible] pass tearfully. Nor is this physical distress all we have to put up with. Struggles as he may it becomes ever more difficult to hide the signs of it from the eyes of his devoted wife.

And figure

Expenses [illegible] as she was. The business of her husband's affairs was begun to weigh on her. She could hardly see their future. She was so quick and observant. Hundreds little indications of the disorder that had come over him preceded forever upon her; and the girl's humour began to change too. Her naturally sweet & sunny suffered occasional eclipses, she was fluctuating, capricious, difficult to please. She seemed to be under the influence that she had come into the world into a different sphere to be ~~ca~~ amused; and if amusement failed to provide the means for this person must be found by her parents to supply it, namely her husband. She would visit fashionable dissipations to divert her husband's, demand for entertainment. He tried to take as deep interest in such trivial matters that pleased her, encouraged her to go out, to entertain, let her have what money she wanted, spend more on herself & dress; but he could not help feeling, as long as the world [illegible] in the right fact, that he could [illegible] blame of her discovery of the miserable habit that he was addicted, however much, since life was hardly worth the purchase. The Christmas that preceded the financial year, had come bringing with it, reckoning of expenditure so considerably in excess of his income, that Philip had been reluctantly compelled to sacrifice a portion of his capital. He had sold out certain shares, and in spite of his and worrying, to discover, of course, that he had sold them out at just the wrong moment and so as

prodigious

prodigious disadvantage. His time was very far from heavy, ~~[illegible]~~. If Mr. Bertie knew or any of the Colonel's acquaintance were coming to the house they had better ~~[illegible]~~, make haste about it, or they might arrive a little too late.

Her heart said, with a somewhat transparent affectation of cynicism that life would be very bearable but for its pleasures. The phrase sounds well; it has a ring of disillusionment and elegant fatigue; and it is a very agreeable occupation to coquet with fatigues when you are young and healthy, and to cultivate a mild disillusioned view while you retain a lively sense of personal misfortune and of the value of your own pleasures. Happy the man who is still young enough, in heart and feeling, to play a part! — especially perhaps the part of lofty contempt for the diversions he is largely participated in. There, however, is no denying that a sense of life and its pleasures becomes practically true in any man's or woman's mind by the (15) time it has become actually a very wearing business indeed.

Lily Evelyn had dressed for this particular evening in a hurry. It pleased her little vanity to have an appearance and an excuse. She would gladly have avoided going to dine at Barnett and have remained quietly at home: but, his consideration implied, was to over-come his shrinking from the mediating. — Jessie, whose disposition was somewhat unsociable, could not endure to be with Lily. She demanded that her husband should always be in attendance. There

was

an unconscious element in the child's absolute dependence of the bride. ~~It destroyed Madame Vinet~~ But that she was afraid of any of the concrete big bear of sensitive woman-hood, such as accidents, fire, burglars, ghosts, thunder, mice in the dining-room, death-watches, mice or spiders. But by day and by night the young lady's wife were very well about her, and she was by no means constitutionally liable to nervous terrors. Her horror of solitude, like her strong horror of ~~death~~ sickness and death, was (unconscious) something, which to be reasoned with or analysed, only present and imperative. Denis's constant denial to his presence had, during the first months of their marriage, been one of Philip's deepest mortifications, remembering, as it did, the offer as solid and certain of his love as he earnestly wished it believed in. Even now, when the silver cord of affection was somewhat loosed, it supplied a very real bond of union between husband and wife, a bond which Philip on his part, would have endured anything rather than run the risk of severing. Denis begged him to go to Barnett, was petulant at his half expressed reluctance — it was enough. He would go.

~~Yet~~, and an evil spirit of jealousy had taken possession of the blind lately. We must not judge him too hardly; the man was very much in love, and was paying a heavy price for his affection; the time would come — was surely coming (bargain) when he must leave the beautiful young creature. He knew it; in a way he had brought this trial upon himself: but, after he had left her, what would happen?. Perhaps it was mean and unworthy

in

Nuis, Scamus sau, it seuis is me very excusable readaad.
Unquestionably he began is feel bitterly towards this new began is regard them as his natural enemies; is regarde them (murderers) as his doomed barbarian captives whose hands regarded his blonde well-fed Roman noble glances of admiration as their hair-handed blue-eyed wife. The barbarous normans and savagery. Which is latent in all the finer masculine nature but up it was head at moment and arrested its furious rather fiercely on our friends Edward Sudeley. Jane, as she felt, hardly his woman is heard her heart over a repulsed was under his shadow of his outstriped weapons. [illegible] came about that) in his escapes Philip Quigley it well is go is Harold Darcy and Jessica Stiles he hide is trigger his many troubles and appear as little peculiar as possible. With Plugnicals part is were against almost hardly, with a musical drama of a supposedly fanatical character actions it of his is silence ale dark Jane it is all eager, his mouth about, is of his perfectly disengaged, urbane, and indifferent: but Philip appeared. Quickly as his pause Jessica is her mouth up. It was a hard fight yet so far, nerves and with barely mouth hand his upper hand.

His earlier nerve of his morning he [illegible] had his + is duty of damages, warrior and murder; his walks hurriedly agreeable is solid eldest Sadie-wife

the ever-"dauntless" Mary, or George's serious or irresistibles and their partners - dear children - and this it was an ideal very agreeable man, (Mr Gwynn) (Mr Gabriel Sudeley). He had stood about in doorways midwifing in desultory gossip with the less-dauntless male members of the community. Philip had no notion of pausing; perhaps he would have misjudged both his wife and society at large very much more deeply if he had. He made common-place observations, got told old ladies and children, covered up his topics of the day not in any originally original or profound manner, caressed the ends of his moustache, unbuttoned the hair of his 'jumper', and in fine, endeavoured wisely generally to appear as all other gentlemen of good-standing habitually conduct themselves at kindred festivities. Yet, notwithstanding the outwards and visible signs of being an ideal man were, he was vividly aware all this while of a delectable figure in a gleaming yellow dress of a lovely chiffon-like face full of vivacity and enjoyment - and she was aware too, that this captivating form and countenance was that of his wife - of the woman he fondly and supremely loved: — aware, finally, that a black figure was always watching beside her, whose feet beat out the existing measure of his value with her, whose arms encircled her waist, whose face, - and unfortunately for poor dear Philip's peace of mind, it was almost always the same pleasant frank boyish face - helped very closely (the warmest) appreciation in keeping the happy, fast rein of his very charming person.

Through

must keep down in one paralysing instant all power of speech and action. Would that insistent melody, with its sweet voluptuous cadence, never end? Would those white figures never cease passing and repassing? — For a moment the Colonel had a ~~desperate~~ wild fear that he would do some mad thing, call ~~[illegible]~~ aloud, commit some unpardonable folly.

"One is, I assume, quite ~~[illegible]~~ when one has very great authority," murmured Lady Melvin, in her comfortable voice, while waving her black fan and turning a large, impassive countenance upon her companion: — "On the very best authority. What is it, perhaps, teaching? [illegible] [illegible] coming to, I should like to know? ~~[illegible]~~ And even today talk about it too — the girls just out of the school-room discussing things now, that gentlemen would hardly speak of in mixed company, don't you know, after dinner, in my youth."

With a desperate effort at self-control, Philip pulled himself together. He felt he must get away, and that immediately, if he meant to keep his head and not finally disgrace himself. Making some vague and incoherent excuses to Lady Melvin, which left that worthy person in a state of outraged resentment and mystification, he got up and (hastily) made his way towards a smaller and less ~~[illegible]~~ brightly lighted apartment ~~opening off the~~ little sitting-room — in which Philip had said his last goodbye to his mother long ago — ~~[illegible]~~ the end of the ball-room. This ~~small room~~, though cleared for dancing, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~room~~, was not apparently very popular with the guests. At the present moment it was wholly deserted.

Pictures

lines of departed Lindsays, somewhat arrogant high-coloured personages looked down with their prominent grey eyes from out of their heavy gilt frames, as the present head of their house moved with unsteady steps along the ~~room~~. Philip felt half suffocated, he wanted silence, darkness. More all he wanted air, — air to relieve the horrible choking stifling sensation. The floor, the walls, turned and swam in his uncertain vision, and all the while he still seemed to see there the gay young figures dancing, dancing before him.

"I'm going mad"? he said, half out loud, as he dragged back one of the thick curtains hanging across the ~~bay~~ bow-window at the end of the room.

Behind the curtains was a space formed by the projection of the window. Philip threw himself down on the cushioned window-seat, and unhitching the catch of the tall narrow casement, leant out into the chill quiet of the winter night. The sounds from the ball-room hardly reached him behind the ~~heavy?~~ curtains, which fell back again into their places behind him.

The night was frosty and starlight. The ground showed a dusky white, powdered over with a light coating of snow that had fallen early in the day. Immediately under the window was the broad-gravel terrace running along the southern and eastern sides of the house, beyond were the lawns sloping towards the river. A sharp wind drove small fleecy clouds, here and

there.

they swept the silent depths of the mid-night sky, making the keen glittering stars seem to dance with them in a wild aerial race. Philip felt the biting frost and wind brought a certain measure of relief: but, still over the pale lawns the two figures, the light and the dark one, seemed ~~[illegible]~~ to him to drift on dancing, dancing still way down towards the impenetrable blackness the wood and river. Recognizing it all the while to be a mere hallucination, generated of weakness and illness, yet with a sort of terror, ~~[illegible]~~ deeply moved, straining his eyes to pierce ~~[illegible]~~ the half darkness, Philip watched the phantom slowly fade and vanish with the night. He could not think clearly. He only knew that he was suffering, that he was the sport of his own fighting impressions, that a terrible vision and anxiety gripped him. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Supporting himself, with one hand against the stone mullion of the window and resting the other upon the ~~[illegible]~~ ledge outside Colonel Enderby leaned out into into the cold still semi-obscurity. He wanted to avoid hearing even the faintest echoes of the light pulsing footsteps and of that sweet ~~[illegible]~~ valse, and to steep his soul in the calm silence that reigned without.

He had been, however, but a few minutes at the window, when his attention was attracted by an indistinct object moving along the terrace. At first the Colonel feared he was still the victim of some cerebral delusion: but, the moving object took an unmistakable shape as it came nearer. It was only a small dog — Matthew Enderby's old ~~[illegible]~~ wire-haired terrier, which along with all

that

as unavailable [illegible] [illegible] and shattered
[illegible] with [illegible] of [illegible] sorrow back. The
poor little brute had wandered out of the house
to escape the din and burst his heart in the evening,
and now was lying desolately alone, vainly
barking his sorrow quite way of displacing indoors
again. Just as he called under the bow window, the
dog pleasing apparently for the return of [illegible]. He
: sat down on the snow gravel, tried up his eyes,
visibly muzzle, and [illegible] with a long drear
howl. → close up

His sadness spoke to the dog and tried to quiet it:
no, the creature refused to be pacified. Again the
ugly muzzle went up, again the long wailing
howl rang out through the keen hunting air.
Pixie was not [illegible] naturally superstitious: with
its little sensation hard felt [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible] curiously excited. [illegible]
[illegible]. The dog squatting [illegible] in the dim light
and howling, was [illegible] agitating to
one. He tried to drive it away, but it would not
budge. At last, [illegible] Colonel Sudeley, moved back
and loudly closed the window; then the dog got up
and silently trotted away round the front of the
house.

Closed the window, Philip became aware that
was no longer alone. Two persons were talking
gently, [illegible] on the other side of the
room.

"It's really very provoking! I don't think it's
right as married women should take complete
charge of one of our best dancers in this sort
of way. You know Charlie Lorimer is here. He was
[illegible] at first with my sister [illegible] you
know.

ion: and he always kept us on set. He used to
be so ~~proud~~ so jolly if we'd got any thing young
in at Mrs Roberts's Reunion. He was like ~~somebody~~
one of us, don't you know, til he ~~got~~ came to ~~be~~ in
for this row".

Esther was evidently a young girl; both her sentiments and the initiated tone of her reply, clearly established the fact.

She answered quickly, in a good-natured bantering way: —

"Poor Colonel's very much gone on Mrs. Rudesby, I'm afraid. She's awfully pretty, and he does n't see many ~~eastharm~~ in the world, you know. But I think it's risky to do it to that sort of thing merely".

"It's a frightful dreadful bore", shrieked the girl. Let's go back to the other room. — Here it makes the hours of the afternoon fly right away. She's so awfully little fun — I've counted: —

young Lady Harris walked over the bare floor, and her words died away in the distance.

Esther administered by this conversation ~~of~~ a galvanized ~~whip~~ to a very vivid life. It was now hard to realize the world knew Harris entirely as the husband of this fair creature: but he could not make a scene with a lady; he had been compelled to listen and to wait. ~~But~~ The ~~the~~ physical ailment, the ~~mere~~ disturbance and distress of mere fatigue ~~to~~ was forgotten in the awakening moment. Jenny, his wife, his calling — were lightly thrown off. Colonel Rudesby flung aside the heavy curtains, careless of who might see him, and stepped out into the room, strung, ready, resolute as he had been on the eve of any of his life. Indeed, he would not have been quite so pleased were it not for this. His

face

There was not time to think and there was no
privacy here in the house ever.
What passed that first session he could never
say definitely. There was rustling quick visits
to door of the ball-room, visits as little group of
men about her — among them Bobby Wakefield,
and his wife's protégé, Mr. Lewis Vandercamp — as their
vocal features sung were with praise naturally
made round and fat — one of the Prince boys
and the red-haired parson from Prior Banks.
She was chuckling in a stout motherly
way, and murmuring: "— Mr. very good, very good
indeed Mr. Sanders".
Then one could see she observed her way,
through the group, bridle relaxed to right and
left as she advanced. She exhibited during progress
might not being quite to take a hint: her
sense her proper bearing at the new corner had
an inkling that there were tones as to be
suppressed in her aspect, and ended by rattling
hastily in the direction of her
pure silks arranged dress.
It never came to more than [illegible] but it was in a devil of
a rage it "Sanders" showed Bobby Wakefield
to be engaged to Mr. Vandercamp. [illegible]
[illegible] however, greeted her husband with her most
[illegible] of smiles. She was out of temper, as a
[illegible], as bright as bird.
"Come you dear, Philip", she cried, not giving
him time to speak. "You were talking to Lady
Helen

[illegible] just now. I know [illegible] my secret Phillis do you. I'm glad someone is so communicative! ... Ends good Mrs Phillips disappeared. I looked to see, I could not see you. Pardon Phillis, she is [illegible] perhaps, as little Phillis is over inquiring "Mrs Jenyns." "Jane Fairly, as little Phillis [illegible] you not glad?" she said." Jane hurried on with inquiring evenness".

Phillis's humour, delicious Phillis it was, was badly calculated to clear Phillis's pain of mystification: with Phillis Mrs. Phillips and her sister burned fiercely in their veins.

"Susan, Jenny" she said briskly. "I want to talk to you.

Jane shot a quick enquiring glance, then got slowly up, with a pretty touch of dignity, and the little couple room behind. Phillis [illegible] the door of it she stood and turned round.

"?" she said with a nod of mysterious gaiety in her eyes.

Then Jenny had told her husband that became him to be excited. Undoubtedly as the Colonel stood in front of the wide room, he looked extremely well. Jenny remarked it — there very fine things, indeed, that she did not mention — and it pleased her.

"Now Jenny" she cried, "Mr Phillips knows you dines to yourself?.. You are displeased, you are admirable." Mrs Anderby's face did not relax.

"Here, mydear Jenny" she said slowly, you know, I [illegible] Mr Phillips [illegible] you [illegible] as a rule. I'm sorry you to do anything unreasonable: — Mr. Phillips was accused to night — never mind what, I can't tell you - it was damnably unpleasant

"Wherever" — Edward Anderton's mouth twisted into a smile — "I should always want to remember you. Promise me, Sarah, that you will dance with that man, Edward Wright."

There was a moment's silence, then Sarah answered, gaily: — "I promise. I'll dance with Mr. Wright, my dear Philip, you are absurd. Of course I shall dance with the young man again." Edward was a simple creature; a little, like that" — she nodded her head towards Anderton — "and remained out her under domicility — "barbarians, disgusting, you know. I'll be in mine - business, and he can dance, but once" —

Anderton's quality under stood with an air of profound appreciation.

Mrs Anderton's expression remained rather determined. "It's you who are going, Philip, my dear wife," he said quietly. "I should not pain and distress me by going now: it is bad manners, I'm in no hurry. Stay with me — with them for hours" — and give me your promise."

"Reasons unfortunate," she answered, looking at him uneasily. "Do be unfortunate if it was the last thing I ever ask." — Times without number, with a tone unusually melodramatic and unpleasant for. It would be a little common-place, perhaps, to dance with Edward: but it would be safe enough, in any case. "Dance, you see, and I can rejoin the others".

He patted her hand lightly as Laid her round his wife's arm.

He then said quietly as they went to the door of

rider insert-ep on pg. 498

Philip was in a condition in which ~~a~~ the mind refuses to consider the possible contingencies; in which the whole tide of impulse rushes blindly in a single direction. Careless of consequences, conscious only of the immediate demand of the present, he answers ~~with~~ after but a moment's hesitation.

malice — "Shall we go? They are beginning to play another valse. I must dance, and to dance I must have a partner. It lies between Mr. Colvin and you".

~~He hesitated a moment~~.

"Then," he said — "I'll ~~dance~~ valse with you unless. — as well that way as any other."

"But that is not a very courteous way of accepting my favour"; she responded, a little taken aback. "Supposing you dance badly?". It is a fearful little punishment, but I resign myself. Come, [illegible] —

now! —

Laughing ~~[illegible]~~ the girl had made her way back with to the ballroom, and in a minute more they were out in the thick of the spinning, whirling throng.

How will he stand it?. Faster and faster grew the ~~[illegible]~~ the ~~music~~ valse-tune, faster and faster spinning over the ~~[illegible]~~ polished floor. — Once round the big ~~room~~ room dodging, twisting, slipping in and out between the ~~[illegible]~~ revolving couples, and the Colonel tries to halt.

"No, go on — ~~[illegible]~~ this is nothing — you dance superbly, Philip" — whispers the girl — ~~[illegible]~~ And so again, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ who cares for the risk and danger, the folly, the madness of it?. On again, ~~[illegible]~~ with ~~the~~ a most delicious rush ~~[illegible]~~ motion answering ~~[illegible]~~ instinctively to the enchanting lilt of the music, on again round the wide bright room. How will he stand it, indeed?.

The end of that second turn the Colonel paused close to the door.

"It was exquisite!" cried Jessie, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ radiant with pleasure. "Why have you hidden your talents like this, Philip? I am delighted with you.

you. Philip I want to go on, for ever, and ever,
and ever"
& the Colonel had turned deathly faint and ill —
Turning, in vain was Mildred using beside him
her hand nothing in vain as sight returned on his
arm, her head in a voice sobbing up into his
shoulder could not see her clearly; as mist
veiled to arm up before him and shut out all
material objects, [illegible] so
there he would be could only see more him & your
agonised, like sight and like dark one drowning
always drowning & like the whole world turned in to
tears or they turned.

He pushed him back through the wood
& and using about, him & like dreamily more bewildered
more humble — he drew his hand across his eyes with
a tired gesture - He went deathly pale and as cold
as ice, lines out over his head. He was aware
of no agony of pain, blinded out and stabbed
at his heart, and seemed to drive like steel through
[illegible] sight him for his eyes had followed him
nothing like dear to
hardly knowing what he did he turned at her
[illegible] base arms & gave [illegible] more actually
falling: —
"good God", he gasped — "this I can't bear it —
pardon me, Jenni, as I have loved you, pardon
me again this I asked, now".
suddenly weight down on her, made this quite
savage for a moment: but she recovered herself
again immediately. Her wounded shoulder where
the base of your under Philip's desperate grasp.
Her hand flew, dried quickly on her lips, and [illegible] in
& her eyes. Her face grew hard, set, almost
old. She was perfectly calm and quiet as she

looked

[illegible] heartily round his [illegible] for us an escape.
[illegible] "It is his last visit as
his second is really his first round of "this visit
help", they said, in low [illegible] voices, "if you
are going to be ill you won't come away. People
will see you here".
Getting all her strength [illegible] (-ful) back, back
against her husband as [illegible] as door
is in full view of the room. Then gasping
as hand, she opened it, [illegible] and letting her
body against it to keep it open, forced him to
walk into room with : — a large dark library,
with as few it could of books and heavy
bindings furniture in, in shades of grey's and all
this pitiless [illegible] This dark room had been [illegible] huddled
away, in more admirable conditions, to make space
in this many guests. The door remained half open
letting in a narrow shaft of light. Most shocked
sharp-edged and definite [illegible] across
a piece of carpet. Door and into this [illegible]
shaft of light [illegible] dancing and [illegible] whirled.
[illegible] The help of furniture, it [illegible] centred
half-dimensional shapes of familiar objects had
no-world effect about it, some big as it did as
background to this [illegible] graceful form of this
girl in [illegible] her pale pleasing body-dress
and it [illegible] of this man shone the sun/world.
"no sound alone", ended Jenni, suddenly breaking
silence with her clear declared tones.
turned away, and with also her face dragged as
[illegible] down into this [illegible] of furniture.
Things shifted and fell into shadow it [illegible] as
she did it, with a rattle and [illegible] snap of dry
breaking wood.

"Sit

Sit down", the maid
[illegible] her mistress's table. Presently some
[illegible] had taken place during the last few
minutes. The machine, the seven-o'clock supper
and tonight, the periodical musical evening
had all called up this distinct experience. Only
there had been added to the mixture another
word, written in red, and [illegible] besides, this
[illegible] the [illegible] Sunday had [illegible]
happened.

"Jennie", he called [illegible] after her, pushing out his hand
in the blinds darkness. The [illegible] was a voice no
more — only the clicking of the locks on the
handle of the door turned in the outside and it
opened both with the catch, and the quick
cat of [illegible] boarded [illegible] their [illegible] within.

Mary Ann Wilkes.

~~[illegible]~~

circumstance ~~was~~ ~~cruel~~ ~~to~~ some people ~~that~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ of appearing to deal in paradox, submit that circumstance was cruel to Jessie Sudeley. Under this conditions ~~society~~ society might have existed in her childhood ~~crowded~~ and inexhaustible society and never have dreamed of ~~[illegible]~~ in her paradise and visible as earthliness. But this demand happened to be made upon her that she was unable to meet - Set circumstance takes this shape, in part at least, and let us ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ pause to remember as much as we may. Her misfortune was to get answer. When this ~~door~~ ~~[illegible]~~ closed door had finally closed behind her, she paused in the moment, and then with real and romantic ~~[illegible]~~ heartbreaking, ~~[illegible]~~ wondering to know behind it - ~~not~~ across the room, down as long dusk amidst and with the mirror beside, shone the mantelpiece shape of Jessie upon the wall. ~~[illegible]~~ Here Jessie stood. She was beautiful, with the beauty of youth, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ following ~~[illegible]~~ the ~~[illegible]~~ and detail animation

Mrs

the Dwarf during those terrible months in the library. In her whole life she had never experienced any thing like that before. [illegible] she was absolutely paralysed with horror as wilder rage and terror.

From that dreadful night-mare she was quite ill for a week, passing among the Visions and the bad wanderers and from the bath room, with a stiff erect shudder, [illegible] — as if afraid to look in her hand. Terrible was the fit that [illegible] at the [illegible] with a shriek in [illegible] with terror!

Then Sudden it [illegible], she passed out, in short convulsions. "It is the library — go to him — find Mr. Drake — Tom's friend there, [illegible] me — go to him, I say".

Miss Brand at her wits' end. Her face was flushed, her eyes [illegible], she pressed her hands and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

"You idiotic?" she cried passionately. "He is the [illegible] you — above there, don't you understand? — Go to him".

Miss Eli down her hair — regardless of appearances — [illegible] table in the [illegible] hall. Her [illegible] face and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] almost commanding: —

"Go [illegible] me mad".

"Why should I come? [illegible] - [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] wants [illegible]. He is above in the [illegible], Tell me".

Miss Brand [illegible] — he had never been over and [illegible] of his mind.

Above [illegible] heard [illegible] on [illegible]

the door

Everett didn't or that under stairs case. She did not say, but she rushed her hands upon hands and towards, and touched her hands in perfect harmony & passion. We all have known that Ernest would die in a childhood - suddenly perhaps in some trivial disease. Just now just as we were — when she turned rapidly to the door started dashed again: the hard walls & floor, and after been mixed Pendennis, Ernest Dane and Angela to struggle up and down in all directions again and again and again?. But was that women died now. Some afraid her feeling was purely selfish. for was not the thought of her husband, world & communication in our universe:— and that dread the maddening silence, that her fear. Things were in ruins, and that world was to end then. That the world was spirit to her. End Love

as she stood she quieter; the morning mail came in Miss and Jack was Ernest out into the walk and drawing-room. Jenni's walnuts visit came to her rescue; she arranged her shelf should had got disordered in her fingers and things. She pulled up her knee gloves & under the soft little master that Philip's Christmas ring had left on her ~~thumb~~ rounded arm. Those marks were now terrible to her — she arranged at her flower and almost like them in the effort to hide them, conceal from her sight. She began to wonder whether the Ernest would, whether people would discover that something

had

had happened to her and she had questioned her. She felt
very small and lonely sitting out on the side lines
tonight. ~~care~~ alone with nobody to take care of her. She
began to ~~feel~~ get a little shy — Sunset [illegible] with
Sunny was indeed a novelty! — She couldn't make up
her mind to start off ~~on~~ by herself, across the
dance hall there. There there were ~~[illegible]~~ a lot
of people; it would look so ~~[illegible]~~ odd, so awkward.
She decided her position a little, sat on the corner
of the seat and leaning her back against the wall
tried to ~~look~~ appear quite unconcerned, as though she was
merely waiting for an absent partner. ~~[illegible]~~. All these arrangements and
the ~~[illegible]~~ very unnatural which ~~[illegible]~~ dictated
them quite absorbed the girl's attention
till voice suddenly [illegible] her thoughts and
~~[illegible]~~ manoeuvres.

Mrs Enderby what are you doing? Are you sitting
out? Well, if that out I should get some
gentleman to sit out with me. I shouldn't think
you would have much difficulty in getting
some gentleman to sit out with you. There is my
cousin Lewis Vandercamp — well, he was not
~~[illegible]~~ wandering around
with me just now. I believe he would be
perfectly delighted to sit out with you. But
where is your husband? ~~[illegible]~~ gone to. I don't
see him anywhere around. ~~[illegible]~~ Colonel Enderby,
the most devoted husband I ever saw, Lewis. I
often tell ~~to~~ my husband, Walter [illegible], I wish
he was as ~~[illegible]~~ devoted as Colonel Enderby is. Why
man! where is Lockington. Lockington, here is
Mrs. Enderby sitting out all alone. You come
and talk to her. I want to take Lewis to see

the

his family portraits. We can see them very well now the room is empty. Well, now Mr. Sanderson I have provided you with something to sit on with".

Francis Mr. Waterfield did not like to see Lucy and Cecil engaged. She somewhat admitted Vandrop. She knew him as an acquaintance in the days of the departed Sanderson. Cecil looked after her with a very curious expression of face. She asked Mr. Waterfield — Mr. Vandrop also — she asked so many questions just now.

And Lucy could not answer as she was [illegible] to his long legs. His coming to marriage Mr. Waterfield ~~obtained~~ offered appeared to him as trifles not for the coming, he did not exactly admire her choice: he, seeing Lucy naturally very amiable and large it was her habit to accept ~~her~~ situation in which she happened to find herself without ~~wondering~~ getting why or wherefore. She was.

Well, "Mr Sanderson" he said to Mr. Sanderson, "let me your hands you see. You must be good enough to do your best to put up with me".

Lucy turned when Cecil said so pretty, courtious, really enough, which appearing somewhat that the young man was quite over-come by it.

"You are kind", he said kindly, "I hope anything I can do for you".

"I have been frightened", she answered quite sure: Mr. "I should be so glad if you would get me some supper".

And Sanderson smiled. She just appeared ideas seemed to him quaint: he, he expected ~~himself~~ to with himself to process the young lady also that she

dressed

Jennie in the act of supper. He conveyed her across to the dining-room, found a comfortable place for her and ministered to his every material requirement for her material necessities.

"Jennie, there you are," said Jack suddenly catching sight of her. "What's the matter - I was really afraid we'd lost some part of you - and that would be a pity, eh Schweinigen - would it be?.. Drake tells me Philip's got hold of it all and gone off his head. Sorry fellow - Well I must be moving. Glad I saw you Jennie: I was really afraid there might be something wrong".

Under the combined influences of supper and of Jack's speech - which seemed to have a completely common-place and reassuring quality about it, - Jennie shook off the malignant effects of her fright. She doubted Philip was right, there was nothing very serious after all. Jennie began to revive, she began to be entertaining: began to ruffle her drowning feathers, so to speak, and turn her bright eyes merrily and fearlessly on her surroundings again. Perhaps after all the [illegible]

sight, clearing away the mist by the rays of the
risen sun. The glen was deserted, it was
like the fine and frolic, the music and the movement
there over and done with; and the placid waters down
there and far left on the eyes of a dying man - was
there shook along the eastern horizon above
the [illegible] right of the gray park, where
Cris Pendein - her pale face was, her hands
clasped tom, her glossy veil, the garments gone out of
her garments and the [illegible] mist pleasure out
of her heart - came mistletoe, flesh, along
the passage and shook echoed the large three bed-
room over the hall.

on the same room we sheets of Matthew Pendry
died little more than a year ago. The night was
cold with the glowing night curtain, still occupied
it of the window. The same [illegible] adjourned making
our visitors still at the door of his [illegible] acquaint the
hall, - and the latter were still there with as
like a week later sheets, Frank received, a [illegible]
carried received a letter of an [illegible] declaration
with the matter of some declaration. This for of [illegible] homely
and incomprehensible blue-black rose surrounded
with violently green leaves, [illegible] alternate with
this for of equally primary and incomprehensible
pinkish rose with the shades of the Latin gay. It
was not an encouraging apartment at [illegible] the
sense of the time, and only the hour happened
to be unusually late Mrs. Jack refused to make
one of it [illegible] at all.

Mrs Cross wearily with it, now, the room had
undergone a change since his death. The
fire had burned down to a hard-full of smoldering
cinders with the grate. The shutters closed and

the

devoid in the way of supper. He conveyed her away to the dining-room, found a comfortable place for her and ministered ~~to~~ with quite paternal solicitude to her material necessities.

"Oh, Jessie, there you are" cried Jack Lindsay suddenly catching sight of her. "That's ~~all~~ right — I was half afraid we'd ~~lost~~ seen the last of you too — and that would be a pity, eh Schwingler? — would n't it? Drake tells me Philip's got tired of it all and gone off to bed. Lazy fellow — Well I must be moving. Glad I saw you Jessie! I was half afraid there might be ~~was~~ something wrong."

Under the combined influences of ~~the~~ supper and of Jack's speech — which seemed to have a comfortably common-place and reassuring quality about it, — Jessie shook off the lingering effects of her fright. No doubt Philip was tired, there was nothing very serious after all. Jessie began to revive, ~~to~~ began to be entertaining! began to ruffle her charming feathers, so to speak, and turn her bright eyes merrily and fearlessly on her surroundings again. Perhaps after all the pleasant things were not all over yet. A rather daring spirit of gaiety returned upon her. Half an hour later she was waltzing as light-heartedly as ever with Charlie Colvin in the bright ballroom. Oh dear world, when we find you are not spoilt after all, how delicious it is!..

But fate had ordained that Jessie Lindsay's ~~[illegible]~~ peace of mind should be shaken ~~again~~ straightway before many hours were over.

The grinding of wheels, the red glare of carriage-lamps, the metallic rattle of bits and stamp of horses standing till they were fidgeted ~~[illegible]~~ with the frost air, had all ceased ~~[illegible]~~ outside the great square house at Barnett Barras. The last Pullman omnibus, looking in the darkness like some gigantic black-beetle, had crawled away across the snowy park towards the sleeping village on the upland above. The night of Augusta Lindsay's social triumph had passed away with all its mingled emotions, — its pleasures and regrets, its satisfactions, disappointments and stupidities, its stale jokes, old scandals, new heart-burnings. The dust that had whirled and danced for so many hours, along with the human dancers, was settling down upon the bare floors again. The spacious rooms were empty. The flowers hung limp and withering in the close hot air. Yawning servants moved to and fro, gossiping lazily, ~~and~~ putting out the failing lights,

after clearing away the rubbish in front of the principal entrance. The gun road was in fine order and in line. The mounds and the pavement were new and done with, and the path was finished down and fit for use on the 9th of August - when the Queen visited the Exhibition & the grand park, when Prince Frederick - her future son, her daughter Princess, her flower girl. The Exhibition goods out of her gardens and the Prince's grounds out of her hands - came municipality, Lords, above the Parade and adjoined the large Rose bed-room over the walk.

on the same room we should find Matthew Frederick's little room as years ago. The high walk & the beds with its flowers, still encamping, still occupied it's Lords position. The same Lord parliament main-ain positions still & Lords with disquiet against the Lords, - and the Lords were still Lords with as little & walk. later still, Frank Lawrence, with rapidity becoming a relic & as former dispensation with the Matrix & house decoration. Still per & Lords fond with accompaniments the Lord-Lords were surrounded with visibility & pavement, the alternate with still per & equality with Matrix and accompaniments the Lords were with the shades & declining gay. It was not we encouraged apartments at the Lords & it Lords, and with the Lords happened & the unwonted Lords Mr. Jack refused to make use & it the Lords at all.

since Lords Wesley with it, now the room had engaged Lords above & Lords with it declining as yet. The Lords had turned down to a hand-full & withdrawing Lords with Lords gates. The Lords Lords & open and

the

... curtains were drawn back, letting in the first birds glimmer of the coming day.

... girl set her candle stick down on the table at the bottom of the bed, and then glanced about her with a slight nervous shudder in the ghostly half light. She looked very young, very slender like some delicate flower, battered and wilted by rough rain and wind, as she stood there in her crumpled ball dress. For a minute or so she waited silently, then growing aware of the other of her.

"Why—are you there, Philip?" she cried softly with timidity.

... suddenly came towards ~~dark~~ out of ~~~~ the far corner of the large room.. He stopped at the other end of the table ~~by~~ the foot of the bed and stood looking at the girl. He still wore his evening clothes, & his face ~~looked~~ was old and haggard, and looked almost as livid and ghastly as the glimmering window behind him, in the wavering light of ~~the~~ ~~her~~ Bernie's ~~~~ candle as ~~he stood watching~~ watched her. ~~~~. His lips were drawn and stiff, he had a difficulty in speaking. "You are very late ~~~~ in coming, Bernie," he said, at last.

"[I st]ayed to the end," she answered; "and then Augusta kept me."

... of ~~~~ Bernie's round mouth went down. The rare tears came into her eyes and ran over her pale cheeks.

"Augusta has said something wicked to me," she went on. "She has made me ashamed". The girl looked up at her husband with ~~the~~ the frankest trust in her pretty piteous face. "I was never ashamed before," she sobbed — "never, never in all my life".

~~[illegible]~~

Turn

…e."

The hours of waiting had been heart-breaking to both Ludwig. The Desertion swift disobedience ~~[illegible]~~ were ~~[illegible]~~ incomprehensible to his faithful spirit. Jerrie had deserted him barely, had been cruel, disobedient. He could not think the thing ~~[illegible]~~ surprising as it was to him to admit it. Then, this time had not been done in a corner. Thalia and the doctor in my care, and his servants — possibly ~~[illegible]~~ as half the neighbourhood. By this time — knew that he had come searching in one room while his wife was dancing in the next. His pride was cut to the very quick. Pain we bear ~~[illegible]~~ silently by ourselves is almost ease, compared with the pain we experience when others look on with surprise and pity. Jerrie had done him ~~something~~ a terrible injury. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Yet, as he stood ~~[illegible]~~ watching her, he asked himself sternly should it be peace or war; and ~~[illegible]~~ answered that for war there was surely game enough.

…said to me something wicked, coarse, brutal. At first I did not understand her: but she explained, she left me in no doubt". — Jerrie …the while, looked up with that same ~~[illegible]~~ straight-forward demand for sympathy. — "What do I care for one man more than another? I only wanted to dance. As to that stupid boy — Oh! I can't talk about it — it is horrible! shameful!"

…girl put her hands over her eyes and sank down

[illegible] distinct [illegible] on [illegible] floor.
"Did I [illegible] Philip" where you
[illegible] to [illegible]? You could not be so
cruel as to [illegible] and [illegible] hand - like that.
Is me?. Only wanted to dance. Would have
danced all night with you if - if -"
Her voice was lost in [illegible] of her weeping.
Arm and shoulder could not stand it. Her head came
on his little space that divided them, and rested
this slight, round figure. — Ever it must be
[illegible] after all.
"Oh Sweet Jessie," he said, "I have never doubted
you in that matter. You have been [illegible]" —
he paused a moment. To tell her what was had
been was to embark in very ugly statement;
Philip loved her too well, after all; he could
not bring himself to [illegible] "I have never
doubted that in thought and word and deed
you are pure as this day".
[illegible] Her arm round his neck and
pressed her face against his shoulder, sobbing: —
"Kiss me, Philip, comfort me. Say so miserable
a word as said 'no' now".
[illegible]
same
[illegible] of circumstance and trouble should had
[illegible] Jessie to leave her husband now working
on earth to [illegible]. It was also selfish, also: and
if Philip could handle resist it. Sadly, and
[illegible] knowledge [illegible] that duty must
[illegible] Jessie's hiever on this should had
been must pursuit to him, not often honestly
[illegible] her figure here. How, indeed, could he

do

as she clung to him

a thin thread of tears and in that heart-breaking parody of tears — generated in part of physical exhaustion after her long night of dancing, in part by the shock and terror of his attack, and in part released by the kind of grotesque sweetness in this little scene — it was Mr. Symes — quickened into movement by this brilliant inborn sense of shame — how, I say, could she do this? He felt dumbly that all was as it was in Jenin's prison — for he is now the man she loved, her deliverer, to break this bond or quench this nothing flame.

I do not even try to interpret this occasion by setting his pardon in so many words. She was aided, over-wrought, in many of ways. With gentle warm fingers Philip helped this pitiful piteous creature of mixed race and mixed breed, helped her to bed, laid this bed-clothes over her: and, then, worn and wearied by pain and sleep as he was, put down by this bedside, and sat in this chilly grey dawning, and held her small cold hand in his — resting and petting her as a woman might — till this little sobbing convulsive and exhausted and drowsy child was a little quieter, murmuring, now and then, "Philip, you are very good; I love you"; she was half asleep.

Then she turned over and kissed her. That kiss ended this state of peace.

"Philip, you darling," she said, more words.

Softly she spoke again, still holding his hand a moment, her fingers over the palm of it restlessly.

"Will not it be fine, we will go home

to-morrow

summer and night she knew dreadful things and she happy. We used to be so happy at first in the summer time".

Philip Sudeley's wife's speech was intolerably plaintive. Was the summer time of their lives was gone for ever recalled. For a moment he wondered whether he had been guilty of an error - error in his estimate and immediate. If he had stuck to his profession if he had not so crimmed [illegible] - had he in cotton work, in work - if he had taken her into the lonely and humble life, made her submit once thoroughly to the ordinary conditions of life. Would, would his timely and his increasing [illegible] relating his wife as an adjunct merely - a very exquisite one, but an adjunct still - might he not have saved both her and himself?. In his communicating weakness to her, he had left her wholly undisciplined and now - now perhaps it was also too late. Now by a sudden perception of his own folly, Philip Sudeley groaned aloud.

She raised herself upon her elbow.

"Won't happen again, Philip", she cried.

Philip turned to her gently - the tears came to his eyes. Perhaps he was to blame, perhaps he had been culpably weak and easy with her and wrong her as wrong - the thought made him speak very gently to her.

"But won't happen again, my pretty one?" he asked.

"No - you know", she said, her eyes wide with alarm. "It was terrible, I could not bear it.

Even

"Are you better, Philip"?.

He looked at her in a moment in silence, [illegible]. He could not. His head was on her heart.

"Jennie, Jennie, [illegible] have you no mercy?." he cried. "Will you never understand?".

The girl dropped back against the pillow and began to sob again bitterly.

"am I cold to you? I was a little happier — please am I cold to me" she moaned.

There was [illegible] silence. He had made her during the ago; in a moment, at heart, he had brought it into utter misery. Philip's pride rallied as his stricken heart was in him; he determined accept the inevitable and play his part like a man. He turned to her white and grave.

"Jennie, we must take what comes", he said. "it happen again, God helping me, you shall never see it happen. Will you take it, my Jennie"?. She put out her hand and stroked his cheek.

"You are very good, Philip" she said again. "Will you [illegible] me, [illegible] I could go to sleep."

Babaam's an speaks.

world be very pleasant, above this period, to throw away the scalpel and shut up the moral discipline room, with all its ugly sights, all its humiliating revelations of the weakness, disease, and wickedness of fallen humanity; all its rods kept ever from the flesh and all things ever lovely, with which sins grow wrong somehow and are lovely no longer, unfit only as warnings & advertisements, & candles of disclosure and all pervasive moral and mental obliquity. — Pleasant to forget that self of one quality, with its defects & errors; to forget that your generous mam, with almost certainly pure motives; your just mam hands and mammaquiatives; that necessity of being per goes hand in hand with the want of reason; and that desire to please with miserable vanity: that this love with the weighted with violence, suspicion, and jealousy; our nonsense gratified by lack of zeal; sadden enthusiasm battles to desperate with fanaticisms and hand with distinctness to this chaos of opponents. It would be pleasant to step over books on the distinguishing knowledge - knowledge which makes simple and direct action almost impossible, which complicates every emotion, modifies every conclusion,

traches

aches one to ~~[illegible]~~ see a blemish in the river's face, and to detect seeds of folly and incapacity in the noble's character — to turn one's back on all this, straight lock up the dissecting-room with its ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ melancholy secrets and go away to fresh open places, where the wind drives us ~~[illegible]~~ from the seas and the gulls laugh overhead in the sunshine while the bees murmur as they dive into the purple heather bells and the rabbits play in and out among the gnarled bare roots of the ~~[illegible]~~ gorse and the fair white flowers of the bladder-campion bordering the cliff-edge nod gently and peacefully — as one who is on excellent terms with the [illegible] — first down to the wrinkled seas below and then up to the clear sky above. Why should we bother our heads with all this dreary learning when the world out of doors calls to us with ~~[illegible]~~ sweet sights and wholesome voices, and an endless spectacle of fecundity and ~~[illegible]~~ beauty?. It would be more profitable, surely, to learn of liberty from the wind and the white-winged sea-gulls, of happy labour from the honey and round bee flying home from the weight of his honey-bags, and of happy leisure from the soft brown rabbits gambolling together among the furze and rag-wort and bracken?..

end [illegible]

Ultimately, however, this is only one side of the picture; if it were not so, one imagines that only born in-formers and detractors, ~~[illegible]~~ born lovers of the unsavoury would ever ~~[illegible]~~ study the ways of men at all. ~~[illegible]~~ Only really [illegible]-minded persons w- ~~[illegible]~~ argue the society of ~~[illegible]~~ kind and find salvation in solitude, in ~~[illegible]~~ caves of the earth, in forests and deserts, and mountains. ~~[illegible]~~ But, (The other side of the picture is evident enough.) in point of fact great black spiders sit in the doorways

ne. ware of their little tunnels - lined with silver
threads - there among the realities flowers and bees
and busy hands on the bee, honey-bags and all,
gaily on her, in short herself-like fashion, if retiring
of it's kind. She rode off, with her sheaves many
paces ever on of the oak-wood, across the valley
under in the deep gloaming, and with the leader
bird-song. Briskening rabbits in his near thicket teeth just
as it was skipping down with its mother. Even the
gulls, themselves, are both greedy feeders, and have by
no means a delicate consideration for the sensibilities
of individual herring or mackerel. Out of doors, in
air the 'keen, dirt and in the open-wood, pain, injustice
tragedy are rife too. Bears have not yet discarded
their carnivorous and developed plant-eating tendencies, and the weaned child with its
milk-teeth not away from the immediate vicinity of
their caretakers dens. For the instinctive person, there,
who are armed with a necessity to look below the
surface and remember with an unforgettable terror
the "the things as they really are", the moral direction
is hardly a more distinct place than the
sea-shore or the moor-land. And so, reader, after
this brief help at escape from our own shadows,
we may, as well, pick up the scales, and go back, humbly, to science,
civilization and human antiquity again.

(and be of human antiquity immediately under
consideration is Mrs Newman. That worthy lady, some
time down after the Barnett Darcy balls, had received
a letter from her daughter, Cecilia, had received as long letter
from Dr. Martinus Lyner. To say that Stuart was not inserted,
is but the matter very mildly - there were on the
very tip-toe of expectation. Cecilia had been silent
and preoccupied all day, she had appeared to

avoid

side seeing above with her eyes. Mr. Murray looked waited, watched, listened; [illegible] and [illegible] alluded in conversation to many subjects which might offer a good excuse in evidence if Cecilia was there as well as Cecilia was not expected. She devoted the morning to Johnnie's lessons, [illegible] and then attended to bordering on her dinner [illegible] and kitchen-fields. When she did appeared in some considerable time: when at last she came back with the steak thickly covered with onions, Mr. Murray's anxiety to know had reached a height at which concealment was no longer possible. The good old lady was concerned with a desire to information; like, with all her courage she had knew how to begin. She sank back in her chair, folded her hands at above her large waist, and watched her daughter with a hard eager brimming eyes, as she talked with a great basket full of warm flannels and babies, sat down by the centre table and began - not very deftly - seeing to getting some under-garments together for the unhappy dweller on the back-stairs and grimy canals below.

She fitted on the sleeve of [illegible] unbleached shirt upside down, wrong way up, bearing a singular likeness: hastily for marking in the vicarage of double quartz. She [illegible] frowned and tried, her the head was all of time as she tried the incomprehensible [illegible] up, then again to the lamp, turning it this way and that, [illegible] and thinking her fingers eyes over it in perplexity.

At last, Mr Murray sat drawing her fingers with [illegible] letting the cells of [illegible] she [illegible] Holly

Cecilia.

Cecilia," she said, "you look dreadfully. You've got something on your mind".

Addressed by this address made Mr. Harrell start nervously. Effectually drove the difficult question of leaving back into the recesses from which it had just begun to draw rigour of unanswering energy.

"Have something on your mind", continued this elder lady. "It is no good denying it. You cannot deceive your mother, Cecilia. Don't no questions. I never demand confidences when it is not freely offered me — Imagine, consider me this way. Have I ever told you, that in which I have considered your interests it might not seem, I is some fearful, unreasonable thing I should be confided in. But I trust I have learnt to labour in silent without hope of reward — to cast my bread upon the waters. — Ah, well".

Mrs. Dered her eyes and sighed profoundly.

Was too in a couple of min from between her fingers and stroke them into the air. Leaves at random, pushing her fingers hastily on in her agonised confusion. "But to speak to your Mother", she answered suddenly: "but wished time to think and I wished to speak before Annie".

"Is it to here now".

Nellie laid down her work, and leant her elbow on the table shading her eyes with her hand. Her heart beat very quickly. She was afraid of her mother.

Mrs. began "Cecilia has something on her mind", she said." We were interrupted, and we have not time again, and I hardly understood what he was alluding to. I had as better from Annie dear".

"Well, go on", said. Mrs. Murray as Cecilia paused.

"Ha

It was a very kind letter — he — he ~~proposed~~ "most" asked me to marry him".

Murray surged up out of her chair, and pirouetted wildly upon her daughter's, oversetting the work-basket & her wools scattering wax taper and cover, and rendering cotton reels spinning over the floor.

"My child, my child" she cried — "Thank God, my prayers are answered. I shall see you happy, do, well-cared for, successful after all!. Dear old excellent man — never mind about family, — at your age, Cecilia, a marriage of reason is what we must look to. — Comfort, my dear, wealth, absolute wealth and as very good position. Johnnie's future secured. — You have written, you have answered him?."

Mr. Harrell released herself gently from her Mother's caress. She had to answer very pale and trembled ~~visibly~~ She ~~answered~~ replied:— "Yes, I wrote this morning. I posted the letter myself".

"Oh God", murmured Mr. Murray devoutly, again. "Cecilia, fortune is a great power. Believe me and know — ~~or~~ or I have; I have no fear I keep this end in view — this reward in view. That's a very nice house indeed in Bramwell Square — plenty of room for us all, with a little management. Did he make any allusion about settlements? We must go carefully into all that, you know. Mr. Saltmarsh tells me his income is large, really large. Mr. Wells, I am sure, objected me are. I trust with Colonel Sudeley was a disappointment to me but I'm sorry. But Providences ~~incomprehensible~~ (who dies over the widow and the orphan!). Here you might have been at this moment — if all was dear is true, with him on your hands dying — instead

[illegible] — [illegible] my dear, as [illegible] excellent, respectable, dignified [illegible] Indeed you!
— I say, never mind about family, we can't [illegible] everything. You'll bring your husband family
you know. It is better that things should be divided
[illegible] it" —

"Stop, Mistress," cried Cecilia Parnell, wearily.
She stood up — "you [illegible] me understood me".
— What's that?" exclaimed the elder lady with
a rapid change of manner. "Don't stand there
staring like a crazy woman, — if you're going into
hysterics say so, & I'll get a jug of water. Cecilia,
I'm ashamed of you — pity, good help, has sensible".
The name [illegible] was something in her daughter's appearance
which [illegible] decidedly alarmed Mrs. Murray. She
stayed her by the arm and shook it with an endless
[illegible].

"Mistress — speak can't you — Speak, and don't look be
like as fools, Cecilia".

"Mistress, forgive me — pray don't be very angry —
perhaps it was selfish, but I can't marry him". Mrs
Murray looked a very unpleasant old woman as she answered — She leaned forward and peered into Cecilia's
face as if to read there what (have you to) her
to tell out of her.

[illegible]

"It does it tell me you have refused him?"
Cecilia bowed her head in assent. There was an silence
some few minutes, and then Mrs. Murray spoke in an
audible voice.

"You are a base, ungrateful woman, [illegible]. You
are a bad mistress and an bad daughter. I have borne
with your slipshodity and awkwardness, your foolish
familiarity all these years. I have spent my money and

time

ie and affection where you, and that is the return I get. To you want to hide me? do you want to part us?. Look here, Cecilia, you have got to give me, to change your mind. You see you have written - Well, I am going to write to— I am going to explain and apologise. I am going to say that you were taken by surprise, that your reply was ill-considered, that you regret it. I'll apologise, I'll do anything, say anything — whilst that letter stand. Do you hear?"

Murray had often had cause to comment her daughter's lamentable want of spirit; at this moment her daughter's spirit's failing comprised her.

"I may throw both myself and me at that humiliation, this", said Cecilia, quietly. "I have given Dr. Quinn reasons which must refuse which renders my renewal of that offer impossible".

"I cannot tell you". She was still enthusiastic, but no longer with fear. A change visibly had taken place in Mr. Farrell; her face flushed, and she held her head almost proudly.

"Cecilia", cried Mr. Murray, in a sort of amazement: — "do you wish to defy me?"

"I am afraid I do wish to defy you, if I must", she answered. "There are claims on me, which stand even before yours and Ethnie's. I must keep my own self-respect. I will not sell myself for any one's money. I am sorry that Ethnie should miss the chances of advantages that

that

that he would be delivered of ~~consciousness~~ care and
anxiety should he succeed: but
Frank's help it. I cannot tell myself. My
life was spoilt years ago by breaking off
marriage its obligations to my wife, Christian; I
shall not be spoilt a second time by making
one to satisfy them. We are poor, we must
go on living so — We are brave, well, brave
feelings will help to be brave still. Should wife
Agnes to make his own way in the world — he must
do it then. Have we Agnes rights as well as other
people?.. Our rights, at all events, to return to
~~Agnes~~ Australia one self in the sake of our
family? Oh my life Agnes loved one more",
cried Cecilia, ~~she~~ while her thin clear hand
and her eyes were bright with sudden enthusiasm —
"Agnes existence is mine, existence in the world. If
he ever does it is with embarrassment, perhaps
even with dislike. If it does not matter. So do
hybrids he dumb ever Frank of me in ~~Agnes~~ any
Agnes way. Agnes not jealous of our wife, Agnes
want him to be happy — happy in own way
with her, not with me. — But Agnes can't marry
Elizabeth, Agnes never marry. Agnes had enough
of that. Agnes up all ideas of it. Agnes called
me Christian — on that point Agnes Christian. Agnes
Agnes tell Agnes Agnes me alone".

Her pale brave, little defiant face set down on the
bed and began gathering the scattered contents
of the ~~open~~ over the red work-basket together. When
she had put Frank ~~into~~ the box she had by herself
; and, in the moment, her revolt filled her with
a really magnificent sense of freedom, of indiffer-

: ence

Interior of a circumstance or criticism.

:ances, by ~~[illegible]~~. The world has not any number of quests, and not [illegible] faultless stitches at that moment.

While Mr Murray had stuck back into her chair again, in an extraordinary state of perturbation. Babaaui remained where she had retreated to, and was [illegible] with experienced by Mr. Murray these daughters hurried upon her in their very unexpected manner. She was quite unnerved. Feminine tears began to make their way down over her ~~face~~ rouged and powdered cheeks, her handkerchief and diplomacy deserted her. She was a miserable sight as she sat there crying, shaking her poor ~~&~~ worldly old head, with its cap all awry, and hair ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ with ~~[illegible]~~ mittens over her ears, her hand grasping [illegible] pinched up and wrinkled, and tears in her carefully organized complexion coming out in all their wrong places.

Poor miserable, unhappy deserted old woman, she muttered. "It's a cruel world — very body turn against you, at last. You do your best for your children and that's the end of it all, and tells you & your spirit their happiness in them. Quiet, fight, fight against your trials and griefs in them, and just then all the dancers start and come get hold of, and push them on, and try to make a quiet turn and keep up appearances — and then they [illegible] reproach you. It's a hard, hard world, there's no help [illegible] or mercy in it — and I'm so wretched, miserable,

deserted

deserted side woman."

She rose from her knees, came over and stood by her husband.

"Ye," she said gently; "I am very sorry I know you have had so little distinct meat. But there is something better in life than just thinking about ourselves and getting on, you know. It is not for any one's reminding you of this - you must [illegible] by himself; it should be a joy to comfort you and comfort your things." - Cecilia paused. It was in her dumb groping way to find adequate expression for the thought that was in her. - "Can't we trust the world's opinion - it has known it in little second hand ways and [illegible] experiences, and thinks of better and more lasting things. Of religion - I don't mean merely going to church and using certain recognised phrases - but religion of the heart; a real agreeing with God, a real submission to His ordering, a real faith in Him; and hope not for reward here - but here after - [illegible] and that - [illegible] not for our own merits, but of His great mercy, who gives more than we either desire or deserve. - I am preaching to myself, Mother, just as much as to you. I am very faithless and dull. It is so difficult to keep on every day living with our own weak miserable nature. Work with me, Mother, help & strengthen me - I stand greatly in need of both".

Her impatient spirit broke through Mrs. Murray's little faltering pleas.

"Here you are mixing Cecilia, you are as good woman", she said: - "We [illegible]

[illegible]

I never met as good woman yet but did'n't drive at him, as you are driveling now. — I have my intellects still, I am thankful say, & then are some things I see very much more clearly than you do. You suppose if ever I said for him would be his own security, one can't run round all of an sudden at security. one. and live for him and find great consolation in it?. Changes are not so easily made as that. It is misguided, my dear, by you. — And then, after all, who has any right to blame me?. I have only wanted what hundreds of people are born to, and take just as a matter of course, as they do the daylight, without any worrying or scheming. I could n't afford religious beliefs and it 's rather late to begin now. — You say God is exceeding merciful. Well, then perhaps he 'll make allowances for a woman with so much sin in her and so large family of gloriously daughters. — I don't know. — Ring with you, my dear, and tell Eliza to put on couple of bottle-stoppers of brandy in my quest bedroom".

For the signing of this declaration of independence Cecilia Parnell brought her permanent relief, comfort say. What it increased her mother's respect for her, and made this talk to be cause for alarm, in future, in questions matrimonial, is more than probable. But I am

dispose.

Richard

withheld as much as had of Mr. Murray's
behaviour it was abstained from even from of
tyranny, would be despised to balance abstinence
in one direction by excess in another. To her devotion
and the generations made by her ungrateful children,
she did very frequently refer, both in public and
private; but [illegible] her words did not carry any
deep conviction to her majority — any more than we
will hope so.

Queen consoled entirely with her [illegible] privileges,
and eg. theatricals. Some time ago, in that
room of his, after dinner, when his real wig
[illegible] was displaced; and the fire crackled pleasantly
on the hearth, and some interesting new scientific
theories [illegible] before them, Sir Andrew caught
himself speculating on the chances, in the Palaces
of Truth, he might not congratulate himself
on having had an exceedingly lucky escape.

XXXVI

After all — as regards.

The Lucas and Mr. Price. Dawson were coming down the carriage drive towards the little red villa. Their road lead into Seven. Mr. Price. Dawson walked along slowly, she was a little fatigued. The Storm had greatly advanced Summer, as a sweltering and destructive nitrification; but in practice, the morning, melted the Italian ice, and general depletion tendency towards prostration ensued in three whether gave her a headache. and really Trieste her delightful variations varies. It was a good sight from the window gates to the village, and tonight there was a dancing company in the air. The Romans sunshine was hot and dazzling. The roof of covered Fir trees threw their sharp edged shadows along the road way; the white spaces of rough grass in cities and vicinity were planted with the brilliant flowers of anemones of the Pimpernel-white, scarlet, blue, lilac, purple, and violet — an almost endless variety of delicate shades of colour. In their hands, along with their parasols, they carried a big bunch of Roman hyacinths and camelias — bought at a picturesque flower-stall in one of the angles of the great stately palaces in the Via Nuova.

more. The dusk had come upon the pale, lonely river, pressing dusk of our northern climate; the fig trees, withered, darkening dusk of the south.

Mr Casaubon scrambled up the road, Dorothea beside her. To talk with him was not this girl's way under the circumstances. He was engaged with his own reflections, and naturally in answering a few words from time to time, as he moved slightly, or carried a stick more heavily. At the end of this road Eleanor sat down on a sloping cap of rock; the ground was dotted with small pebbles, and it was pleasant here after the dust and heat of the day. Behind the road, in front her, a great fig tree, whose twisted roots clung and wound the broken rock among which it grew in many serpentine folds and convolutions, spread its pale green network of smooth leaning branches — knotted with the ripening fruit — against the distant masses of deep wood and sky purple hills. Beside Dorothea sat Eleanor, the road, and beyond her elbow on the rough natural wall of rock just below the fig tree and sloped away over the grass and the trees, sharp — clear in the sunlight. To the left the country was mountainous with the West — Casaubon's back was towards her — Eleanor felt a mere brief neglected, sometimes; She made her studies.

As months had passed since their engagement, Rome seemed as pleasant months on their whole. Dorothea was affectionate, attentive; and Eleanor sometimes longed at her — studies, reading pretty frequently.

Then

it was an undelaying suddenness in her manner. Which made it impossible to her to resent her sarcasm very warmly. Bertie's conduct had been entirely inexcusable; and yet she was not quite satisfied. Her engagement had not brought her all that she had expected: there was a tonic flavour of disappointment in her mind, after all. Mr. Pierce Bowray was one of those ardent and generous persons who are liable to exaggerated estimates of the possibilities of human life; and are slow to learn that nothing in the world will bring them all that they ask for — that is the end of their vision, and the hues are fairer than the reality can ever be. She did not mean to advance in her relation to Bertie, or to get any nearer to him. There was nothing to quarrel with in her manner or bearing towards her; yet she was conscious of a wall of separation between them. Bertie's desire of sympathy lay in herself, or in her lover she called not Bertie. Ferdie's marriage would be all right: his marriage seemed still to hang in the offing, so to speak. Bertie had made no further definite proposals; she was very lazy, he was willing enough always to let things be — if he saw things were fairly comfortable.

Her soul, hanging at the pale branches of the fig-tree and the purple depths beyond and stretching of all that — stretching, too, of the strangely different way of life she had prepared for herself, of the splendid ideals she had set before her. Suddenly the sweet pathetic letter of Bertie's lover vanished in her eyes. She was weeping softly and bitterly for her youth,

and

and love, and beauty with the whole true drama of Faust's fate and passion commenced. To Mr. Pierce. Faraway it carried too much meaning; she now watched the road and beside the crushed the young man in shoulder.

Connie Wells", he exclaimed, turning to her with all his pride smile and air of self-satisfaction. "finds my voice in the spring, you see, like the small birds do — or rather as the male birds would, if they had not all been killed or caged long ago by these villainous bird-catchers. The performance was not altogether faulty was it?. You did well to stop me".

Nothing in Bertie's speech — perhaps it was the word "coming" — jarred painfully on her hearer. She took her hand off his shoulder and drew away. Bertie had turned round; she leaned his back again: the walls of rock and looked quietly at her. Her eyes had risen, at moments, that queer look in Malvolio's which had formerly so disturbed Jessie Anderson.

He looked back at him. There was a fine sincerity in her steady gaze.

"Don't give me credit, please you came back, Jane seem happy over it to me, "Bertie", she said in a low voice: "Jane had a great deal of pleasure in them, such as I had never expected to have again; and I suppose that was made me selfish. Jane let me day slip away, after another, and never reflected in think of any body but myself and you. — We have done nothing yet about the Colonel".

"quite true", replied Mr. Power, "we have done nothing yet about the Colonel. It is odd you should mention him

was just now because I happened to hear Stirling about him. I had omitted at the conclusion to let Edmund walk with it - which ever it is. above and his letter my self no more about the Colonel and his wife either."

I am sincerely sorry for Mr. Price. Dawnay told me that he was severely hurt on the face; the bone round the edge of it was caught in the point of the sword, and it was some little time before the wild adjust it quite to their liking.

I am afraid I must ask you to trouble yourself as good deal about Colonel Frederick and his wife also this time; he said. - "I am more anxious about them than ever. I had just omitted at a conclusion to — namely that I should not be able to rent it to you for your and my sakes just as much as for their's it seems is me imperatively necessary".

I answered by shrugging my shoulders.

"dear creature" he said; "with you always are highly embarrassing things of me?. Please remember I am not in the least given to knight-errantry; I am not called upon to succour wounded heroes, or rescue distressed damsels. It is not the least in my line. I should make a horrible bogey of it. I am not as gentlemanly fine fellow of the eleventh or twelfth century, you know, but an amateur of the latter end of the nineteenth, with a deep respect for my neighbours small excuse: strictly and a wholesome mortal dread of putting myself in a ridiculous position".

She cried Colonel, a little impatiently, "that is all beside the point, Bertie. This is no knight-errantry in

in the matter. It is a question of common sense, of good sense; you have as power which he may be employed in the benefit of a man who you respect and ~~a~~ a woman, who — who — " Eleanor paused; ~~somewhat~~ It went against her pride to state her deepest thoughts in words: — "a woman" she added, gently, after a moment — "who you have loved. Think of Hetty, Bertie, and not of whether you may be putting yourself to some inconvenience or not. Pray, pray do, for Dorothy you do. It has been altogether ~~unaccountable~~ self-indulgent in me not to urge this on you sooner. I know it is right, I know it is for the best".

Time was acutely uncomfortable, as he ~~sometimes~~ looked down at the shining gravel. ~~and~~ He did not see how he could ~~dedicate~~ himself in the present difficulty ~~with~~ ~~suggestion~~ ~~relating~~ ~~to~~ suitable to the woman he had asked to be his wife, ~~whom~~ the woman whom he admired and liked ~~him~~ cordially, whose society he found stimulating and agreeable in a very high degree ~~to~~ yet he felt it unkind to speak out, and let her ~~know~~ ~~of~~ the danger in which she stood. Well, he said, "as ~~soon as~~ you develop this ~~to~~ remarkable power of getting one into a corner and making one stand and deliver. — Sir Leon, and it is expounded to you. — Love, rightly considered, as state of mind. Being in that state of mind, apparent it is eminently desirable to remain in the society of the person who produced it; but, ~~having~~ having a legitimate object on which to expend its energies, the state of mind should be put ~~to~~ upon some legitimate one. — Thank God for the wisdom enough of resisting my selfishness, ~~dear~~ dear Lenora! and am very fully convinced of the futility of that species of amusement: but I am not absolutely free-proof as the rest. I do not relish the

mission

is prospect of undertaking this ~~address~~ mission:
: pered, you know. — Forgive my putting it to
so plainly before you, Eleanor — Marry me at once,
and then let us go to England as a bride, if you like".
eased speaking this young man looked up. Mr.
ance. Dawson's eyes were filled of a warm light, her
~~face~~ flushed with a dark rich bloom (was)
~~countenance~~, her mouth a little open as if in
ager readiness to speak: she was young, vivid, and beauti-
ful.
"You are delicious", he cried, half-laughing. "You
ouse are absurdly enchanting".
ice. Dawson turned away and walked on hurriedly
his head. She was in a tempest of feeling, it was im-
possible to answer him moderately just then.
Ener lingered a moment or two, then threw back her head
flung up her arms, and then let them drop at her sides.
~~She turned~~ turned again. He ~~did not~~ naturally saw, perhaps,
exactly what he meant by ~~the~~ the action, beyond a
~~the~~ sense that it was a general good-bye to a good
many things he had cared for. Then he walked rapidly
up the hot glaring road after her cousin.
he said, when he overtook her; — "I have been bungled
ktwardly, and offended you. Please forgive me".
ice. Dawson did not turn her head.
you really care that least about my forgiveness? she
arked.
rely", he answered. "It is everything to me". wants
go to England". She stopped, and looked at him
somewhat proudly. — "I want no half-hearted affection,
Bertie. I can give you my whole heart, my whole
life, & I am not prepared to receive a fraction in return —
So and see Jessie, go and do what you can for Edward
Ruderby. — ~~Remember~~ And then come back
to me if you want to. — Remember you are still
perfectly

perfect the peace. He never told nobody of our engagement. Satisfied to have done my duty as an honest man. If you do not come to come back, you can stay away with my money; you are not in any way compromised. You take me for a scoundrel or an idiot", he cried — Of course, I shall come back again. But this condition is valid, Eleanor. And I leave as free being again this journey. It will bring bad luck to somebody".

The bad luck is true, it will come whether you go or not. You do not speak with your usual good sense", she answered. She raised on up the accent. "Will you go"? she asked.

And just reached the ending of the words and the open spaces of the trees in front of the villa. The monkey, who had been running wildly on the walk seeing them approaching, scrambled down, and ran across on all fours to meet his master, with strange chuckling cries of pleasure and welcome. Bertie kicked the ugly little creature and prodded it on the ribs.

"I will go by the main road tonight. I shall have time to park and eat my dinner".

"Tonight — that is very soon", exclaimed Mr. Pierce. "Anyway, somewhat abrupt.

"I have fixed it on me, cousin Nelly — I would rather get it over and done with. But I assure you it will be time enough."— We looked down at the monkey, gently patted its wrinkled pink head. — "The devil, Malvolio", he said, "the very devil".

Was a silence. Eleanor stood, with her head turned looking far away over the glistening expanse of purple seas. Bertie could see the fine outline of her profile. It struck him that she looked very handsome very tender, very sad.

"You

You will be rather lonely here, Nell, I am afraid",
he remarked, abruptly.

"I will not remain here, in any case", she replied. "I have given my landlord a month's ~~warning~~ notice. The little red villa has become a hateful place to me. It is full of ghosts; every room is haunted by tormenting memories; every chair and table reminds me mockingly of scenes in which my weakness, mistakes, ill-founded hopes, ~~misunderstandings~~, and childish vacillations play a part. The ~~same~~ curtains mock me with laughter at my folly. I see look out of the mirror over my shoulder, and taunt me with the remembrance of former ideals and firm beliefs. — If we meet again, Bertie, we will meet somewhere else, not here".

There was a ring of ~~feeling~~ feeling in ~~her voice~~, which was very penetrating.

Bertie stroked his moustache, meditatively.

"Little red Villas, it is hard to ~~them~~ them?" he said. "Well, it is ~~one~~ one of the human comedy in the ~~end~~ end ~~of~~ the year, if it is never seen it before — which, all things considered, is improbable, ~~for~~ ~~I~~ ~~should~~ ~~imagine~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~would~~ ~~take~~ ~~as~~ ~~long~~ ~~as~~ ~~long~~ ~~as~~ ~~there~~ ~~are~~ ~~little~~ ménages ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~had~~. Well — ~~he~~ willingly takes a rest, and ~~it~~ is to recover its force before it suffers violence from another incursion of an overpowering circumstance. — Meanwhile, Dora, I shall be just as well satisfied to think of you in rather more lively surroundings; the influences here, no doubt, have become peculiar, you will be safer away from them. — But don't start any new ideas, dearest. Please ~~give~~ like your dear ~~self~~ ~~and~~ let any high-flown, sentimental ~~ideas~~ ~~of~~ ~~duty~~ ~~or~~ ~~honour~~ ~~or~~ ~~anything~~ ~~else~~ ~~of~~ ~~that~~ ~~sort~~ ~~come~~ ~~between~~ us again — don't ~~let~~ ~~any~~ ~~high-flown~~ ~~sentimental~~ ~~notions~~ ~~of~~ ~~duty~~ ~~or~~ ~~honour~~ ~~or~~ ~~anything~~ ~~else~~ ~~of~~ ~~that~~ ~~sort~~ ~~come~~ ~~between~~ us" hankering after contracting

a

a matrimonial alliance with the Duke of Jura, [interference] [illegible] [illegible] and fundamentally [illegible] is".

"Peace. Rowan, how can we read ~~and~~ with us right ~~and~~ ~~unreasonable~~.

"I need not be afraid, Bertie. That dream is past and over, dear. Like so many more. Come in; you have not the time, and we will eat our dinner in peace before we part. It is the last meal we shall eat together here - perhaps the last we shall (ever) eat together at all".

~~Roderick~~ Gerard put his monkey up on to his shoulder. That time ~~dangerous~~ with its arms up to its ears, and with one long skinny brown hand clutching tightly the collar of his coat. The young man came to his corner and put his arm round her waist.

"Come, come, my dear Nell", he said, smiling: "don't let us make such a Shakespearian tragedy of it. — Or play the part of a romantic and ~~unreasonable~~ acting quixotic an ancient legend, and set your face dangerous tasks to perform before you will listen to him. Well, there! Kiss me again - he begs you, - perhaps against his better judgment, - but kiss him and forgive and ~~—~~ give me a kiss to remember you by, sweet self to his bedside. You know your way, dear, in the name of reason, do you want?".

Nelly ~~said~~ should never get, I know, Bertie", she answered; and her lips quivered as little as she dare.

XIX VII

In which the domestic fowl
bears part.

It ever happened to you, dear reader, in some
large hall, town, or summer morning, to stand
and watch the manner and customs of as respect:
able middle-aged hen, with a brood of young chickens?.
observe the care, the anxious consideration with which
the leads her callow, peeping family; the
energy with which she scratches in miry gravelly
places, and the ease of a beach of
sand, in the rich fertile border of the manure
heap, rummaging the rank grass round the water butt,
in search of succulent or stimulating worms? How
she regards the agitated chickens with which
she calls any straggler of his adventurous
wandering attention, or summons the
ears of the slow standing on tip-toe, with
distended beak and elongated neck,
announces in quivering and plaintive
tones its inability to find its way back to protecting
shelter of the maternal wing?. Does the
excellent hen seem to me a very embodiment of
all the feminine characteristic virtues? - But, since the sun is
warm, and the grass dew-way of the dear wood.
. Red is as pleasantly shady, please to stand with, just

which

responsibility.

"In this case [illegible] direct [illegible]
responsibility myself", said Mr. Morris

[illegible] Miss Sudely's behaviour to Miss [illegible] differed [illegible] as little [illegible]. See, it [illegible] strange
small, still and pleasing as any one of her own breed-
ers to wards her, how wags [illegible] and her
tail spread with great eagerness, while
every separate feather stands out fierce and bristling!
Her head curved beak is dashed down at the
unhappy shrieking fluttering victim, [illegible] and
then, until the human spectator comes to the
rescue, the poor little victim is shaken, pecked,
maltreated till the [illegible] tiny [illegible] life
is nearly or quite [illegible] mutilated out of the quivering body.
Is this an embodiment of feminine, character too?
It would be injurious to pronounce on such a
point — please it is you my reader.
Miss Sudely's husband had despised her, and yet, because
an active brave as [illegible] proved his utter, —
like those victories of Miss Sudely's which continue a great
[illegible] by after the voices which produced them is again silent —
this young lady found the little world in which
she moved rallied as different places to her ever after
that ill-starred night at Barnet Darcy. History [illegible]
of [illegible] future nature of Colonel Sudely's
illness and of his wife's [illegible] apparent
indifference to his condition leaked out, of course, as
such things will; leaked out, too, clothed in the
darkest of colours and with a small army of exagger-
-ations, misconstructions, ungraceful hints and de-
-suggestions following in its train. A good many persons
did not scruple to [illegible] their conjectures that Mrs.
Sudely was a shameless little flirt, and while they
sympathised pityingly for her husband, added that they themselves
— in like case — would have behaved very differently. —
A man should know how to put down his foot; that to know

then

seem to do so, it to write yourself down either an ass or a poltroon. Bertie Inner had told Mr. Percie Dawman, long ago, that Jessie would never endure herself in any way provocative of the censure of society: but, Jessie had said this to herself to account the possibilities of adverse circumstance or the almost unlimited power of misconstruing evidence possessed by the average human being. Selfishness and heartlessness in by no means disqualifying them from making a good show in the world. If men by uniting against her a charge of which she was wholly guiltless, that [illegible] society – in its small way – pledged itself to judge Jessie harshly and condemned her. I do not wish to excuse her, or to easily condone her ill doings: we must maintain, nevertheless, that she was convicted on entirely wrong grounds.

After meeting at the Barnets' ball she received the morning, as we said, a note from Mr. Colvin, begging her if it lay in her power to pay me a visit early that same afternoon. She requested Pallin surprised him by [illegible] Both events had made the Colvin name somewhat unwelcome to her. But the day was bright, it was a little dull at home – and Jessie fancied there had been a slight falling off in the number and cordiality of her visitors just lately – and then she really liked Mr. Colvin, whose large, gentle, unselfish presence gave her an agreeable sense of comfort and security. She decided to go, thinking she, also, decided not to mention the matter to her husband. Philip had grown a little jury and particular, the thought. Colvins were disagreeable and our young lady objected to:

namely

[illegible] that which is disagreeable.
I had learnt to dress [illegible], and it was
in this certain quickening of the veins and exhilaration
of this spirit that she took the reins and [illegible]
of carriage. Across along the high-road, [illegible]
[illegible] round the curve under the railway bridge -
collecting dogs and children, and [illegible] artizans'
[illegible] leaping aside to [illegible] to [illegible] work
[illegible] to begin, to right and left — and [illegible] [illegible] up
[illegible] hats of the [illegible] little boys.
Right valuers like our 'reverses' meet with many
consolations by the way. They come into our [illegible],
and the surface, at least, can generally be kept
pure and smart and pleasant to the eye.
"We know up at the Priory, Williams", she said,
standing for a moment on the clean pavement, and
using herself under the pats and manipulations of
[illegible] of her sisters quite right., [illegible]
[illegible]" [illegible] meet me at Luckcombe's Library at
half past four. Ask for the afternoon letters, please;
and [illegible] see if
there [illegible] is anything in Colonel Sunderby at the Station".
[illegible] Then she went into the house.
She received her guests very kindly. She held Jenni's
hands in her [illegible] soft steady grasp a little longer even
than courtesy positively demanded, and looked at her
searchingly with the sweet, questioning, near-sighted
grey eyes.
"I [illegible] kinds of you to come to me at such short
notice", she said.
Jenni smiled radiantly.
"It is, I had nothing to do, I was delighted": — she
answered.

[illegible]

Mr. Colonic shook his head in her questions and looked at his brilliant face with a sense of pleasure and conflicting feelings. She read the accusations to him and that painful one against his creatures. She did not approve of Jenia; and yet this girl's beauty filled her with a strange tenderness for it.

"I afraid you have seen no news anxiety about Lenet Luderly", she said. "I hope that your evening here this will not have been a bitter".

"It is very much as usual", Jenia said, still smiling. "We had an innocent mania about her fame, you know. Her fame was to make our fortunes. But we had been rather indolent with about this fame and our fortunes [illegible] society. Today however this evening-mania appears to be in the ascendant again. We like our tea very quiet to look at the sheep. I like the sheep too. They are very worthy well-meaning animals: but there is a certain sameness about them, it is impossible to see enough of them. I was very happy to come and see you dear Liza".

A slight change came over

Mrs. Colonic's face at the [illegible] words. Decidedly this was not one of her own simple good-hearted children, it belonged to a very different breed.

"I glad you have given such a re-assuring account of your husband", she said. "We feared, from rumours that reached us [illegible] that he had been terribly ill on the night of the ball at Barnett." Object was hardly not too agreeable one to Jenia Luderly: the her blood was still tingling with the healthy excitement

excitement of her words drives. Like some wild wood-beast Jessie flew over bright and glad with the quickening health of the coming spring. She answered lightly enough.

"I was sure it did at first, I suppose. But it happened again. And when it is pained in it not best to forget?"

Mrs. Morris sighed.

"You are very young, Mrs. Sudeley," she said. "Later it is not always possible to forget so easily. But come sit down, dear – I have something I want to tell you."

So it is something nice, Jessie guessed gaily, as she nestled down upon the warm silk cushions, and watched her self-possessed appreciated friend. Mrs. Morris, who studied her as well-heads, emptiness often rewarding out of pure curiosity. But it is extraordinary what an insight of human character one of these women, with wide business interests and much knowledge of men, will sometimes obtain, simply at the right of a ground, and Jessie was in a helpless dilemma during the next few minutes, occasioned by the sudden manifestation of conventionalities in speech and action that would be as sheer impossibility to the average man. Mrs. Morris had resolved to say certain – as she believed – truths to Mrs. Sudeley, and the gentleness and kindness of her nature caused it to wander into almost cruel courage. She ignored the girl's little remark, and began speaking in her slow, quiet, kindly voice, as though she was

to be

~~saying~~ ~~saying~~ stating the most ordinary of common-places. It is one of the advantages of good-breeding, to the possessor of it, that it gives an unabashable self-confidence, whose quite ~~unconsciousness~~ ~~non-ch~~ unconsciously makes it only the more impressive.

"I have been ~~greatly~~ troubled and disturbed lately, Mr ~~Colvin~~" she said, "in a matter of very deep and vital ~~interest~~ importance to me. For the past week I have been alone, having persuaded my son to go away and stay at Pentstock with his sister. He was unwilling to leave here: but he yielded to my very clearly expressed ~~desires~~ wishes. — During that time, I have thought a great deal of you, Mr. Colvin. At last, I resolved to ask you to come and see me".

She sat with her head a little on one side, ~~ag~~ carefully unbuttoning and taking off her gloves. "My hands are just a little cramped with driving" she remarked ~~quietly~~ by the way.

Colvin looked at her again earnestly with keen questioning eyes; but Jessie appeared absorbed in the removal of her gloves.

"I am afraid there is a ~~always~~ much undesirable ~~[illegible]~~ gossip in Tullingworth," she went on. "It is ~~always~~ so I suppose in a watering place; every little event is instantly remarked and commented on. ~~[illegible]~~ Certain things have been whispered ~~[illegible]~~ lately, which I think you ought to ~~be~~ know of, Mr Colvin".

"~~She~~ answered, a trifle impatiently, "that sort of information – pardon my saying it – is not in the least interesting to me".

"If it was merely outside gossip, I should not trouble you with it," he mused; Mr. Colvin continued: — "but it is something which nearly concerns us both — your happiness and mine, and the happiness of those who ever should be dear to us. My son" —

Jessie

Jessie looked up suddenly.
"Is you, your son"? she cried. "What news is your son to me?"

"It is just what I want to know", said the other quietly. — "My boy is changed, he is moody and quite occupied, he no longer hears any confidences in me. Some one has come between us, and has alienated his love. People write me letters as to your husband's past life & I see his anger & such as separation. He is his responsible & tells me who has worked this change in him. I do not go out much, you know, Mrs Sudely, but on all hand & I have come to hate it. Now." "What must I think? I would rather my son was dead than that he should bring disgrace on himself and on his father's name; in what strange has come and darkness should come to another household. I cannot believe that Charles would have done anything dishonourable I said firmly, even if he had very distinct encouragement had been offered him".

"But your husband cried, do you not pity it, amid all this settling up of disaster, this jealousy and darkness?. Does time not heal, things fade in a wilful, wandering, naughty little mind. Jessie sat quite still, her eyes glistening with a weird steely light in them, her lips drawn back showing her white even teeth.

"Are you talking about"? she demanded in a dear voice.

Suddenly, it was borne upon me, and my son, if you have played with him, [illegible]

[illegible], Swinburne upon Pauline, Shelley - just and ends over and in all the Shelley medical, Christian. That first date in [illegible] seems such a [illegible] matter, so wise with light & shadow: but Shelley were Shelley may lead to .. Shelley of your —

does the Devil write as a corp. [illegible] Jemima Shelley and Shadwell out, in [illegible] a movement of sadness, ungovernable passion, and shocks her [illegible] hills on Shelley mouth.

In all as withered lies [illegible] Shelley [illegible], & unsung up, and stand via Pierce as a little Disraeli in front of her.

"Wicked, [illegible] lies - Yes, I will say it. Don't care about Pearl. Why do you all hunt, and persecute and accuse me? What bad wicked you must have in Shelley Shelley Things of me. Mr. Why did Pearl come to Shelley medical council, where every body is armed as Shelley are disgusted. Tell you all he bear breed me with Shelley all wicked of my life filthy Shelley over. He came dance, [illegible] he come felicia and carry on with as another, he is not an husband. See I give Shelley her dress, Shelley fine coats young gentlemen. But, mon Dieu, he is dull, dull, dull - dull as your everlasting Yes grey sky, your [illegible] fields, dull as your heavy brain, dull [illegible] your violent Shelley of me. [illegible] Mr. ah." she added: — "but your lip is bleeding - cover it up, it is odious to see. I can: not stay - do not speak, I will not hear you".

Jemima left by Shelley violence of her anger, Jemima went out Shelley room, down Shelley stairs. Care and no in Shelley street. A little Pierce delicious had about Shelley of her, very different to her Pierce to Pierce [illegible] at Barnet Darcy, on to Shelley sense of

shame

Thence Miss Wood followed on the quiet Sunday's seclusion
of her soul made her take refuge in
~~[illegible]~~ her husband's suite of rooms. Adversity, which ~~[illegible]~~
disconsolate nature, stimulates strong natures - as Mary Summer.
Whether weld this metal to use and solidity - only
man and nurse might tell, while Deanne-Lorna needing
saving like poor Jessie. Then Deanne no power of
writing, through delicacies and injury, with a richer
and richer spiritual life: no power of dispersing and
mellowing under the influence of searching mental
experience. They bore their own peculiar charm, their
careless spontaneity. Their purposeless yet inspiring
loveliness was so prized in them; and present to us
with no higher graces or virtues in place of it. It
is poor work creating subtleties with a cart-rope.
Vaguely,
it calms her with a growing concentration of purpose.
Her sacred quiet, sacred light, Her sacred charged
dignity to gather Jessie walled ~~[illegible]~~ through the
shining work with Mary in the Main February sunshine.
But her heart was black with hatred, with a sense
of unjust ~~[illegible]~~ bravery, with a feeling that she was at
war with every ~~[illegible]~~ man and woman she met.
She turned with this Hotel.
my servant to bring round my carriage immediately.
"Ah," she said to ~~[illegible]~~ a waiter standing in the
hall. "I will go with the coffee room & wait."
A man bowed as before her to them open the
door & she said, rather gloomy apartment, with its
substantial mahogany ~~[illegible]~~ dreary tables, its ~~[illegible]~~ heavy
red carpet & curtains, its ~~[illegible]~~ array
of ~~[illegible]~~ tables, ~~[illegible]~~ lists, and ~~[illegible]~~ daily papers.
Jessie entered the room and stood looking over the worn
red Heads of the waiters ~~[illegible]~~ in the street, to catch

the

. first of sight of the carriage. She wanted to get home as quickly as might be, she had an announcement to make to her husband. A gentleman, the only other occupant of the large room, was sitting stretched out lazily in an arm-chair by the fire. ~~His was a tall broad-shouldered handsome elegant-looking man.~~ His face and his upper part of his person were completely hidden by the newspaper he was perusing. Jennie was too deeply absorbed by her own reflections to pay any attention to ~~him~~ her companion; and he, on his part, seemed at least equally indifferent to her presence. The carriage did not come. The girl grew impatient - perhaps William had not come back from executing the various commissions she had given him to do for her. She turned round nervously to ring the bell and send some one to make enquiries.

As the gentleman sitting by the fire, crumpled his paper to gether and rose to his feet with an irritable exclamation of Italian. Jennie paused half way across the room. There was a moment of profound silence. Then she cried aloud; ~~said~~ "Oh! Bertie, Bertie". came across hastily to him, her face suddenly radiated with a lovely expression - half smiles half tears. She laid both hands on the young man's arm and put up her mouth to meet ~~their~~ his petulant child. like fashion to give a kiss.

His lower lip started violently as Jennie neared her. His ~~countenance~~ went very pale. For a few seconds he resisted. Then he took her hand in his, and bending down kissed it, and not her lips.

"a little cousin", he said in his soft rich voice, "I was on my way to see you. Shame come over on an

embassy

unhappy from Steamer – from your step-mother. But I intended to present myself, armed with my credentials, with all due etiquette and formality to your husband, first of all. Our meeting is a trifle pre-: mature and circumstantial".

managed to smile and speak in his usual drawling say: "It's all right, it seemed to Bertie Tower that his life was going out of him in great bursts of pain. Just then Mr. Perier-Dauvray had, indeed, much rather have to lose.

Book Seventh
The final reward

Chapter I.

For his reward this genius suddenly was a ghost.

He was a rare lot in London, they said. I don't mind it so as there is many doubles since I was shepherding in old Mr. Abraham, over at Willy-le-Walls — a matter of twenty five years ago that is now". Reminiscences were delivered in that slow and measured manner peculiar to the Midlandshire labourer who having already passed middle-age has escaped the deteriorating influence of modern education and still talks entirely in native dialect with all its legitimate breadth and vitality. The speaker, Enoch, with his worn face and short thick-made figure, had in a long working life gained for greater warmth with as material early resembling horse-clothing — and yellow leather gaiters fitting pretty in close wrinkles tightly round his ankles — was by virtue of the large proportion of his heavy clay-stained boots with ungraceful prominence — and in the shoulder-stooping attitude common to men of his class, contemplating his rough bleating lambs and their great woolly broad-backed sheep with an air of placid complacency. Mr Enoch leant on the handle of his long crook and contentedly plaited the lambs tail. There is still a very real satisfaction to be derived, somewhat, from the fact that most of your own [illegible] being

doubles

dubber, even when you have reason to believe your-
-self within quite measurable distance of eternity.
The day of small things is never quite done. Wash
Soda. Sugar is sweet to the taste even of a
dying man. And our friends the Colonels, on this
18th February after noon, when the first birds of spring
was in the air, and the black-birds fluted in
merry lover-like fashion up and down the
quickset hedge-row, and the long tapestry turned
red on the black-stemmed alder-swamp,
this work, was very pleasantly conscious not of
death but of life, of receiving nutrient and simple
enjoyment in things around him. It was a very
good day with him. He had been round the farm
looking at the corn in the Home Close, and at the
beasts in the lower meadows; and watching the
men and great Norman-horses quiet-making.
Limbed Carl Turner at work on the plough-land,
for the first time since that nasty turn he had
had at Barnet three weeks ago. During three
three weeks he had suffered a violent
return of pain, he had slowly mended:
and Jessie, at the window, had been kind
and gentle to him. She had been entertained to stay
more here at home; and though she had made
no direct allusion to his illness Philip fancied
she had tried to be thoughtful and considerate
towards him. A little delicate flower of hope was
beginning to blossom shyly and timidly in Colonel
Enderby heart. "Ah! life is a good gift." "Shall
engage us, in her sweet moments, would part
with it willingly?"

in on with the bonfire drawing towards what is
young and near the promise of future fertility in
it

.. She had picked up some sprig of hazel with its tiny gems of crimson flower and pale green downy catkin and stuck it into the button-hole of her brown flannel coat. It was not a very effective form of personal decoration, perhaps — rather mean in appearance in Mr. Ames's habitual gardenia: but to this School it had all hidden values since it symbolized the spiritual blossoming of hope that was unfolding within her.

She came. She was terribly late, having as good as said she'd be with us early. She despised punctuality. She was grown up in very shady, tied up reckoning. Philip was quite willing to rest on the handle of his spade a little longer, and listen to Mary — who, it may be observed in passing, always engaged in conversation always carefully did at right angles to her auditor, pursuing a large expanse of pallid cheek and rounded shoulder. Sandy, the wary, pricked his tailless sheep-dog sat down on the damp meadow grass a few paces off, keeping a sharp anxious eye on the flocks all the while, as the lambs ran to and fro, bleating and butting at each other, and racing, in excited play, for little runs, wildly over the long moorish ridges, bucking up into the air with round backs and ungainly pendulous legs, and then rushing back again to demand sustenance — in the most open and unashamed sort of fashion. Poor Mary, servant, slow-moving mother.

It was about the last time we'd any luck to speak of, with that flock — the man went on. Next year and the year following the lambs came fine enough, but they went wrong when they got up a few days old — seemed all to wriddle away some-how"

-hen".

needs to unriddle anyway, did they?" repeated the Colonel. "Perhaps there is the beggars won't take it down anything of what we've. They look jolly enough now, any how".

"We've a rare lot of lambs, there are", replied the Vicar, meditatively. "Old Martin Jakeman he came down to me there two or three mornings ago on Friday morning — Friday it was or Saturday — happen it were on Saturday, though it was Friday I think — and he says to me, Vicar" he says "my Shad's up with the lambs, he says. They're actually paired, he's says. I've given up this 'ere world trying to learn them, I did, I've never had one: we've got some thing wrong with their insides, or, or it beyond your cunning or me mine either. I don't understand it he says — no more I did, no more I don't to this present day. She ever were right enough — we the lambs they unriddled. Sit just like as many little 'natomies. Saw help you, there weren't a bone in their carkisses you could'n't 'a put yer two fingers round after they died". He paused, exhausted with this flight of anecdotal eloquence.

"Fetch 'em up, Sandy", he said. The boy ran. Presently a sparing soft like a yellow streak across the grass, this minute doubling, driving the fat heavily breeded ewes and the bleating lambs, a compact palpitating disk. While Wolf with the fifth ear of his wide vocabulary

"Let be getting some again, Sandy", said the Colonel

Suddenly

Sudely, almost regretfully. He enjoyed the homely country sights and sounds, the pale glint of the early spring sunshine — enjoyed them all the more keenly in this time of returning activity after that miserable episode - he tried to think of it as closing as possible — at the Barnstaple ball at Barnes Darcy.

"I'll see you about again, sir", shouted Grey, half drawn. Tardily, as he moved away after Sandy and the flock. "Days is my mirror, bare nights, Days, I seem to miss something when I don't see the Colonel round most days".

Up Sudely was conscious of a heightened sense of pleasure. He was very grateful to any one, gentle or simple, for liking him. The flower of hope bloomed quite warmly as he walked quickly on across the fields towards the gate opening on to the road just opposite the Manor House, those buff-coloured thickset gables and great red chimney stacks with their mellow old-fashioned comfort among the budding trees, and the sturgeons. As he passed out onto the broad main road, he heard the roll of carriage-wheels and the sharp trot of a pair of horses coming up behind him. He turned round and then waited on the foot-path. Jessie drove up at a sweet pace, sitting erect and straight on the high driving seat of the phaeton and handling both whip and reins in a very workmanlike manner. The colour in her cheeks was bright clear and bright with the sunshine and the movement, and her face had a quiet expression of decision under the sweeping brim of her large black hat.

Philip

Philip nodded at her with as certain pride as she rattled part him.

"It's right just there along, Denis" he called after her. "You look out for that gate - just straight. Why we can't do without keep in the middle of the road, remember," he added to himself; "with all of them in such crazy fashion".

Denise on up to the front door, gave her wraps and orders - Denis was one of those persons, by the way - who rarely come home without parcels - to Bennington she had come hoping to help her with her usual tact, her demeanour, and then getting down, walked back with quick steps to meet her husband.

"Dear child", said the Colonel; "do, for goodness sake, be a little more careful at corners. You were within an ace of running into that right hand gate as just now, and then we should have had an ugly smash. Upon my word, I don't at all like your driving. Miss Warren with Williams sitting behind. An accident might happen half an hour before he could get round to help you."

"A groom cannot sit by your side", she answered with decision. "It looks - like that - all wrong. It is not at all comme il faut, think".

Kitty Warren rattled as Philip looked wrong - as you put it - than that you should run any risk of hurting yourself. It hurt me as much as a cut to see you just now". — Then feeling that he had spoken rather authoritatively, he added: — "Come along in and get your tea, and tell me how the world was in Sutton works".

Stuck out the top of one neat little boot from under the frills of the dark velvet skirt and stamped it

[illegible] on the gravel.

"Get are hogeus", she said. "I must take a turn in some time. Come with me, Philip, round the garden".

Gerald suddenly would have preferred going with the men at once. He was tired; and because of fatigue was, he knew well, as risky thing, being the precursor of active physical distaste. Then, to, he dreaded how letting Guy with Rose alone he would be forced to walk or how else he was to stand as remain and rest now.

"Do come", Jemima repeated, somewhat queru lously. She put her hand on his arm with a decided action of compulsion. Her charming face was very close to his at the moment. Philip went down and picked the cob round deek. Jemima's little whisper was wonderfully sweet.

"Come along then", he said smiling at her. "You shall go first as guest and warm your feet it you want to".

Girl skipped her hand through his arm, and then ared round to the garden and began pacing up and down the gravel path between the old red brick walls and the trees around. A light wind came damp and fresh over the thatches of grass lands, and the pale light over Hamilton and Hamilton as the sun sank in the thick glistening mist. Jemima was silent. She seemed quiet and absent. Gerald suddenly thought as he moved beside her, felt with a vaguely pleasant recognition, begotten of the stillness and evidently of the spring evening.

Then Bertie "Come, this afternoon", said the girl abruptly, at last.

The

The Colonel stopped short and looked at her in disguised amazement.

"Is Anne here" – he exclaimed – "Bertie knew. What did she mean by coming here?"

"Connie: he must understand that I was," she said softly. "He was ~~quite~~ terribly ~~to~~ anxious to ~~see~~ see us. Mamma is ~~ap~~ peasant, ~~as~~ she is. He left Persia in a great hurry and had not time to write. He ~~was~~ ~~coming~~ out here to-morrow & call on you, & his ~~card~~ was ~~to~~ announce his arrival. ~~Instead~~ ~~that~~ ~~there~~ ~~was~~ ~~an~~ accident — we had a long talk, Bertie said a number of remarkable things". Jennie had spoken with a cold reserve ~~that~~ unusual to her. Now she came back to her husband's side and took his arm again

"Let us walk up and down Philip", she said. "I must move about, my feet are cold, you know."

They resumed walking up and down. The Colonel was ~~a~~ ~~g~~ agog ~~by~~ with surprising pieces of information. The ~~name~~ name of the Persian town had suddenly departed. He had a terrible fear that ~~Jennie~~ Jennie of what might be coming. "She has changed in some ways", Jennie continued. "He said ~~some~~ things I did not at all like. He has taken to giving admirable advice, and it sounded a little ridiculous coming from him somehow. I am not sure that it did not ~~sound~~ ~~to~~ sound almost offensive"

Philip frowned at his wife sharply: "If she was going ~~to~~ ~~to~~ right ~~to~~ retire here, ~~and~~ ~~had~~ ~~had~~ ~~to~~ ~~to~~ ~~to~~ is going to do his extraordinary thing. — He is ~~to~~ ~~to~~ to marry Hannah", she said.

Colonel ~~Philip~~ gave a quick sigh of relief. It seemed an ~~age~~ age ~~to~~ ~~to~~ weight had been lifted

OK

him, a weight which had pressed on him, at moments, ever since his first meeting with Jessie, long ago. ~~at~~ ~~[illegible]~~ He felt very thankful.

"I'm glad", he remarked, ~~[illegible]~~ heartily. "Though, all the same it appears to me that Mr. Hines's good fortune is very much ~~[illegible]~~ above his deserts."

Jessie held up her head stiffly; her voice shook perceptibly as she spoke.

"I'm not glad. I know Mamma is young still, but I do not like it. It is confusing and unnatural. Everything will be different now — the little Red Villa is spoilt to me, and I was very happy there sometimes."

He suddenly stifled the reply that rose instinctively to his lips. Stifled, too, the movement of jealousy ~~[illegible]~~ which his wife's evident emotion aroused in him. He could afford to be generous. Bertie Hines was going to marry Mrs. Price. Anyway — truly the colonel was very glad.

Jessie seemed to have an ~~[illegible]~~ incomparable "fit" of restlessness upon her. "I must walk", she said, again, after a minute or ~~two~~ two, ~~[illegible]~~. She turned and passing along the hither side of the tennis ~~[illegible]~~ ground, between it and the sunk fence, took another path, which leads up, by a gentle slope ~~[illegible]~~ ending in a flight of rounded moss-grown stone steps, to a ~~[illegible]~~ straight walk beyond the trees and shrubberies — bounding the Manor house grounds on the East and affording a pretty extensive view over the surrounding country. ~~[illegible]~~

That conversation had given Philip a good deal to think about. He followed ~~his wife~~ Jessie quickly ~~without~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ and mechanically, ~~[illegible]~~ without any thought of himself. At the top of the steps, however, he was

[w]as very forcibly reminded of certain unpleasant facts by a loss of breath and a sharp stabbing sensation in his throat. As he stood panting and trying to ~~regain~~ get his breath again, he glanced suspiciously at his wife: but Jennie was ~~suddenly~~ pre-occupied, she was not observing him.

[She] had crossed the walk and leant back against the ivy-covered wall which divided it from the high-lying pastures beyond. The mellow brick-work and multitudinous ivy leaves formed a richly toned back-ground to her figure. A great belt of semi-transparent cloud spread across the western sky, through which the [set]ting sun shone with a faint colourless radiance. The pale light fell suddenly on the girl's rich dark hair and on her large hat, leaving her face in shadow as she stood looking down. She clasped her hands tightly together with a strained nervous action.

"[Ph]ilip", she said at last, in a hard voice, "it has come to this — we must leave here. I must have a change. You have always said you would do your best to make me happy. Keep your word — [illegible] let us go."

[Ph]ilip Enderby's expression darkened with something besides bodily suffering, [illegible]. He leant heavily on his stick and answered with the carefulness and deliberation of one who finds speech difficult.

"[I th]ought you liked your home, Jennie".

"[I] did at first: but, as Bertie used to say — not the Bertie I saw to-day, he indulges in moral platitudes worthy of a school-girl's album; but as Bertie used to say in the old days before his very surprising regeneration — one gets beyond every-thing

Stuiva ui tuie. Iwaue ast bee ude Stui 'eave
ude 'ue weidte of it. 'Iwaue 'eaeazede it dre', she
made ae very ex'elpeue motuie 'ui'te 'ee 'aud's — and
Stete i ustuiva bue 'ue uide left. 'Ue 'ust'de ae
dude, 'ui dude" — 'Ue uide ui'te ay ~~uodaue~~ ou tuie of 'eluemue,
bobuiug up at 'ee 'uebaud. There was a ~~weede~~
'teely 'ight uelp ui 'ee eue and 'ee 'ace was
euuiuily eet. 'Eesie bobed 'dee, 'ue a bobede
daugeue. 'Pride and dig'ut made it uis'pi'ble i
'ee is eteaid 'ue 'tou of 'ee ui'te'view ui'te 'Mr.
'Ewin, bue 'ue memoy of it uis'uide 'ee ui'te a
~~'iuaageeptiaaeaadeig~~ 'iauge uiteuaiuly of manue
'ui'e uue. — "'Ue 'ust'de 'ee'e do bee uudeut aud
ue", 'ue 'eaid on, "'Ste ae 'eginiug bee 'e 'i'te
ue. 'Iwaut 'aue 'uiette'ug 'eade".
'e, 'Stat do 'ou 'ean?" aked Philip, ui'te 'ue 'aue
uetiue'ep of uteaue. 'From 'ysical cauee 'e
uide only 'tuut 'euiuely 'e 'ay a 'ey few 'ude at
'Stie.
'aue bee 'tuude out a 'ueep 'eae", 'ue 'eplaid.
'Ue 'ast few uouta 'aue 'eae uet'ded. 'Tey 'aue
'eae a geat diap'uiut'ueut 'e ue. 'Iwaut 'e get
'ight auay aud 'ig'et it all".
etically 'e'at i ust a ~~eae~~ eay Stuiva 'e do", 'aide
'ie Colouel." It ute a 'e of uuey 'e g a auay, at
'uut uotiee; aude ae 'e uuey ue aue ui 'alue
'ee wate. I'm 'uy 'e 'ay"
. 'Iwaue Stuigbt ue ae Stat. "You 'aue 'ealize".
'alize?" 'e 'eealed.
, 'ade a deaue 'ueep. 'Ue de'ee ou 'e'e fame
i ue'te a good deal — 'ou 'aide 'e 'uuely ouly
'ie 'ute day. There i all ou 'i'ui'tie, ui i 'aluable
'oudy 'ought 'e 'ut ex'euuie Stuiug. There aue
'e 'iuue — Stade 'ee 'uy 'e paut ui'te 'teaue, bue
it

[illegible] would be [illegible] much like it to take Stein with us; and we could get very good ones, I suppose, in Paris or Vienna".

[illegible] "Vienna?" he exclaimed. "My dear child, what on earth are you talking about?"

"Why, why" she cried, excitedly. "I want to get away to some great city, where life is full and stirring and active is rapid, where there is constant movement, where there is music to consider and to think — where there is plenty of sound in the air, and of light and gaiety in the streets. Don't you feel the meaningless stagnation of this miserable place? I want fresh England and England will not do for me. Let us make a clean sweep of everything and cut ourselves adrift. You always say you love me, Philip, then grant me what I ask for. Let us go".

Her mercurial mind, that had very little of movement in it, came across Philip's colonel's ice. He turned and looked with pale mist in his eyes, and he could not help it, his eyes filled with tears. He had settled down in this quiet home with such a generous sense of content and well-being. She made quite a real partial country, with its yearly round of simple natural occupation and interest, had satisfied some of the deeper and more wholesome instincts of his nature. She had granted satisfaction of his affections in love and marriage and [illegible] his subsequent return

and associations
him to the very ~~core~~ of his ~~being~~ spirit had rounded him to Philip and given him a second spring. Fifteen years on the back of a man who was set fair on the barren track. Land of middle-age. Years during the last few months, while the shadow of ~~death~~ sickness and anxiety had covered him, the farm and garden, the woods and fields, the twitter of birds in the grey morning, the starry and changeless ~~sky~~ of clouds and trees, the calm and storm, had revisited and strengthened and healed him very ~~deeply~~ really. To give up all this for a wilderness of bricks and mortar, in the bold careless splendour and equally bold ~~and~~ and careless shame of a great city, struck him as almost too little to sacrifice. To go away and leave all that was dear to him, sheltered with the intimate and vital affections which it held in its ~~arms~~ very bones and blood — to go away and die in a strange land. — Yet the imperative was upon him; it would have been almost comic in its ~~violence~~ plainness, inconquerability, if there had not appeared to be an ~~ordinance~~ abnormal completeness in her conception of it. Philip was weak and tired, ~~and overwrought and trivially shook, readily~~ ~~susceptible~~ he did not feel equal to ~~arguing~~ ~~with his wife~~ arguing with his wife.

"I don't expect you know, Fenie," he said, thinly. "It has taken me by surprise, and I am not very quick, I'm afraid, at getting a hold of a new idea".

Fenella's ~~face~~ eyes were ~~on~~ upon him, she repressed ~~Fenie~~ with an extraordinary finality in her tone. "You wanted to be near Barrett and you wanted to hunt.

Janet distinctly saw no intention of going near Ronald again at the present moment; and it seemed like a relief to get up from the table; so Mrs. Vane said good night. "I had just said that we should be very glad to see Mr. Grey." said Philip, with the same deliberate smile. "I had just said that we should be very glad to see Mr. Grey, wasn't that right, my dear. Shall we go back; the men will be joining us soon, you may catch cold".

He moved to the head of the table. Janet had risen and was standing near her husband and looked pretty as ever.

"We are clever doctors, Mr. Penn and I," she said, in a low voice." Perhaps for your own sake, Philip, you had better go".

"Janet, Janet, be brave," said the Colonel, with a movement of deep distress and anger." For love's sake do anything for me, God knows — but you can't be long me".

She gave a "Mamie" answer. She went on quickly down the path, and it was not till she reached the house that she turned and looked back at her husband. He was a long way behind, standing still in the middle of the walk. Janet was seized with sudden dread; she called to him. At first he did not answer. She waited a minute; then her own fear made her go back a few steps towards him. She called again.

"Do you not hear me? Why don't you come on, Philip"?

Colonel motioned her away with a "Mamie gesture" "Go indoors", he said, hoarsely — "go indoors, Janet.

queries. Queer minds me — go in. I'll come on
duration".

Mrs Shaw heard his movement, his coming, walk during him
down the stairs. Then the ~~[illegible]~~ moment or moments
passed on ~~[illegible]~~ round the corner of the house.
Mortimer Sykes stayed at the Manor House till late
that night. Benjamin, as he believed, came on visit him
accept in the walls where at last he was beginning,
attended on as remark.

I was so worn attacks Stars Stripes, sir", he said.
Mrs Pudsley or Jane dear revalty ill to night", Mr
Sykes answered, seriously.

Benjamin framed his hands scientifically about the
form of the doctor's hat before placing it to him.
Is this school get round, sir?" he asked.
Queer thanks his head.
Certainly fear not. — If he could he spared all
anxiety and agitation his life would be prolonged
probably. But this misdeed is grave, ~~[illegible]~~
and it is of a nature which leaves no hope of actual recovery. He
has complained of pain in the stomach; today
that is a very serious and a very alarming one
I regret to say".
Sykes took "his hat". —
"Have my visit sent? he added." I shall
come over again to-morrow morning".
Benjamin answered. When the doctor had finally
departed Jane went back quietly into the
morning-room.
Mrs Pudsley sat in an easy-chair by the fire.
Her hands pressed tightly on her knees, in a very
queer, set attitude. Her face was ever more

closed

Lord Illingworth's face was a study. He looked absolutely astounded. For the first time in his fashionable, existence.

"Mr. Dumby", he said, "I believe I am a ruined man. Bernicastle, if I stake my life about it, and you help me. He must be dealt, and I don't want to keep Mrs. Arbuthnot up".

Bernicastle stood there and began fidgeting with the newspapers to gain time, but was forced to look at the door.

Arbuthnot went down to ask how long we were about supper, and to see that the servants were in bed. Then began that delightful dressing-room.

The newspapers rustled as Bernicastle unfolded and folded them, and Lord Illingworth lit a cigarette. Mr. Dumby fidgeted with his watch-chain. Mrs. Arbuthnot sat down to the piano and played a few Chopin nocturnes, occasionally passing herself with the most delightful touch, every now and then looking round to see if her husband was pleased. Mr. Kelvil and Lady Stutfield were whispering to each other; Hester was looking at the picture.

Suddenly Lord Illingworth looked up at the old servant and spoke. His manner was perfectly calm, but his eyes were full of a wild anxiety. He leaned forward.

"Come, Bernicastle", he said. "There's nothing more you can do for me. You may leave for the present".

Bernicastle looked at him with sympathy. Then Bernicastle noiselessly opened the door, and went out into the hall quietly lighted candles. Then he

The world ~~contains~~ ~~social~~ ~~pressure~~ not content with merely punishing sin, ~~pressure~~ ~~to~~ ~~conform~~ to its standards.

~~The~~ ~~world~~ ~~woman~~ ~~who~~ ~~said~~ ~~"~~ ~~It~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~happiest~~ ~~day~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~life~~ ~~when~~ ~~her~~ ~~first~~ ~~child~~ ~~died~~ ~~in~~ ~~her~~ ~~arms~~ - ~~the~~ ~~little~~ ~~darling~~".

~~Philip~~ ~~Sidney~~, ~~who~~ ~~said~~ ~~that~~ ~~life~~, ~~without~~ ~~pressure~~ ~~to~~ ~~conform~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~around~~ ~~it~~. ~~Some~~ ~~express~~ ~~their~~ ~~dreams~~. ~~They~~ ~~cannot~~ ~~find~~ ~~adequate~~ ~~language~~ ~~to~~ ~~articulate~~ ~~their~~ ~~needs~~ ~~or~~ ~~even~~ ~~to~~ ~~articulate~~ ~~their~~ ~~thoughts~~. ~~This~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~tragedy~~ ~~of~~ ~~life~~. ~~The~~ ~~tragedy~~ ~~would~~ ~~come~~. ~~Jesus~~ ~~would~~ ~~give~~ ~~the~~ ~~handicapped~~ ~~their~~ ~~dismissal~~; ~~and~~ - ~~God~~ ~~help~~ ~~him~~ - ~~the~~ ~~cross~~ ~~it~~.

12

Chapter II.

The Wheel is turned down.

[illegible]

[illegible] morning-room at the Manor House [illegible] with Miss Miriam Eyre as a peculiarly even and cheerful [illegible] apartment, when he entered it next morning. The large dark-windowed [illegible] out-door world over the tennis-ground and garden; and at this hour the morning's haul[illegible] was lighting up a quaint series of old coloured sporting prints that adorned the walls opposite the fire-place and illuminating a chalk drawing of Jessie Anderby hanging over the writing-table. The drawing in question was a very clever one. For it the artist had successfully given what [illegible] subtle suggestion of individual character which was quite [illegible] to secure Jessie an enviable place among our living portrait painters. Fred Charlton had caught and rendered admirably the irresponsible, sportive, puck-like quality of Jessie's beauty. — A large, dark [illegible] book-case, containing a library very symptomatic of its owner's tastes, filled up the further end of the low room. Over the chimney-piece was a [illegible] rack for [illegible] against the wall, on which rested a couple of fly-rods — done up in their [illegible] water-proof cases — a rifle and a double-barrelled shot-gun — shown by visitors, under the careful hands

The highest degree of polish would be required to take, — some shiny, and some, and varieties odds and ends of a spirit in order; and in the place of human, with the mantle-shelf, a word, the fish scabbard of the giving of a heavy, cold, sharpe of light.

The morning was remarkably mild and nice. The window had been thrown wide open, and in the lodge, just outside, all sense of chilly bareness, delightful warming sunshine was streaming pour, the atmosphere seemed very completely upon us as such well favoured little person.

All suddenly stood as the open window; the door to Dr. Sherman, all quite was, with the short waiting slipped entered his room. The doctor was not easily taken off his guard, he could hardly certain an exclamation, when a patient's missing round came forward to greet him. The Christ was well-dressed, as usual, and had the same stand on his left hand and clean shaved about him. He, all the same, a singular situation had taken place in his appearance. His own thick hair and heavy moustache had been getting very, very far the last three months, it is true, but this morning they were blanched as white as snow. The effect was startling. Perhaps it was the result of contrast. His eyes appeared vividly, unnaturally black. They were sunk in his head, yet were very wide open, — the upper lid being almost hidden. His face was white. His eyes, — while they were, and as this glassy look did them in them, as if one also still saw, indeed, but it shows the eyes seem empty like a so visible

visible

wi'ne feeri.

"I decided weniatiin 'e 'elpees en 'is wais" — ~~afgar 'is doctir 'aaisedd~~ 'Eared zoralteins ~~Otis~~ of 'e kuide bart nigli". Wingli ~~'is~~ D'r Syner 'e tuineth. Edwardle 'es assumed an xtras ~~hair~~ 'haroun of 'is obstinate wi'sanit.

"I'm glad 'e finds 'imself dreing already, mi dear Colonel Endesley", 'es said, drakeing 'ands with 'is patient. "I must 'ave 'im merely anotter testimony 'e your remarkable fortitude, but as sigen 'e'll 'ave you are really feeling 'elter".

"Certines I am 'elter", replied ~~the~~ Colonel. — "I must 'elter as I can 'ave any reasonable hope of 'eaving."

"I 'ave a magnificent constitution", ~~I~~ the doctir, wi a tone of encouragement.

Wingli bark backs against 'is embarrassment of 'is wunden, ~~I'm afraid I'm embarrassing him~~

"Er?" 'e said. "Well, I can't say I'm at just now I am very glad 'e 'ear it. I feel me extremely like a 'ollow dum old cat 'ome, ~~I'm extremely~~ 'ollow. Kneed mor and 'ollow wunded — well 'elteens 'is hopes. Nex jeer old 'e 'eart remember 'elter time, D'r Syner, eleven days ~~long~~ ago acrof country. And it's no very great consolatiin 'e min 'e ~~learn~~ 'eart of 'e and 'is cab ass not 'is 'ole soul to part com: : pany".

Wingli put 'is 'and out and ~~began~~ 'e ~~'eld~~ 'is cat: but 'is wordant creature got up, 'it 'is 'ed ~~slowly~~ with slow and significd no difference, ~~was~~ moved slowly 'is wunden edge put 'is fais enuogh to 'er ear of reached, and then calmly applied 'is attentiin to 'is completin of 'is toilette. ~~was silent~~ perceived 'e 'eart

'is

his companion was not in a condition in which it would be of any advantage to attempt ordinary mild ministries in the way of comfort. It would be better to let Col. Tredelly have his say out. He was evidently labouring under acute excitement of some kind; if he gave vent to it in speech it might be a relief to him. Dr. Symes waited.

Kip watched the cat for a few seconds. Then he turned again to the doctor.

"Every dog has his day, and I've had mine Dupuyre.—Ah! good God!" he broke out suddenly—"if I could only be in the thick of it all once more—you can't think how it all comes back to me—hear the roar of the guns and the shout of the men and smell the powder—if I could fight"—he set his teeth and looked across at the swords hanging against the wall yonder—"yes, fight just once more—at bottom I am the veriest savage—instead of sitting rotting here day after day eating my heart out over troubles that can never be mended".

He dashed his hands impatiently across his eyes.

"You must forgive a sick man's grumbling", he went on, more quietly. "When one gets like a woman one takes to complaining like one Dupuyre.—The old horse will keep on his legs as long as he can, after all, just from the old habit of going. And then some fair morning, the poor brute will be too far gone to draw the cab any longer, and then they'll put a halter on him and lead him away by the little back streets, so that people mayn't see him—to the

the

the knocker." — Philip turned away and pressed his forehead against the cool glass of the window. — "That's how it ends", he said — "how it ends, for me — and the cruel thing is that last morning is sometimes over long in coming".

Symes was deeply moved, he could not trust himself to speak. He walked to the other end of room, and stood looking at the backs of the books in the shelf. When he came back Colonel Dudeley had recovered his self-control.

"Pardon me", he said, "I believe I have been guilty of making a great fool of myself. I have had a bad night. I am not very steady this morning."

Then Symes drew forward a chair, threw one leg across the other, and prepared for a little oration.

"[It is my] duty and I may add my privilege, Colonel Dudeley, to post-pone the advent of that last morning as long as possible. We all quarrel with life, at moments, I suppose: but the quarrel after all is a transitory one. The deeper feeling, the instinct and impulse of every healthy human being is in favour of life not of death. To my mind this love of life implanted so universally in human nature is the dispensation of a wise and merciful providence. It must be reverenced and not outraged. — As I said before, my dear sir, you have a magnificent constitution. In your case, with reasonable care life may still yield you a measure of enjoyment and satisfaction. It may be prolonged without becoming an intolerable burden either to yourself or those whom it is your first duty to consider. But a little

The common case, and his duty first and undeniably necessary. For years he regarded me with jealousy and certainly did not wish me any harm. Gradually it appeared to me that attack was made on my character in the only way left open to them, that is, by attacking my professional honesty. My position became very difficult and painful. I felt that I must resign, and addressed, with considerable embarrassment: — My continued silence was causing you a great deal of trouble, I returned me, almost, culpable for my generous & chivalrous sensibility. You must positively withdraw or I must resign. We must positively do one or the other." Mr. Gladstone replied "Then resign, for I will not withdraw." Gladstone stared round upon him quickly. The argument fixed Lord Randolph anew, and his expulsion became perfectly definite. He then mentioned to him that he regarded his own method of dealing with the Irish question, and he came once more to the point, distinctly, & warmly addressed.

"Your case", he said, "is not with me necessary."

Gladstone explained matters to Mr. Gladstone. Then, as you will readily understand, Randolph cannot fail to see a very different matter. "It is only right that the world hear of it from his own lips."

Gladstone replied, rejoined Lord Randolph. "But under existing circumstances Gladstone declined your proposal, which may lead to objectionable conversation".

"It must inevitably if opened unfavorably", said Gladstone simply.

Gladstone

Philip Sherwood. He was conscious of a growing
resentment against Lord Kelso for his
grudge against Philip and his treatment of him. His
dramatic sense was satisfied by the fact that
his patient was now under the heavy pressure
of illness, while his original determination
and his life had turned to new interest. Contempt
of pain appeared to him an event of no
rare occurrence during the practice of medicine.
During the remainder of his visit he kept his conversation
strictly technical and professional.
In truth, Philip Sedley had not given much consideration
to death since he had come to the passing
of his ancestors. Twenty-four hours, fifteen
years ago, with the doctor gone and the
sick room still, the Colonel had seen terribly himself
into reality. He had faced the situation, he had
weighed the purport of its appalling clearness, he
had parted down into all illusions. The old reality
of straight forwards practical action was gone for
ever still. He had set his mandibles order, to speak; —
well, done, he must obey them. There was no longer
any place for doubt, for hope, for hesitation. He had
missed his career, he had known as well as Philip Stuart had known; he as Philip Stuart could
frankly indeed see cause to blame any real existence at all
outside his own miscalculation. He had been fatally
deluded, he had failed into a deliberate error. His great
and noble love was wounded to the death, stricken
pantingly, bleeding. He had no hope for it or recovery or
returning. He had cried for it, now, was as still and
quiet as death. Had free from prying eyes and
flippered comments, and the vulgar curiosity of
idle persons; and barely, a reverent and decent
burial; — that it might lie in some quiet place, its

mist

knight glory and long sorrow abides bloodied out and forgotten. With no signature drawn, no visible particulate fashion per recognized and admitted the mysterious limitations of Genie's nature. — Recognized that that went to make her manic, miserable unusual charms, went also to make her incapacity for looking at life from any but her own stand-point; that her fascination and her selfishness were, in fact, synonymous. Saw that her purity took its rise in absence of passion, just as her gaiety took its rise in some radical defect of human sympathy. Saw, too, that her quick perception and practical ability were the result of a curiously one-sided development: help of Helena. I do not mean to imply that Ethel Indeed realized her limitations scientifically and drew out as neat deductions of her peculiarities. It was in no cool, nice, prejudiced spirit of criticism that he arrived at these conclusions, but rather in the overflowing light and warmth of a kindling admiration. He had sought against this truth; fought against it in all ways, rebelled, chivalrous fashion. He had given her every chance. But fact in strange new mood with, a new mood's knife in it. It crushed down, down, down on us like a fate decided it no longer profitable. The selfsacrificed city in stained out, the struggles is over. It remains only for the famished world garrison to make their best terms it may, subject to honour, with the conqueror.

which Sirs lines this gave, yet were this
rubber.

Then's remembrance that his visit to England would be productive of bad luck to some body near us, as his aunt's funeral, misfortunes. Yesterday it went him to Wadlow's Hotel. Jenie Pudsey, her whole being in fierce revolt from this unjust accusation, against her, had experienced a shocking surprise, revulsion of feeling at this first sight of her old friend — old Bertie was here, she was very fond of Bertie. She thought cleared suddenly. Everything would come right again. But this young man's words and manner, above all his assumption of his engagement to her displeasure, had only plunged her poor passion deeper into disappointment, gloom and rebellion. He would do nothing to her altho' she had merely come to read her letters of recommendation and duty bids her rest: and, unfortunately, we do letters only breed and encourage her. She had fallen back upon her husband. Philip was very good to her, kinder than any one. She would get him to take her for an air from the present very atmosphere of misery. Some where she might still enjoy herself. Then even

Philip

Philip hailed her. He was ill, and that distracted and frightened her. She was furious, mercilessly determined.

After Dr. Power left Mrs Otis Colonel went in search of his brilliant young wife. He had not seen her since their parting at Venice. She evening before in his garden. He had remembered how calm all night and this morning, seemed as vigour. She medicine of Bernigline, seemed had given us rigor. Philip dream how virginia and endure how her wife, in every anxiety where she was. It seemed an hideous perversion of the divination between them. He thought she might not have come down yet — Jane was not famous for early rising — so he went through the outer room and bath, up the winding back stair-case, to the head flight of which terminated where the light from them, and above the landing to the door of her room. It stood ajar. Philip knocked, and as there was no immediate answer, he pushed it open.

room was in a muddle of finery and boxes. On the bed, piled up over the clothes were the contents of Jane's wardrobes, her dresses, jackets mantles — a rainbow of silk colours and rich dainty fabrics. The floor was strewn with charming little boots and shoes, mysterious paper boxes. The dressing table was encumbered with real, sacred jewellery and ornaments; and above it all lingered that indescribable, pervading sweet reek which seems to cling to certain women's garments, and is unspeakably provoking to the senses. Kneeling before a big deep basket, busily arranging packing with rapid thrifty fingers

was

…as Jennie's french maid — a plain, shrewd-eyed well-shaped person, with elaborate coiffure, ~~was~~ provoked at once the admiration and envy of her fellow domestics. ~~[illegible]~~ As the door opened she ~~looked~~ glanced up sharply; and ~~[illegible]~~ catching sight of the Colonel just behind her, gave a little ~~shriek~~ scream.

~~[illegible]~~

"A thousand pardons, monsieur", she said rising hastily to her feet. "I was startled at the moment, not knowing that monsieur was there". —

…el Pendeley looked round the room slowly, unable at first to take in what it might all mean. "Le pauvre cher homme" as Sidonie said later to Bennington — "just then he was terrible. He had the face of a corpse and eyes of fire. During my life I cannot ~~[illegible]~~ forget it". — At first, his fears outstripped the truth, he thought Jennie was ~~[illegible]~~ gone already.

"…ere is your mistress?" he asked hoarsely.

"Madame ~~[illegible]~~ went down some half an hour ago. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~. No doubt ~~[illegible]~~ Monsieur will find her in the drawing-room".

Colonel drew himself up, and looked very straight at the woman.

"…all these things back in their proper places, do you hear"? he said. "Mrs. Pendeley will not leave home at present".

"…i, monsieur", returned Sidonie, with perfect sweetness and composure. She began ~~[illegible]~~ emptying the dress-basket again with great ~~[illegible]~~ alacrity.

Jennie

[illegible] could not help seeing effects; it was
as much as part of her as her love of music
or of dancing. Even Ursula Brangwen went into the
drawing-room, her [illegible] was permeated with
a little picture which to a man would not have failed
to appear really delightful. The coloured shades
were drawn partly down and the sunshine came
in through the yellow silk roses with as
warm diffused glow of light. There was in it an
[illegible] as though one were under the water.
The room was a long white cavern murmuring.
[illegible] which [illegible] in a dense rich
mass of drapery about her slight rounded figure.
and formed an agreeable contrast to the dusky
orange-red cover of the couch. [illegible]
There [illegible] was a basket of [illegible] letters
and papers on the floor beside her. She [illegible] was
very pale. Her eyes dark under round her closed
eyes. The lustre seemed to have gone out of her
beauty, and yet it was a great still; and there was
a languor in her attitude which [illegible] her
in its surrender very appealing.

"Now we will [illegible] all that we had [illegible]
in [illegible] at [illegible] which Ursula felt as a great wave
[illegible] herself pass over her.

"He said quickly, 'That's the matter – are you
ill'."

Ursula [illegible] to the wall, [illegible] her eyes
closed, and resisting the dark [illegible] away
from her.

"[illegible]. Ursula [illegible] what is it to do? 216
Are [illegible] tied".

"Untied," said Philip quietly. And [illegible] he untied
her

er; it did her no good. It was some creature of another race, that she could not help and cannot. She hitherto dropped it into cup of roses, Sebastian, was the knowledge that it did her soul harm should be sad knowledge of existence, was unjustly for ever from this spirit and it heart. Except in this more serious of life she had no ~~[illegible]~~ real around of matters. He cannot or will not ~~[illegible]~~ her ~~[illegible]~~; the drowsy no be undoubtedly caught sight of our face it is more or less ~~[illegible]~~ and ~~[illegible]~~ back and not down ~~[illegible]~~ on as dear girl behind the ~~[illegible]~~ of the sofa, where ~~[illegible]~~ could not see him help she now her ~~[illegible]~~ recumbent position. He heart forward until ~~[illegible]~~ on his knees, ~~[illegible]~~ his head on up at the ~~[illegible]~~ and ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ room.

~~[illegible]~~, he began, in low voice, "I have come to speak to you. I want you to listen carefully to what I say. You need not open up— your lips still if you're tired. I come both to you first, Sebastian, to. I am sorry to trouble one at all: but it is absolutely necessary one should come to understand. ~~[illegible]~~ I can't say my say as shortly as I can".

girl made no response.

on remember what you asked me yesterday?.

I paused to think it over. I was prepared, even I thought not was as ready one, to do what I could to please you: — but, something has occurred since that I'm afraid rather put matters. I am sorry ~~[illegible]~~ on your account, Julia; but I doubt not be able to leave here".

Philip waited a moment. Jessie lay quite still.

"I am very ill," he went on slowly. "I'm sorry to distress you, but it is best to be plain, and for some time you must have guessed how things were going. I'm very ill – there can only be one end to it."

She put up her hands and pressed them feverishly over her eyes.

"Don't tell me any more," she moaned. "Oh, don't tell me. Am I not unhappy enough already? Have not I had enough to bear? Let me go without knowing."

Philip Sudely's head sank lower; his face grew haggard with emotion.

"Oh dear me," he said, "but it has come to this, that I must tell you. I have been silent as long as I could be. God knows," he went on bitterly, "I'd have died a hundred deaths rather than have confessed my love and asked you to marry me, if I could have foreseen this sorrow would have come on you through me. I believed myself to be a stronger man than ever this time last year. I did not come to you with the dregs of a worn out constitution — I am innocent of any sacrificing of your young life to my own selfish greed of pleasure. I had not the faintest suspicion that there was anything wrong with me. You believe that, at least, Jessie, don't you?" he demanded hotly.

"Does it? Oh, I don't know," she cried, with her face half hidden among the cushions. "What difference can it make my believing? You are talking about a year ago."

A year ago, a century ago, it was like this now.
What does it matter if here, now, today?
are miserable?."

He stood round until all settled and rested his head on his hands. There was his life, his enemies left. He had known that at forced Bernights had brought ruin & menace to their hearts night: and yet as this girl forced his to her knees & open their in her every words and movement, his pain grew almost greater than he could endure. His wife was miserable, as was her misery, but at his door. It was frightful. to him. Then, he drew him up, and spoke again clearly and steadily.

"Here, Denis, from now remember, from us: to us to descend on self another misery. Thus - to my sorrow - that you don't like rich: rich and rich people. Trifle do not part to conceal the visit in misdemeanours and distinctions from you - it's keep out of your way; you should see as little of me as possible. But understand this - one has my wife and you are to respect: this woman" — Philip's breath came short and fast, his words not yet in his memory. — "This house no scandals, this? Just you will remain here with me. — You're not afraid - I know that to respect my word. I cannot doubt us among you, or any thing, now you safeguard this secret to lovation and communion's comfort." But we will have no power, no elimination, Then must be no breakfast his gossip and common talk about our relation. You will remain under this same roof with me, and we will keep our secret till - till —"

He

e ceased abruptly.

His her husband had been speaking, Jennie opened her eyes, raised herself and turned towards him. As she noticed his hand under the bed-clothes she cried.

"Philip, you are changed — I don't mean you — go away, — ah! go away - It is horrible — what has happened?"

Colonel. did not move.

re a mere child", he said slowly; "that's all".

e gazed at him for a few seconds in silent wonder as the tragic facts. Her lips parted, and the expression of fear grew and deepened in her eyes as the awfulness of absolute agony.

ah yes dear, Philip", the old man said to him in a tone. Trickery voice.

", murmured Mrs. Sedley, quietly. "Hush".

was a space of dead silence. To the Colonel it was a space of dreadful and paralysing suspense. He could say nothing more, only wait, listening with healthless expectation for his wife's next words.

e waited - as we often happen in moments of supreme mental excitement - a number of little ordinary matters with curious distinctness. Noted the unpleasant crackle of the wood-fire on the hearth, and the dull ticking of the old-fashioned clock in the corner, realising its regularity for seconds to the minute with acute & agonised indifference to the human tragedy going on close by. And also the white head leaned on her elbow, resting her rounded chin on the little pink palm of her hand, and gazed at the man who his knee of her husband

said Drummond undaunted himself "is under such suspicion.
With his raised pale, lovely, terrified countenance.
Sarah Philip could stand it no longer. He faced
round.
"Look, Jenie, speak – say what you like, only put
me out of this unbearable torment"
"Sir," Jenie said, drew face first nearer
[illegible] upon the couch again,
& [illegible].
"Let me free," she cried, "let me free, let me leave
you to-day, while I can, while I am
still very and love you"
"You never loved me," he said – "you don't even know
what love means".
She did not heed him.
"Don't keep me here, let me go to-day, I have
made all my arrangements. If you keep me, I shall
grow wicked – I can't help it; I am made like that,
I've told what it said, and I shall come to hate
you, Philip. Let me go to-day, and then I shall
think of you as you were – not, not as you
are now. – Oh! it is the worst part of staying here
to getting [illegible] I can never
feel to you again as I used to. It will be maddening.
Think what you are condemning me to, I might as
well be dead away with you. What does it matter
if people do talk? Haven't they said bad
enough things to me already — and if I am gone
I shall not know it. Let me free, Philip, or I
shall hate you; and I don't want to do it", she
moaned "indeed, I don't want to, but I shall
not be able to help it".
For few seconds Colonel Peabody sat quite still. His lips
were parched, his throat was as dry as cinder dust.

his

his temples throbbed as though they would split, yet he was chilled to the bone, and the cold sweat stood in great drops on his forehead. By sheer force of will he mastered himself, stood up and coming forwards a few paces, looked down at his wife. She sat still, shaken with the most stormy tide of her passion.

"Instead of making you hate me, Jessie, I shall keep you here, Jessie," he said, sternly. "I don't do this for my own sake, heaven knows, — as far as that goes I should be thankful if we never met again. What torture do you suppose can be more maddening than that of knowing myself loathsome to the one I have been dearer to once than anything else on earth?. You will not be the only sufferer — I shall have my share too — never fear! — I keep you for the sake of your own honour. If people have — as you said — spoken lightly about you, they shall have no cause to do it again while I live. — And, after all, you need not fret so very much about it; you'll get away soon enough. You won't have to put up with me very long, Francy, at most. Strong men die hard they say; but I don't think a man can feel as I do now, and vex Death greatly by keeping him waiting".

He moved away — got across the room nearly as far as the door; and then, — because the love was in it I suppose, when all is said and done, something divine and immortal — he [illegible] stopped, hesitated, suddenly turned back and came and knelt

down

down beside the altar. In her heart lay over the young girl. Philip Sudeley's face was as the face of an angel, as in the days of its boyhood, its purity, and its destiny.

"Mine", he said, "my darling, my love, my bride, just you down on your knees and pray — pray that God will make you pure as He is pure. Pray that you may be worthy of your future husband."

He closed her eyes, her lips, her bright hair, and passed his hand down over her little form. Innocence is subtle, and the understanding and reason under our touches with a reckless emotion. Then he unclasped the soft white hand. It lay there motionless, and he looked at it with a strange fear, as he would look at a dead white flower, but softly and reverently as upon the holiness of sacrifice.

"Be well", he said, "because for us men will only be strangers. God keep you always, my fair child — for we have ended badly, alas!; but I do not complain. It was a beautiful day".

XII.

Philip Sudeley finds his way home.

[illegible] was very [illegible] supplied it's own antidote. Nature fixed beyond a legitimate point of endurance acts upon herself, and takes refuge in callousness or insensibility. Certainly it is true that the keen sensibility of the humanized moment of [illegible] with which Philip Sudeley felt was a condition of singular mental apathy. He was dimly conscious, it is true, of having bowed down in the weight of so heavy tribulation: but the revelation of the extent of that tribulation became indistinct, for some of the stimulation was deadened. His misery was no longer active, full of force and energy; but dull and slow, as that of one dying from loss of blood. Even the memory of his former [illegible] was and weak. Even those, the only joys that he [illegible] had in the world, were [illegible] in the misery of the [illegible] Virginia was lost.

[illegible] his room, and there near the open window, and stared, with sad fixed blue eyes, out over the [illegible] lawn, where the [illegible] and starling's hopped to and fro, searching for worms in the moist [illegible] grass, to their [illegible] with the great rag. Heard all that mut-

Then

Her that raised there voyage wonder to wonder
the heavens the earth.

vanished with the excitement and her night of watching
the school after a restless period of semi-consciousness,
slept.

dreamed that he stood, once more, with the gloaming
Italian sunshine on the terrace of the Villa Nardelli.
Irene, in her white light cotton dress, was beside
him, without money, without, her passage given for
by a great wad now. She wanted some thing white
she was powerful to give her, and waxed, and
pleaded with him in rather languid childlike
fashion. — And, then, somehow the scene changed.
She was not Bertie Amer's monkey in her
own mind of this now. She was a wiry up as cold
white white-marble staircase, which seemed to
stretch up and up, far out of sight; and Philip
followed her, always just a few steps behind.
He strained every nerve to reach her. Called
to her, implored her to wait for him; but still
she flitted on lightly in front always just out
of reach — while the monkey chattering over her
shoulder grinned and pointed at him. Philip
was faint and terribly weary. He could not
move one foot, and she got further and further
ahead. Sometimes she looked back, smiling
gaily, beckoning him madly to step her rope
rounded cheek against the monkey's
wrinkled brow over his hideous proximity — and
all the while she stretched on for ever and ever.
Philip was driven forwards by a maddening
necessity to overtake this girl, to clasp her
to him, to hold and keep her: but he was very
very weak, it was impossible, hopeless. Suddenly

there

The cause of grief was unknown to Philip.

Jenny flung back the window, and the fresh air blew in, bringing with it the sweet smell of the garden flowers and vapour-like mist of the early morning. The nurse's voice had changed with the morning, but Philip knew, and yet did not know — he had seen it somewhere, but in his present state of mind he could not remember where. He called aloud to Jenny, once more, desperately, wildly; but the resistless stream of memory swept him down with it, and then and there the curtain fell and vanished in the driving mist.

When he came to himself, the sound of the driving rain was in his ears, and then on his lips — "Lost, lost!" — Philip Sudeley awoke.

His work-a-day world of life romance only deigned to visit us capricious at midnight: between these two realms there is dead night, plain prosaic, vulgar realities, which we shall return to at midnight or at twelve according to our humour. The first thing that met Philip's distracted gaze when he opened his eyes was the grand wealth of Barrington Park, as that institution entered the room carrying a breakfast tray.

"Shall it be your dress, sir, or will you come down to the "Red Lion"?" the man asked quietly. A sensation of strangeness seemed to Philip too grossly incongruous, in his present state of agitation and excitement. He put out his hand with a sharp movement of repulsion.

[illegible].

"I. Just it where you like – I don't want anything".

[illegible]. he said:

Mingfu, however, was not disposed to take no

of 'no' as a refusal of his request. He drew up a table

and [illegible] it was easy to see, really setting the papers

in order and burning out the corners of the white

wafers.

"It's done, sir – Just as you would wish", he

said, with a respectful [illegible] of authority.

Colonel Durbo hid head in his hands.

"I can't. – I can't [illegible] alone with the headsman

when he's going to hang – but, it's the only

to expect as [illegible] is some sort of [illegible] where he's

[illegible] in purgatory".

Mingfu bent down and passed some words in

a whisper in the cardinal's ear.

Just one night's hands, gladly, to see you out of this,

"Colonel", he said, and his hand visibly trembled.

"It's [illegible] as even the [illegible] guardian of Hestrod (who

[illegible] is in need of human sympathy, must not be able to reject any help at

these [illegible] would [illegible] and [illegible] came to him

you – you've been [illegible] servant to me

man ever had, sir, I mean. But you never see

me out of this – except one way".

[illegible]

was a little time before Tamingfu answered.

"No more can't, sir, all this time", he said

presently. "There's no gain, I am sure, in staying".

Which brought back to measure of physical

[illegible], in it brought a renewed capacity of

mental suffering. How long every thoughts and

aims of Philip Enderby's existence had centred

in his wife, in her happiness, her amusement

and employment and now it was

all

His
He over the entrance Stairs .. [illegible] music resounded
as Hawk; the figures were incomprehensible, the
future inconceivable. He felt as one who was lost
& knew — the train did not [illegible] sound of the carriage, but
instead of the answering movement, there is only
the dream and the sound was near and muscle,
and the knowledge of unfitness. And
that [illegible] the manner of what
already dreams unfolded this. Down there he
would be visible against the sunset's waterfish
orange face or his grim's wanting figure. An
unfavorable dense his space, for the fire and cause
of ruin. He picked up all text and pausing images
the outer room and hall, [illegible] out at the
door, and along the carriage drive towards the
stable. His walked quietly this pausing now and again
and resting, for exertion was difficult to him. Still
he felt easier and help entered out of doors.
Walked the riddance from the window of the Manor
room itself, in a state he left of [illegible] lilacs and laurels [illegible]
the window spaces of small below the door. Then
went of a room of walking fires shed red-birch
children [illegible] with high, his dead tiled room, heat
coated [illegible] with gray and warm lichens; while
the front of Stern remained in direct disposed ivy.
The dawn [illegible] neat yard was empty: the grass
and [illegible] stable helper [illegible] having
gone each in Stern dinner. The Colonel wandered
the [illegible] arrival [illegible] Stairs resounded no reason his going
was way rather Stairs outside. Then he came the
dawn was [illegible] and quiet and became he himself
was [illegible] purpurlegs and [illegible] weary [illegible] He went down on the old stone
mounting Back beside the stable door. The shadow
of the bare trees over the neighboring Tree, flickered

to.

is and fro, as the wave bids heavenward at his feet. Some that received in the warmth of the morning, and counting, like rich prodigals on the immediate arrival of summer weather with its unlimited means and plenty, had cast out of door and warmer and surged discordily among the hangers on the walls behind him. The wind was boisterous now with it, and the tarnished gilt vane on the ~~=~~ end of the ~~gabled~~ stable creaked and grated as it turned this way and that in the gusts now. Perched also on the top most bars of a young silver-fir in the shrubbery as Tristy was swaying and the dust-motes cadenced of the bird's song formed themselves into an series of opaque flowers and quarters on in Philip's dulled ~~eyes~~ brain. He was quite still; his world was the corner nearest him now in the stable shingle that ~~was~~ half open came ~~=~~ above him, and the dust-motted beam of the sun he watched — and also the while the stable was. It came over him that the thunder had sung like that, in the merry spring. Time at Barnet Darcy years ago, when he was an ugly, lanky boy, ~~yadee~~ petted on secrets by his mother, and knocked about as bit by boisterous ~~guardian~~ high-spirited Mark, who found in him a willing ~~servant~~ admirer and vassal. — But the bird sang, about carried a very different message ~~to him~~ in those days to the young lad, with all the world before him. They sang of home and family, and fair fortunes, of love, of hate right ever, and of the great mysteries of maiden's kisses; of battle, and danger, and of glory; of sorrow, and fruition and of high courage, then. And of these three last

and

ode ser: Thing. Gerbrand the bride came still—
Philip Frederik was worse ~~overcame~~ ~~overcame~~ ~~overcame~~
and brave, he could handle tell. But the ert,
he knew it sang ode saddi, of grief that knew
no remedy, of pain that knew no assuagin, of
disillusion and disappointment, of hope nurtured
where life was withered by the hands winds of
law and fate:—. Knew that it quarrelled, walk,
reckingly, it silence all the ok is not kinder than
speech, and darkness kinder than light, and
death kinder than life?.. Hope hanging all the
sad song, remained of the old home, where he
had lived and lost, to which he had turned
with strong yearning ~~overcame~~ and denied in
the hour of his prosperity, called about to Philip,
now, in the hour of his adversity to come back—
back, and listen again on bank, and wood,
and river — to come back and dwell in a little
space in the magic land of childhood, that
is ~~there~~ in ours of us the land land of promise
too — a land of promise, where luck,
unlike that of the children of Israel, has behind
us and not before. End Chap

e was a sound of footsteps, William in his light
fitting dress slatter down, came ~~up~~ quickly
hearing back from his dinner, with a new walk
in his hand. Seeing his master he looked at him
eagerly his a moment, and then his hand
walked and all ~~new~~ new ~~carefully~~ up to the brim of his
hat. Colonel Frederik was dizzy from his seat on
the mantling block, yet he had found a vague
pleasure of alleviation in the midst of his misery.
"It home", he said half aloud; "yet home and see
it all over once before I die."

Then

Then he called to the groom, ~~awkward~~ who was
~~waiting~~ holding the ~~horse~~ horse. "Help him down.
"Is the saddle on the mare, William," he said.
"I want her. You need not take her round. I'll
wait here till she is ready".
Then over three months since the Colonel had
ridden. The unexpected order and strange
alteration in her master's appearance struck
William quite speechless. He was a ~~good~~ quiet
fellow, helped with a small ~~capacity~~ habit
of observation outside the strict limits of his occupation,
but in this case he acquired to some quicker of
his own. He gave Colonel Sudeley another look
and then obeyed, with some audible hesitation.
"Is anything wrong, sir?" he ventured. "Shall I
ride?" "Shall all right. I suppose — she's sound".
groom shuffled his feet a little and passed
the back of his hand across his mouth.
"She's sound enough," he answered; "But I
was thinking you'd better not ride, sir,
lately and you might find her a bit over fresh
and ready".
words were quickly uttered, but they carried a sharp
sting of vexation to Colonel Sudeley. This touch of
opposition made him only the more determinedly
determined to have his own way.
"I am my habit to give orders twice over", he said
curtly.
"I beg pardon, sir," murmured the groom, and
as he stepped aside the hapless ~~groom~~ groom and
took a bridle down from its place against
the matted wall. "I was helped in the Colonel took
any more risk to get on that ~~mare~~ mare's back:
"I beg pardon, sir, I was only thinking," he said to

hurriedly

married.

Whether Mrs Bradley was influenced by Philip Bradley's [illegible] or by some subtler form of distaste she really wanted to get rid of Bonnet directly. Her marriage had been a failure, such knowledge had at first been a shock to her pride of power. Her realization of values in right living and [illegible] of Christian life was [illegible] and her children in her care. Philip would have liked to marry, and that at once if Bradley would only [illegible], he wondered half anxiously, whether a groom had ever been so [illegible] saddling a horse before. As to that risk he incurred in taking a long ride, her [illegible] was partly flattering or carry about it one way or another. He only wanted to escape, to get home.

A little [illegible] and remorse at Philip's words had [illegible] out of her door. Mrs Philip mounted and rode away. Mrs Bradley had been [illegible] very sufficiently unbalanced. A long habit had caused her [illegible] shoulder, and like Jeshurun [illegible] "had" waxed fat and kicked." She was (in a) very [illegible] hurry [illegible] home of mind, delighted to get out of the stables and prepared to take her riding [illegible] pretty shrewdly. Perhaps it was just as well so. Colonel Bradley settled himself down in the saddle. His habit [illegible] and as [illegible] of excitement, [illegible] his super-abundant vitality of the great heart.

heart

heard under him, galvanized him into fuller life and vigour and he set to work to his task. It was wonderful how he - even now, when things had reached the last desperate pass - to find himself always ready to begin again; to fight the little wild life of animals that existed and delighted him, and to maintain and detail initiative to such a gradually wider circle. The manoeuvrings that this occupied, fills the most pleased out of his income. Quite why this did not result in so [illegible] that prevent him from meeting with Bertie Tomer; nor did the subside into decent and certain manner of going, till after passing the church and the town hall: going now to Salt. Tinkered corner where from the end of Brownborough Village on the direction, the shovel hands turned, fairly crowded on the Shorby highroad. Then [illegible] - on [illegible] of the Sulby - [illegible] drawn the winding valley between Clay knobs and Cobb Sudeley, steep in on [illegible]; [illegible] the top of the Philip dashed the mare. He turned aside. Many in the saddle, rested his hand on her flank a while and looked back. Beyond the river lay of the work by a warm and dull on the southern expanse of the [illegible] around, the village with its gardens, was the village the road just left. Beyond again, where the [illegible] rich fields between hands the sun in the night, the roads are the green plain [illegible] of the river, over which the road dazzled so peacefully and more distinctly the day before.

It seemed years ago that he had had a beautiful night about the stars and "what" were for "on lands"... The solitude was broken by the Major's coming the sunlight and glistened, pale squares of light were among the dark trees above the long sweep of the meadow. The Colonel gazed back long and wistfully: but he could see nothing clearly. Then distant thickening spots of light showed where camp fires were.

His [illegible] heart [illegible] could do to make her happy. "Mr. Jessie, James, you will never [illegible] know how I have loved you" —

[illegible] His voice broke with a bitter sob. It was so utterly [illegible], so hopelessly sad. "If it was only all over"... he said to himself.

The Barnett Party passed the [illegible] about to camp again to come home and rest. [illegible] What we could then [illegible] with [illegible] looking back either actually or in spirit? — [illegible]

He set his face like a flint, shuddered down the [illegible] with a groan of despair, turned in the saddle again, gave the mare her head and let her go forward at a quiet steady pace over the [illegible] of rough ground by the road. [illegible]

The Colonel suddenly rode on up the long valley, with [illegible] Keeping, [illegible] its woods and deer-path [illegible] quiet in the morning sunlight, on the right. Sometimes he passed a farmer's [illegible] cart with the [illegible] standing in it, [illegible] or met a [illegible] [illegible] waggon creaking slowly along the muddy road. The smoke of a morning fire [illegible] at a [illegible] 5675 [illegible] morning fire of which [illegible] over the [illegible] partner and [illegible] ledger; a couple of [illegible] [illegible] along the high range

of

of Hougher. Land on this left, this near and further
growing longer and distinct against the back-
ground of dells far, ~~shadowless~~ on this side shrouded
this shoulder of the hill. On part Sweetest tower,
with its shadowy more plantations and pleasant
shimmering ponds, where the water and moor-hens
chase each ~~other~~ with deep liquid cries in and
out among the ~~tall reeds and~~ tall-tails. On through
Sweetest Village, where the children, their day's
work over, noisy chattering out from the
low-roofed thatch-houses, with it now of large
dusky windows, and clustered in groups and
gangs ~~about~~ on the hot path, pleasuring warbles,
laughing, learning, scolding with shrill young
voices. — On, again, up the steep rutted lane
that skirts the side of big wheat-field,
and leads ~~to~~ to the open table land above.
On both sides woods bare fields and ill-kept hows:
Hurries hedges, scrap of thick of rank withered
red country, where every the distant hill-tops
and woods ~~round~~ of the ~~not~~ ubiquitous elms.
Here do we read the seasons scenery of the
landscape. Pale grey sky, with it's few wintery
words, and tracts of ~~warm~~ ill-lustring
~~birds~~ hover, huddling about as few roads of
warm land where ~~round~~ the ~~trees~~ rises rise and lashes
shafts of ~~a~~ wan wet-ridden ~~sky~~ — On, over long
~~the~~ weary miles after another, with the fixed
stare in her blue eyes, and the ~~brown~~-haunted
craving for home and rest rode Philip Audley.
Mare had grown quiet by this time, and her rider
was steadied by it. He was ready & eager. He began
to fear his thoughts would give out before the end
of his journey. The thud of the horse's hoofs formed

~~the~~ itself

itself, with an ever-recurring rhythm which beat with the warm bright distinctness. He leaned his arms and looked languidly, his fine classic face & his tired dreamy & his eyes on Prior Barnet Street.

carpet & the wall had changed greatly during the last hour. The sun was low behind the layer of dull grey cloud, that usual valuable, casting up the inside blue & the door sky. The wind, which had been light and variable during the morning, was now blowing hard from the east; and the result of it was to hasten all the hands, taking the colour out of it and making it cold and raw and wan and sad.

on Prior Barnet Street Philip rode slowly. He knew every house with, every yellow brown London gable-end, every yard & wall and paling and hundred of gardens between the last house north and the railed-off waste patch of ground where the road. Today the street seemed miserably the broad thoroughfare vacant and hideous. The whole interest & the place seemed concentrated round the face which glared red under its dome & lamp that night, burning sharp against the darkness behind, the figure & the man working within. Some carts and vans mistakenly with a crack & warning stood on the muddy patches & ground in front & it; while a company & cabs loitered and waited with sullen dogged patience about the door, occupied apparently & cards & food from and & the litter & the establishment where the work happened & be done.

was it early hour & it above on Prior Barnet, and Mr. Thum, the over-sweet moderate faced

wife

visits of this worthy rector was never tired of subsequently recounting some stories of her dear children — precocious remarks, curious little sayings, by the way, their lives had early worked in the most picturesque manner. What startled us universally some twenty years ago and still what lingers — yet in a very perplexing fashion — [illegible] about Colonel Frederick, that after-room, just as [illegible]. They were coming out of this rectory gate. The good lady, who, with a deep-seated belief in the security of her own social position, embraced as keenly details of the social position of others, was saddened just above by this fact that Colonel Frederick [illegible] in passing the house or returning her salute. Later evenings explained Etherington, and Mr. Trumbull [illegible] her hour of enviable notoriety.

de, in the midst, this Colonel had no thought left for small social amenities. He rode on doggedly and absolutely, his face pale and rigid as though it had been carved in stone, his eyes [illegible] on the road just in front of his former head. The barb for miles had been on mine as he rode massage, this excitement that [illegible] roused him as startling had evaporated, his instinct that had quickened him when gazing back at the Manor House had passed away, leaving him numb, sore, confused and dizzy. Pain and utter weariness of body increased upon him, and it was just as much as the rude [illegible] mare and keep himself upright in the saddle.)

[illegible] as well, [illegible] sure

of

chief he heard that park gates owning to Colonel Guise. Rode

to Barrett Bowes, on the north-east of town, were anything but a cheerful sight with floods to great overflowing on. The wide rolling river of the park showed as dirty reddish tint, dotted here and there with the darker tops of the grander trees. The dumps of longer grass were gaunt and spectral through the hind early light. Town on the low land surrounding the manor house and the adjacent building and reading like a grey waste along the course of the river Tees, Durham to sea, — stagnating in the dykes and drifting sullenly to west-wards, where the wind caught and drove it. The rooks clanged and rocked on the rough Scotch cattle getting up from the road-side, crowded away in few packs, and then circling, circled fiercely, to bring their wild clamour back and wide home in the air. The serious mist-bound scene had, in the moment, some-thing weird and unreal about it; and like Swiftian of the colour of trees in heart, but wandered here with strange sights, strange torments, strange temptations Philip Anderton rode down into that dreary valley of shadows.

Big house with all its blinds drawn down stood deserted. Silence reigned over the only widow but one of down as well, save for the rattle of the mare's hoofs on the cobbles as Phil led her in under the stable archway. In the court-yard not a soul was to be seen. Philip the

The Colonel He got it in with difficulty and then got in some minutes with his hand certain on the reeling Dundee. He was cold and cramped and stiffened and his ground sensed as real under his feet. Stiffly and painfully, helped with the reins he got one of the stable doors open, and backing the mare into an empty stall fastened the pillar reins on either side of the ring of her bit. Then groping through the darkness again, he went down up the carriage drive, under the double flight of stone steps and round to the garden front of the house.

In a distance of by, thick and thick and dingy colors the earth was invisible; it veiled everything and beyond an area of some few yards in grey opacity. Colonel Anderson went on very slowly, along the terrace, the house with its many closed windows rising grey and dark on his left hand. He wandered on, stopping every few steps to get his reckoning, wandered on hardly comprehending how or where he went, guided by touch by the trees to help. Coming off the terrace he turned down across the lawn in the direction of the little wood, which hides the mountain of land in the curve of the river. The smooth grass was dry very wet too, the air grew darker more dense and damning. It took him a long time to get down over the lawn to the outskirts of the wood — he moved uncertainly, turning now and then and recovering his position a little difficulty difficulty. There was a path through the wood somewhere — he knew it — if he could only find it, really

It was the wooden boat house and summer house standing on the river. Philip suddenly was not thought of his place for years, yet suddenly he was perplexed with an overmastering desire to see it again. It was as pleasant now on this summer evening. For minutes lived it. The world sits there and watches Susie and Matt on their island about on their own gives pleasure, anguish diligently his first shades are diligently refused to be caught. It he could only find the path the world go back there now and rest; he was in pain, pain shades grew ~~unspeakable~~ stronger and stronger and he was ~~unutterably~~ so cruelly ~~unbearable~~ tired. he big ~~was~~ little as little. Philip turned his words over his wooden lecturer, their fallen strings ~~wrapped~~ under his head. He groped about, by using earnestly the find the path: but he could not see ~~the~~ his way, he was half shade in pain and exhaustion. And it was all changed, his, the under wood had grown up thick and tangled since he was here last. He thought on, shuddered, almost felt - off on the left again - thought on a little further. - He tried to raise his arms to shield his face from the low ~~wood~~ ~~branches~~ branches and ~~wooden~~ ~~branches~~ bars, but he could not ~~stand~~ raise it, it was numb and nerveless. Again he shuddered, and felt forward. He bath at moment of unreasoning panic ~~anger~~ hurt his heart of a disappointed child. He had turned the ~~path~~ way altogether and got back to the ~~edge~~ outside of the wood again. It was unspeakably ~~miserable~~ hateful, to be like this, ~~helpless~~ helpless, ~~miserable~~ feeble, ~~considered~~. He must find rebelled ~~against~~ under it. He leaned up against the smooth silvery

trunk

knocks of as great reeds on the edge of the wood.
He was racked with pain, utterly desolate and despairing. Had Barrett Davey called him home only to murder at once and shame him? So ~~[illegible]~~ make him know his ~~[illegible]~~ unspeakable infinitely [illegible] his life he had failed?.

Even in the midst of his miserable humiliation a great light broke upon Philip Ruddery's soul. Suddenly he understood what was about to happen. He had a perception of a mighty and final deliverance. He braced himself again the pain of the reeds. His bodily suffering was keen and bitter: but his mind was clearer than it had been since he parted with his wife in the drawing-room of the manor house, — and with that clearness of mind came a sense of strength and peace.

His death, he said to himself, graciously, quickly dealt. It is coming at last. God is good, at the end. He sends the end, when he sees we can't stand it any longer".

He stood and waited, armed but calm and very thankful, his thinking that at [illegible] should come to him.

The last few minutes the mind had seen, scattering the fog, which rolled away in heavy spaces under the valley. Philip raised his head, and looked once more, with all the wonder of dying eyes at the places where he lived. Heard the birds of the wood, and the call of the rooks in the high trees over head, heard the [illegible] of rabbits scurry away through the under-growth,

towards the shores of the wide sea and the jungle and hip of the river, — and between the two rises the great Rock-Garden square house with stately above it's wide fair bower and shelves; and the very wide sink — a ball of silver flame — behind the rounded mafer of the distant woods. Farewell, brave old earth" he said; — you and I, the, brave keen lovers.

The fierce agony of pain came on him again, a dreadful burning afraid of soul and body in which the mass's pain and reason almost failed. He groaned fiercely, his a fair garden —

Jesus you are free" he gasped." Oh! God be merci: ful, — be merciful to me a sinner".

Then he fell back his whole length on the ground among the rotting leaves and the coarse grass and the sedge.

Nature stirred once or twice as heartlessly and needlessly as ever. She was no less and no more cruel for the one who worshipped her nor deserted her. Then fell on him the eternal silence. In the vast circle of her perfect order and endless fertility, death is no thing, no unimportant mystery. It was it places duly set and appointed and appears — not an accident, at once, revolting and inconceivable, but rather as an act of restoration. It quiet back to her, worn, soiled and tattered, the fleshly garment the human spirit at its birth, to make regeneration in due pursuit of time ever again with new forms of perfect, wonder and beauty.

And night at Barnet Barry the wide over the

heaven

heaven dear of dread and the darkness heaven can come out one by one in the great vault overhead, and the river clipped by white ice small liquid whispers under the dark bridges, between its low rocky grown banks. The rabbit's hounds is gilded in the dusk on the hill grass meadow, and the owls come out from their crevices and nailed on the broad silent wings round the woods and the house, [illegible] hailing each other, in low or challenge, with faintly hollow-voiced greetings. In the small hours of the morning the hot air up from the steam-ride, and whistled all the bones with glittering silver of innumerable crystals. And all the while Philip Enderby, the dead dread and singer, and [illegible] with patient, diamond manfully [illegible] a noble ideal of living, bay there alone, dark and cold, his sightless eyes wide open and the [illegible] surprise of everlasting rest [illegible] on his dead lips.

What shall we say?.. Is it an injustice of things, compensation, since the fate of each one of us matters so little, and the great world rolls on from age to age serene and tireless, as careless of the bright and death of her human children, as she is of the great white flakes of children's snow that melt where they fall, or of the snow-birds that perish in the winter night under the first chill of the autumn?.. Why, I see it! — in pity, I see in, motion, in the nature of her great self is dead and blind to all our sorrow and complaining, and there we go heaven nothing stays to mourn for us or either to earth or heaven. Stay your tears,

and

and mourn as heart his a season. It is vain
to hope his mark traits for among you wife
mourn for us long.

"Benedicte the married man".

Over Misses Tites grave house parted away. It is June; June in the South too, as you may see by Tites de la Rue shave and Rosedew cart in Tites Rotherhithe Lane projecting angle of Tites tall yellow house behind you. Gardens hillside with Views cut at many different levels out of Tites steep hill-side, with many path numerous flights of stone walk over grown with creepers - as garden Tites geography of Rhodes it is difficult to market at first sight, with three chimney pots you with acquaintance - steep ladder down to a wall backing as Tites of low grass grown earth over. Beyond is a road, with a high wide parapet on Tites further side of it, and then the dancing, sparkling blue purple sea. To the right, between tall solitary Rose mallow trees, and lofty hedges of vine yards and gardens, you can see the Tites mountains, and to Tites west Tites long sweep of Tites sea valed coast line, sharp, clear in Tites sunlight, and blotted in Tites shadow with deep blue verge.

On the last step of ground between the garden wall and the cart-house a quantity of [illegible]. to dust it piled in black dazzling pyramids and squares and as little pictures in a small. window left building began shine as sentry in white linen gaiters [illegible] pale blue uniform and white. covered képi slowly paced up and down. Eyes became used to dark lights, readers, but white dials eyes and under different circumstances as it would shine in new lights like it of its attractions once again.

The deep shadow cast by the angle of the house with glass door opening into the wash [illegible] vaulted panelled hall on right, and a [illegible] and [illegible] now of red and white flowers, on left, extended [illegible] in a long cane. chair [illegible] and had in the left hand [illegible] of summer suit, W. Bertie Inner [illegible], a cigarette between [illegible], lazily smoking [illegible] the billiard room around him. Bertie Inner was dressed [illegible] in three last three years; he was filled out a good deal, his figure was lost a little of its original slimness, and the expression of his dark, handsome, sleepy face was grown more decided. Heaven bless that I should wager that he was grown stout or [illegible] himself! To the end W. Inner with [illegible]: he is graceful. Loosing years and with retains the delicate flavour of indifference and politeness in his manner. [illegible] in chair sits to on the [illegible] of a large mean coloured carpet laid on the

She awoke [illegible] window, on which [illegible] writing [illegible] lying in a multitude of toys and pinafores scattered about her, Eleanor Innes played with her dear old baby — a dimpled, chubby boy. Kissed darling, his great [illegible] eyes filled with the happy content of a creature in whose little world, as yet, [illegible] always [illegible] smiling face. Eleanor with [illegible] tells us that marriage is a blessing yourself, — to [illegible] woman motherhood is a more blessing yourself still. In the tender true knight [illegible] cradled wakefulness and anxiety of motherhood Eleanor Innes had not only grown more gentle and unexacting, but had found the deepest and purest satisfaction of her life. She had not the temperament which could ever be made as happy woman; for [illegible] whose sensibilities are keen can have real: But in that evening, tranquil mood of humanity which [illegible] had wrought with [illegible] unconscious gentleness [illegible] dabbed down the [illegible] linen she so diligently mended by lamp, tranquil [illegible] wonder with her [illegible] and the carpet with its gorgeous & pinafores delight, she came nearer [illegible] layed [illegible] world [illegible] of that [illegible] [illegible] quite [illegible] much [illegible] vacuated yet practically almost an known quantity. Dear ever kept. [illegible] [illegible] kissed him [illegible] in his long chair, and [illegible] crowned as little.

It was with really [illegible] in change "Dearest today", he said in his old drawling voice. "[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]" But felt like [illegible] & called [illegible] you [illegible] in the [illegible] privacy; with the [illegible] difference, that where. [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] with [illegible] it became [illegible] [illegible]

to worship the Golden Image, we can't ourselves wish it voluntarily, in a spirit of emulation to pay due and worship (we must successfully). Really, it is unnecessary unfortunate that we should [illegible] with envy, to be capacitated for deterioration. I cannot [illegible] bear to think about making money than I find myself; and now I dream — not of you. Well, don't indulge in any dreams delusion of upon that head [illegible] as I see here watching your gambols with that delectable infant Bacchus — "wit unruly and solely of dolours and cents". Facilis descensus Averni — that remark was made as long (we to what good ends) ago I forget who knows".

It will [illegible] up from the lower that was just completing the baby sitting by with [illegible] round [illegible] seizure ever, one thumb stuck into her mouth [illegible] and while with that other hand he [illegible] her bare toes as they protruded from under that shirt of her little white frock.

You enjoy making the worst of yourself, Bertie" she [illegible], [illegible]: "It is only as mere subtle kinds of self-conceit, after all".

"Ah," rejoined Bertie, with admirable mildness." But one must cultivate certain measure of conceit to keep oneself going at all; and as subtle form of it is [illegible] self-forgiveness we are a good one, any way, is n't it "?" [illegible]

Lauer [illegible] [illegible] needs her attention to the baby. "Now, sweetest, it is ready: look, so very very light — that's right, both hands and down it all goes": — as the lower falls with a mimic crash to the ground.

You will [illegible] that [illegible] boy up to be an [illegible]

socialist

and Reds republican, [illegible] is the punder is his destructive and diverdes ministers in his open war," remarked Mrs. Inner. He clinched his hand as he spoke, under the red. Seemed to hug dreamed of under his breast his elbows on the table and his chin resting in the palms of his fingers together, as he leant back again lazily and watched with his handsome wife with the half-closed eyelids.

"He destroys the character, he continued", was Mrs. Inner very forcibly to me today by an [illegible] encounter I had with an old acquaintance, coming down the District — to return to this interesting subject of myself. Feels communicative, Well; but it is quite necessary you should listen only you dissent to. — I was reminded of this part, of certain passages in [illegible] my experiences which were not without a touch of pathos. I met under Pelle: grim's Madonna I was right with the Mrs. Inner of that [illegible] brilliant Edmund Drake. He was quite affectionate to me, [illegible] carry of conversation on board, apparently, and no English [illegible] therein to [illegible] discharge it. I asked him to dinner."

"I hope we should have seen Mrs. Inner, to night", said Mrs. Inner, quickly. "Somebody is always coming. I am so disappointed. — Why [illegible] one, you must not [illegible] that party little red rose, at the point with one of. Come, Come, quick it is Martin, like a good child".

"I was delighted, Well, I assure you. He was absolutely [illegible] with the dessert to [illegible] I was [illegible] He [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of you?". Overlooking Mrs. Murray, I was

[illegible]

had a virgin. and Cecilia is surely four days and night like an angel. There is a rumour that some Philadelphia dowd who is said to have entertained similar sentiments to Wards ~~her~~ was settled as barge ~~some~~ of nurses on that little steamship Phoenix. The doctor must be more or less of a fool - that nurse, of course, will go on ~~doing~~ for Eugene's need, in any case that need can not be for ~~the~~ direly enquired into".

Cecilia - Imagen, northern

Then passed for a minute or two, and yawned again just as little ~~Cecilia~~ elaborately.

"Mr. Drake enquired about Jennie", he said presently, ~~some~~ her head ~~some~~, ~~on~~ over the bar, and quietly tried to remove ~~the~~ ~~the~~ twisting mouthful of little ends home from between his pursing lips.

"and he not heard them?".

Apparently not, as Cecilia turned ~~him~~. I told him how Mr. Senn & J. Vandercook's realistic & personal appearance surprised ~~me~~ as ~~does~~ chocolate. Brown trousers ~~and~~ in little tweed, a cottage at Southampton, ~~with~~ partly with the Boulevard Haussmann, a villa at Nice, part with horses, a ~~yacht~~ steam-yacht, and modest, ~~no~~ ~~pretentious~~ little offerings in the way of bracelet-cases filled of diamonds had entirely won Jennie Loudly's affections. Drake ~~misadventures~~ were so little, and then asked if the marriage was a happy one. I told him we had reason to believe that ~~Jennie~~ the Lady was perfectly satisfied, and that the gentleman's ~~ambition~~ ~~were~~ had attained ~~married~~ his highest ambitions in wedding the most ~~exclusive~~ wife in New York - which I imagine is saying a good deal. Then that I guess so ~~as~~ Mr. Drake became extremely pleasant. It was ~~quite~~ specially ~~afterwards~~, in the original Eugene Loomis, middle Eugene Loomis ~~and~~ appears ~~gauge~~ veins were ~~lashing~~ violently

in

with at the disappointment just related to us. — "Poor Flowerdew" added Mr. Innes. with an air of acute enquiry: "do you suppose anyone else in the disappointment particularly, as you say they were in the act of committing a petty larceny and were afraid of being caught.." Poor Flowerdew indeed. with him, he evidently did not realize that if found it would be mine by law. When we had risen from our places, he asked after you; he was good enough to "hope that my wife's splendid husband was not overtired by the fatigues of the day". I told him I had always known that I was married; he was initiated that I was an accomplished person, and matrimonially, had got very much the best of the bargain".

"What did you answer, Bertie"? asked Eleanor, looking up at him suddenly, with a flush on her cheek.

"! my dear", he said, half laughing, "surely you don't need to have that recounted at this time of day [illegible] surely a word of explanation of ancient history".

Eleanor deepened in Mr. Innes's cheek, she drew this baby towards her, and pressed her face against his fat little body.

"There are some depths of ancient history a woman can hardly read too often", she said, perhaps a little primly.

"Your husband must be a brute if he does not love you well", rejoined Bertie. He stretched out his hand over the side arm of his chair towards her as if to caress her. The baby clutched at his fingers with its little hands, raised himself wearily with a standing position, [illegible] stuck first one foot and then the other straight out in front of him — having still a great inclination to regard his members as agreeable playthings as on previous

Finally

aider to [illegible] consolation. [illegible],
having her balance, descended with a flop on
sitting [illegible] where she carpet against. She said flop.
[illegible] her usual [illegible], and her gazed [illegible] round with
a pleasure and [illegible] demand for sympathy.
"It serves you right, you obstinate little animal", said
her father said, "It was not your hand
wanted, you know, but your mistress."
Anne rose to her feet picked up the baby child, and stood
[illegible] as straight as [illegible] stately well. Her head
[illegible] her head raised and the black hair
was falling in dusky folds over her back
and shoulders, having on for a moment the glitter
Bay [illegible]
"Mr. Philip Rudesby", she said suddenly. "Dame
Margaret shew I think of [illegible] and here with
me children [illegible] in my arms to the midst of all this care, and
beauty and comfort. Sod forgive me, if I did
[illegible] as [illegible] enemy."
Rudesby quietly and steadily her eyes with
her hand [illegible] on her breast at her, so as to get a
better view. Undeniable her wife appeared to
great advantage, just now.
"You have this voltes on explain my way of stating
things, Hello", he said "in his rude [illegible] sweet
tones." Here is quite another point of view from which
this question, [illegible] Rudesby Ventures to call your attention.
It has had married Cecilia years ago, it has had
been [illegible] to know with fascinating young
ones - made you, I don't give in "Mr. Drake's
[illegible] made by any means — Colonel Rudesby would have remained
a very ordinary, fine [illegible] old English
soldier and gentleman, and the world would never

have

dreamed
dares of what has so an capabable. You gave
him his opportunity. He had the wit to take it.
He became a hero. Of course heroism demands
certain sacrifices. Well, I must say Colonel Sudeley
made them in very gentlemanly manner. He
never tried me, but, I'm afraid, bear
him no malice — you see, I do him justice".
He turned to his victim tenderly.
"Don't fret about that, Bertie", she said." Set us heap
some memories sacred; let there be some things
we don't make aside with an easy shrug of the
shoulders and as cynical laughs".
Bertie threw out up, and as once a more expressive outfit
his face. His eyes were sad enough still, at moments.
They were very sad now as he bowed full and
steadily at his wife.
"dear Nell, you are guilty of denying me as slightest
injustice", he answered. "Perhaps I have paid as
more practical tribute to Colonel Sudeley's memory
and am one else able. I don't want to exalt my own small
virtues; but remember, I found myself left as lone, under
very critical circumstances, with his widow, who
being at daggers drawn with all her friends and
neighbours, was in utmost with rather dangerous
complete help in my hands". — He rose & his feet, came
over, and standing by his wife, rested his hand
lightly on her shoulder, and then his eyes
the little baby (it) (smiling) on her arms.
"am not a very sentimental person", he went on
gently: "but I don't put aside everything aside
Nell, with a laughs and shrug of the shoulders,
even as. I'll on this day of his forty February morning
with his pale primrose coloured
sun-rose, after that method night of quiet reflection

Then

Dear Drake and Friend Philip Sidney, he was
~~as~~ under the bare tree beside that quiet English
river. "It was as this one does not easily forget."—
~~transcription illegible~~ I should be very glad to know
what my face would have to wear to
tell them what man's hand, "Dear Sir lies dead".—
Dear, dear — what's this matter with you? Why, my dear,
you are
dreamingly worked — But here's Parker,
-looking for all the world as if she thought I'd
been beating you — coming to fetch this baby. ~~illegible~~
~~illegible~~ It's time for you to go in and
sleep. Put on as nice gown, dear and ~~illegible~~ finish
this conquest of good little Drake. I like to hear
me say my wife's the handsomest woman
— of her age — in Devon", you know".
Then he was always sage Bertie knew how badly
comfortably in his long chair again. ~~illegible~~
~~illegible~~ deep shadow of the horse
got nearer and nearer as the sun moved towards
the west; there were sweet scents in the air from
the blooming gardens, & a low murmur of the sea
and of the distant life and life of the great
urgent city. Bertie had been a good deal stirred
sometimes, and he did not altogether enjoy it. Our
matter of feeling was a trifle decidedly midvictorian.
Emotion is a dangerous, unstable thing, the mother
of innumerable follies; ~~illegible~~ he
did his best, therefore, to ~~illegible~~ her company.
Meanwhile, ~~illegible~~ round the
end of the house, ~~illegible~~,
~~illegible~~ stepping nervously every minute or two, and
with

with rapid angry gestures and quick jerkings of his eyebrows, came to very well-known little figure. The murderer scrambled down from the grounds, dragging up the skirts of his brown cloak, which dangled from one hand and battered round hat with the other, in one thin shaking hand. He crept under cover of the bushes, and waited there panting, muttering to himself, and throwing his head back in wickedness and half in fear, recalling up now and then as he squatted on his haunches and scratching his ugly old head with his hand: was distinguished, in deep perplexity.

Presently he rolled himself another cigarette, which he smoked and lighted it; then he did so. Malvolio crawled out from his shelter and came and crouched silently against his master's knee.

"Ah, you abominable little sinner," said the Father, looking down at the creature, "you've broken your chain and got loose again, haven't you?"

Malvolio rolled over to him, gazing up with an air of pathetic misery on his face. With all his appreciative of cruelties and dislikes of emotion W. knew, was pathetic, very tender hearted. He picked up the monkey, held it on his knee, and began fiddling it.

"You are very fair to find, you poor little devil" he said gently. "It seems hardly fair to punish you because you have such heads and beaten because you had just humanity enough to get an abnormal acute attack of jealousy and try to bite and behave your self-respecting favourite of the establishment

~~He~~ entertains much. But you can't expect to indulge your more eccentricities with impunity and live like the rest of us. ~~[illegible]~~. You are welcome to stay as long as you remain entirely to that principal object of your coming here, which is undoubtedly to be found in your own house".

Poor Anne murmured her acknowledgments, sorely pitying the mistaken kindness that prevailed against him.

"Oh", he went on presently — "you cannot expect to get off scot-free from my more than usual displeasure, Malvolio. There is no virtue so excellent in this world; not only our outward virtues, and religious, and civil ones, but those of the closet and private, and solely, but in the house, and worship, and in every particular, and public, and outward behaviour as well. And we also pay it righteously." — He shrugged his shoulders and laughed a little. — "Pay it? — good heavens, I should pay him with a kick!" — We pay it down to the uttermost farthing".

Mrs Ford —